

A PRINCESS OF
THE ORIENT

ETHEL BLACK KEALING





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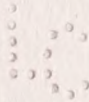
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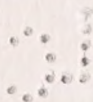
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Dedication

Deep in the heart of the red, red Rose
is the face of my Sister, Ruth

CONTENTS

BOOK I.

<i>Chapter</i>		<i>Page</i>
I.	THE PRINCESS ROXANA	7
II.	THE KING OF EGYPT	23
III.	M. THERON, PRINCE GOVERNOR OF CAIRO	28
IV.	THE KING'S HEARING	32
V.	THE ROYAL FESTIVAL	42
VI.	THE COFFEE SHOP	47
VII.	LADY CATHERINE	54

BOOK II.

VIII.	LADY VIVIAN, DAUGHTER TO THE KING	59
IX.	SWEET IDLENESS	65
X.	THE SHEPHERD	72
XI.	THE TAX	75
XII.	CYNTHIA, THE MOON	80
XIII.	THE DISTRICT MEETING	89
XIV.	CLOSE COUNCIL	98

BOOK III

XV.	THE SAND WIZARD	102
XVI.	IN THE MULBERRY GROVE	107
XVII.	THE SALE OF BONDS	114
XVIII.	THE POISON RING	117
XIX.	A BRIBE	121
XX.	FINISHING STROKES	126
XXI.	THE SMELLING OF THE ZEPHYRS, SHEWIN-EN-NESEEM	136

BOOK IV.

XXII.	THE RETURN TO THE TEMPLE	143
XXIII.	ONE CONTRITE HEART	145
XXIV.	THE FISHERIES OF FEIYOOM	148
XXV.	THE BATH	153
XXVI.	A HIDDEN HAND	159

CONTENTS

<i>Chapter</i>		<i>Page</i>
XXVII.	THE ARREST OF THE PRINCE GOVERNOR M. THERON	163
XXVIII.	IN THE SOCIETY OF THE GODS	173

BOOK V.

XXIX.	A SCULPTRESS AT WORK	181
XXX.	THE SHEPHERD AND THE LOST THORN	187
XXXI.	THE SHEPHERD IN IRONS	194
XXXII.	A FESTIVAL OF LANTERNS	198
XXXIII.	VESPERS	206
XXXIV.	THE SEVEN WHISTLERS AND THE GOLDEN CALF	210
XXXV.	THE SHEPHERD'S DREAM	215

BOOK VI.

XXXVI.	THE SHEPHERD'S DREAM INTERPRETED BY THE SOOTH-SAYER	221
XXXVII.	A MISUSED DIVINATION	225
XXXVIII.	THE TORTUE OF THE SHEPHERD	230
XXXIX.	THE BLUE MUSE	234
XL.	CHLORIS, GODDESS OF FLOWERS	241
XLI.	THE SPEECH OF BIRDS	248
XLII.	A NEW GOVERNMENT	255

BOOK VII.

XLIII.	PICTURE WRITING, A PICTURE WITH A MORAL	257
XLIV.	THE COUNCIL CONVENES	262
XLV.	A PROCLAMATION	268
XLVI.	AN EMPTY PRISON	277
XLVII.	PLEASURES AS EVER	286
XLVIII.	A SPRING GARDEN	292
XLIX.	AN ORIENTAL DREAM	301
L.	THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE GODS	315

A Princess of the Orient

CHAPTER I.

THE PRINCESS ROXANA.

*Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden Throw."*

XIV—Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

The beautiful Persian Princess enveloped in a full linen cloak; her face covered with a linen veil out of which her two sparkling brown eyes were peering through the two inch square perforated holes. And her two feet thrust into two huge bags of red leather, was returning from hawking in the jangals of Persia.

"Men turn thy eyes away," cried an attendant, as the fair Princess gracefully rode, up the sunken roadway leading into her palatial abode. The bright flaming sun. Shending a warm glow was falling and covering the whole country with a bright beauty, and as the Princess entered into her court garden, passing a most unique circular marble fountain. She was struck in silent admiration of the picture before her; that of the reflection of the oriental sun's rays upon the water in this fountain. The warm sun did shine, seemingly, as never before upon the lands of this beautiful Oriental country. The marvelous glow of its shining rays shend a mighty luxurious sympathy.

The dark Princess, this daughter of Nature was in tune with Nature, her amorous Soul was awakened and her thoughts inclined her to the beautiful and she bent to the vivacious whims of artful Nature. She faltered as she entered into the stone walled garden and she fell to watching some two or three magnificent swans. Swimming lazily in the pellucid water of this marble fountain. The snowy

feathered swans held her fancy for a fleeting time for they fascinated her as they gracefully floated hither and thither across the fountain's pool, with the natural grace belonging to the swan. Soon. Very soon, the Princess tired of the lazy play of these swans, and as if in a quicker contrast to their most indolent strokes, she lithely tripped farther into the spacious garden. Neither did she falter until she entered into a much smaller, ironed garden and there stood a cage. Within the center of this garden. The Princess, standing closely to the cage beckoned and called to a huge, beautifully marked tiger; this fawn tiger almost savagely, rushed forward and toward her, and she stroked its soft fur through the slender, blacken iron bars of its cage. A pair of brightest eyes in its upturned face wore an intense appeal. Then. In its mute way, a look of pride and a fondness came into them for the Princess and with the greatest courage and energy this petted animal leaped as upon her in his playful mood. The Princess familiar with the natural pranks of her petted tiger, provoked it, then, to a greater play, only to find this tiresome sport. After having keenly aroused him she drew from her sack a lifeless hawk. A splendid hawk. Upon seeing this hawk before his eyes, the tiger begged for the prey, while the Princess in the spirit of play would hold the hawk first closely, then away from him, until with the most excited and very ferocious manner, he tore the hawk from her hand, devouring it ravenously. The tiger's blood thirsty nature become so fully aroused for another prey, that the Princess, stepped away in haste and passed out of the small ironed garden. While the petted tiger surging from one end of its garden cage to another, pressing hard and close against the ironed walls, lost all sight of her, for she had disappeared through a thicken and shapely hedge of pomegranites.

The Princess approached a quaintly. Significant. Yew tea house sheltered, snugly by a cluster of thickest pomegranites. In the opening of the yew tea house. A black slave bowed in service before the Princess. The slave moving in nimble strides backward, with bowed head, humbly escorted her into the whimsical, antique Oriental tea house.

My Princess of the Royal House. Enter. Thy divan hast been in readiness for thee, since morning. Seest thou, the newly cut sprigs of the fresh box trees and the rustic vines. I have festooned the entire tea house with them,

that they might charm the eye of my Royal Princess.

Bacha, my slave and thou indeed, hast done well, thy work and with a most clever skill. A beautiful art, my good man. Thy Princess is much pleased with the labour of thy clever hands, Bacha.

Ah! My Princess, the lanterns, they are not lighted. Rest thyself. I will torch them, for thy goodly pleasure, my Princess.

Bacha thou art indeed, good and faithful. Thou dost find goodly favour with thy Princess, and, speaking thus, the Princess reclined herself in a restful posture upon a rustic bark divan, whereupon she watched the slave busily torching the artistic mazarine lanterns.

Bacha hast thou not yet rested thyself? Surely. Thou hast not been hard at thy labours all this day! Long thou hast been labouring since early dawn. I would not have thee weary thyself unduly and rememberst thou art not, now, in the days of thy youth and greatest vigor.

Kindest of all, my Princess, I have laboured since early dawn. My labours are as yet, unfinished. And. Thou, my Princess hast been in the jangals since the earliest hours of the day. And thou, too, must be weary and much fatigued, responded the black slave.

True. Bacha I have tramped the dense jangals since the first hours of the day. Ah! But Sijan, could he but have the tongue of mortal to tell of my game!

My Princess, a hawk didst thou fetch Sijan? And the slave stood rubbing his hands vigorously, his eyes gleaming with imagination of this sport.

Nay, responded the Princess, not one hawk Bacha. I fetched my hunting sack filled with hawks. But one did I give to Sijan. The others, I placed them in his crib for the morrow. They were magnificent specimens. I tell thee, Bacha the sport was glorious! But my good man, none of thy savory mead hast thou? Then. No mead for thy famished Princess? The mead has been potted, my Princess. I will serve thee immediately. The Princess's eyes languidly followed the black slave as he served her with an ivory tray upon which was a quaint silver handled glass filled with the tempting liquor. Mead. The Princess sipped of this mead then as if in sickly pain, she beckoned the slave to remove the cart. Princess, my mead? Dost not find favour with thy taste? And the slave looked alarmed.

Yea, Bacha. Thy mead is the one delicious beverage thou dost pour for thy Princess. But to-day, within this hour, alack, it is but a whim of mine. Quickly remove the cart, the scent doth only faint me. The vapor doth sicken my senses.

The black slave in a hurried confusion removed the tea-cart and returned to find the Princess, with her face buried in both her slender hands. My Princess, speak! Bacha thy slave is upon his knees, waiting to attend thee.

And the Princess raised her head, and her eyes fell upon the slave who was upon his knees before her, upon his face a pained look. Sweetly she smiled and spake unto him.

Bacha, be thou not so foolish. Upon thy feet, I am not ill. Go at once, fetch thou my pipe-agrette. And the Princess laughed lightly as the frightened slave in trembling fear, arose so hurriedly and served her with an oddly designed pipe-agrette fashioned so, after the Persian pipe-agrette. Then. The fair Princess tripped lightly across the house and reclined herself upon another bench moulded of marble. The marble being stained with the brightest oriental colourings, and it was covered with curious skins. Reclining upon this bench, the Princess in this dreamy attitude wafted into realms, akin to idle dreams. She fell to soliloquizing. And to her the whole universe was bounded by the borders of Persia lands. The misty smoke from her pipe-agrette, curling lazily before her languid eyes, soaring above her dignified head. Lent fantastic dreams to her wild fancies. And she seemed more listless as she was bent in this idyl, and intoxicated with. Perchance ichor. For the gods alone could impregnate such lavish dreams.

Lo! the sport of the hawking season. The most thrilling season in Persia, when the rarest charms of Nature inweave all the fond desires of the vigilant Soul. Yea. Snares mortal into the verve of luxurious repose. The bright gardens, the lusty fields, the glorious aspect of the confusing jangals, harmonize now, with the sweetest perfumed zepthers wafting so softly from the rose fields and shending from the rich pomegranite fields. The lucid sighs of the rustling leaves of the whiten sycamore trees, as they meet the graceful bending branches of the gigantic elms. The free cry of the different birds in the open fields and the vastly secluded groves. Even unto the solemn chimes of the Bell-bird, the twittering of the wilder birds in the more distant ravines. All. Harmonize. The jangals, sheltering the

twisted paths of the savage beasts, in this season, seemth not a grove of long lonely and flightly trails. Not haunts of terror, for all has gracefully and tunefully slipped into its part. Individually. Into the conventional picture of Nature, wherein all seems versed in beautiful free expression. Alack, the gods may smile upon mortal! Such tender, so pleasant dreams do delight their hearts and souls. 'Tis an altruism for we soar, we mount the highest peaks of the most heavenly delights. Once there. We roam in the hidden, the real desires of our hearts. And I prythee. O gods of the universe, why not?

Upon this moment the Princess suddenly opened her eyes. She sat erect. Then she turned in alarm. Bacha, Bacha!

Yea, my Princess. I am here. I have remained near thy side, all the while, thou didst recline thy self. What wouldst thou?

The hour? Bacha, what is the hour?

The bell is but now sounding the last stroke of the mid-day hour, your ladyship.

'Tis mid-day, Bacha? 'Tis midday and yet he doth not come. The Princess covered her face with her hands. For one moment, only.

The next instant she started with a haunt. She spake with nearly a smothering sob.

But. The Star hath spoken. Upon the morrow nigh unto midday thy lover doth enter into Persia lands.

The black slave, who was standing by the side of the bench upon which the princess was reclined, hearing the name of the Sacred Star upon the lips of the Princess, fell upon his knees in suppliance. And the Princess looked down upon his bent form with a pity.

Bacha, my man. Arise. Taketh thou my pipe-agrette. And quite hastily the Princess turned, leaving the tea-house. As lithely as she had entered into it only the hour before. She passed without the low opening of the tea house just as the last chime of the clock died in its clinging echoes.

The slave with great care placed the turquoise bowled pipe within an ivory cabinet, clasping it securely, he placed it upon an odd shelf which served as one of the few ornaments in the tea house. Almost inaudibly. For the slave feared. And his hard whitest teeth clattered in august fear. And he all but whispered.

The Princess doth grieve with a heavy heart of sorrow. It doth sadden this old heart of mine, for have I not served

her with these willing hands since the very first day that the Shah fetched her? Here. Into this palace of the Shah? The Princess, a motherless child? I have served her since she was a mere babe. Almost. The gods deliver up my soul, for if this Egyptian lover does play my fair Princess false. I crush him. The gods hearth my words, if these old hands be too feeble, I trowth by yon Sacred Star! I will strangle his wicked throat and pitch his lifeless body into Sijan's ironed cage. Upon uttering these words the old slave fell upon the floor of the yew house, and still, he was uttering low guttural sounds. In which all the vicious threats of the low oriental caste, were shaped.

A marked feeling of awe overcome Princess Roxana and she sped rapidly on through the halls of the palace, at last entering into her own bed-chamber.

'Tis mid-day. And more too. And yet he doth not come. It was only yestern morn the dervish upon the public lane, spake these words unto me.

Princess Roxana, thy anxious fears be arrested. Thou dost not hope in vain for thy lover doth enter into Persia. Tomorrow upon the hour of mid-day.

The glass tube, where have I concealed it? The Princess spake as if for her own ears.

Bacha, go thou find the long glass stick. The one that which I entrusted to the goodly care of thy hands.

The Princess turned to a slave woman who answered her promptly. My Princess, I go at once to fetch the stick. I have locked it within the silver chest. The slave woman moved quickly to another part of the chamber, she opened a silver chest and removing the glass stick from this chest, she returned in haste to the Princess. The eyes of the Princess fell upon the glass stick filled with sand.

Bacha, exclaimed the Princess. Thou rememberst. Twirl the stick. Seven times round this burning candle. I have torched the candles. Fetch, the stick here, hold it nearest the white candle. Now. Quick. Bacha, what dost thou behold?

The suspense held the lovely face of the Princess in hard lines.

My Princess, I can distinguish it plainly. Yea, mine eyes follow each grain of this whiten sand. Behold, I can distinguish the form of thy lover approaching thy palace. Within the very hour. Bacha! Speak not in jest. And

mark ye. Neither make thy words to sympathize with thy Princess. Fetch thou the stick unto me. In haste.

A sudden alarm from the garden gates caused the Princess to falter and she turned to the slave woman. For the sound without came into her chamber through a window which opened into the court.

List! Bacha, who is it? Some one doth strike the strings of the bow. Go thou, in haste and return as quickly unto me.

The slave woman descended the halls where she was met with a stranger. Standing just without the gates of the palace gardens.

The slave bowed before this stranger then she addressed him. Thou art a stranger within the palace gardens? What is thy mission? Dost thou come to the Royal House of the Persian Shah, a guest to be of the most noble Shah? Dost thou come to greet the lovely daughter to the Shah, the Princess Roxana?

I come as a guest into the Royal House of Persia. I come to greet the Princess Roxana, daughter to the great Persian Shah. Then. Stranger within the Persian lands. The Princess Roxana doth send thee word.

Slave, bear unto thy Princess these words. A stranger. One from Egyptian lands doth await without her gates. Bear more unto thy Princess.

Bacha! Bacha! broke in the hasty voice of the Princess from a balcony above the court garden. Doth this stranger not send greeting unto the Princess of the Royal House?

At this interruption the black slave turned, leaving the stranger standing in a dumb silence.

My Princess, cried the slave woman as she approached her upon this balcony. My Princess, woe for my wanton brain. This is the stranger's greeting.

Quicke with it, Bacha. And the slave woman placed a rolled skin into the outstretched hand of the Princess.

All in a flutter, the Princess flushed with an agitation. Read the script in breathless whispers.

The Prince Governor of Cairo, Egypt doth send greetings unto the most fair Princess Roxana of the Royal House of Persia. The face of the Princess was flushed with delight, while the slave woman stood before her with keen desire leaping into her eyes. The Princess. All the anxious moments of the days gone. Now broke into a happy resignation and a compromise. Through the misty veil of tears her

eyes shone with a happy light. 'Tis he! Slave go thou at once. Bear unto this stranger Knight who doth stand at the court gate, these greetings. The Princess doth bid him a welcome and doth await him. Here.

The slave woman sped down the long halls of the palace on to greet the stranger and at the same moment the Princess returning into her bed chamber was attended by a slave woman who with great pride assisted the Princess to attire herself in a handsome traveling costume. As the Princess was donning this costume. Without in the marble halls of the outer palace several slaves struck off the head of a sheep and rolled it with the blood dripping across the brick-arched gate, before they permitted the stranger to enter within the inner gate of the court garden.

The impatient guest stood awaiting his welcome. The slave woman spake these words, "the Princess doth bid thee welcome, she awaits thee—Enter!" Then she swung open the massive iron gate. And the stranger entered.

Within the long halls of the Persian Palace. Slaves stood tireously swinging burning brass bowls of lipad. Singing youths were reclining against the green and the scarlet walls. And the Prince Governor of Cairo was escorted into the palace of the Persian Shah. He entered with a restless step, his waiting impassioned by the desire to greet the lovely Princess.

The effulgence of the mirrored walls and the rich draperies with the scent of the Atargul lingering everywhere, bore a welcome greeting to him. For he had traveled far and many days.

Then. The graceful form of a woman swept into the chamber. It was she. The Princess Roxana.

The Oriental Princess with a handsome face of Oriental cast. A full round face with a dark complexion and large brown eyes, bore the physique of the highest native face of what could mean, the face of the French woman but which was classed as a true Persian beauty. Her luxuriant black glossy hair was braided behind in two long tresses terminating in silken tassels of golden threads. Wearing a short jacket of crimson trimmed with gold lace of heavy pattern. Quite open in front. Having tight sleeves with many crystal buttons and a short skirt of great width held by a running string. And leggings of embroidered silk. Her kulajah or cloak she carried upon her arm and her blue velvet turban fashioned with gold fringe. She wore

well. She stood before her guest. She overwhelmed him with a delight. And the guest was most charmed with the elegance of the Princess. Theron, I bid thee a gracious welcome. Friend, thou art welcome, indeed!

Most beautiful Princess, I am delighted to greet thee again. I pry thee call me not friend. Call me, in truth, thy lover. Ah! Princess a most gracious welcome unto thee.

The Prince Governor fell upon his knee before the Princess, kissing her shapely hand with a fancy.

While the Princess was flattered with his compliments.

Theron. Arise. It is not fitly that thou shouldst kneel. The Prince Governor M. Theron.

Then, my Princess, thou dost mistake. The whole of Egypt's court is but a footstool for thy dainty footsteps. Thy gracious manners wouldst lead me firmly, my Princess. Thou art in goodly health?

Before the Princess could answer the Prince Governor, he arose and fondly embraced her. They both turned to see Bacha entering into the chamber with the tea cart. And the Princess turned to serve the tea. As she daintily poured the tea and served it, the guest watched her closely. He noted the charm and grace of her manner, and he fastened his eyes upon her face. Sipping her tea. The Princess lifted her eyes to meet the open glance of his eyes, squarely. A slight flush overcome her for an instant, and she turned in a light conversation to him. Theron thou were late in thy coming?

My beloved, the time seemed to hang long and heavy upon me. My duties in Cairo were many. And more were my longings for thee. More intense and fired I became to be with thee, to be near thee, my fair Princess. And now. Thank the gods of good fortune I have left all these behind me. I have escaped them and I have traveled fast towards Persia. As fast as my train of splendid horses could nobly bear me upon this journey of love. Ye gods! Long did measure the journey, but what matters it all now? For now, I stand in thy presence, at last. My love is it not in truth more than in fable that the gods glad this world of loving hearts with love's deepest ardour?

In truth Theron, responded the Princess. The gods of love do pink the otherwise grey and misty pathway of the trusting lover. Theron thou were long in thy coming, I trowth the gods waxed mad with my impatient longings for this glad hour. The hour of thy coming. The hours of

these passing days found play upon me as the sunshine doth sparkle and play upon the dark and sullen clouds in a blustering hour of the storms of wind. One hour. My heart was gladdened unto an ecstasy only to be followed by a melancholic fit. And this followed. By a secret joy which was the merest outgrowth of an elevation of my fancy. A secret joy, known only to the lover whose fond heart the gods and the goddesses have chained and inwreathed with whispering buds of sweet promises. The nymphs bespeak the Hour's desires. The sentiment of the Graces. Behold! The gods and the goddesses are garlanded in kindred fashion within their realms. By love's tender chords and nurtured by love's sweetest sentiments. Bounded hope adorned with raptured pleasures.

The Princess shyly lowered her glance as the eyes of the Prince Governor were intently fastened upon her lovely face.

My Princess, thou dost speak in the knowledge of a great warm love. Speak unto me, art thou bounded by these sweetest sentiments of rich love?

Ah! Theron thou dost speak too much with an inquiring mind. Alack! Knowst thou my bosom dost possess a human heart, and Theron. Thy coming. Indeed. Was long. In my waiting I did play fast with each day's hours. That by chance this restless gloom might not settle in cloudy patches upon me. That I couldst palliate the idolatrous but dismal gloom that betook my whole being. Upon one of these innumerable, anxious days of which I make mention, I attended the Atan. Alack! In truth, I sought warily for I failed in my search. These charming youths and maids could not attract me with any degree of enthusiasm. Neither. Were they able to please me with their dainty and figured dances, for they were vapid and dull to the utmost. And I wanted none of it. Upon one other day Theron, I fancied I could enjoy the men in their tilting. For thou dost well know the Persians do excel in this art. Alack, to me this scientific game was but a melee. Their laughter, their shouts were most harsh. How they repelled me! It was not. That. Which I sought. And I knew it. Upon one other day I clearly recall I followed the field sports. I trowth. I too became over fatigued. For. I returned into my palace weary, weary in heart and limb. And much disheartened was I. And, continued the Princess, this day! The one glad day of thy

coming. I sought in the early hours of this morn to seek to indulge in hawking.

As the Princess faltered, the Prince Governor noted the love of sport gleaming in her large eyes. And he smiled as he spake, in a light jest. The sport was capital then, my Princess?

Thou dost indeed make merry sport of my hawking, Theron. Upon my faith thou dost mistake me much. Thy flighty whims. They charm me, as much as they do vary. Permit me I must speak they play well and it really must be extremely fascinating—this game of crossing each others shadows. For leagues and leagues, with tireless strides over the barren plains.

Speakst as thou wilt, Theron. Me thinkst that if Sijan could have the human tongue to speak. He would, this very hour past sing praises of my goodly haunt within the jangals, this morning.

And Sijan? Of whom thou dost speak, is he one of thy court companions? Rather. May I so speak is he a gallant lover?

The merry laughter rippled from the lips of the Princess.

Nay, Theron. Sijan is my petted tiger. And they both threw back their heads, laughing heartily.

And Theron, how ravenously did Sijan devour the brawny hawk. I fetched for him.

My Princess, thou art, indeed, one true child of Nature's giddy whims. Ah! But thy giddy whims fascinate me. They saturate my very soul, until it doth cry for thee, my fair Princess.

Theron. Not so. I am still a child. I may be passionately fond of sports, I do yield to my unbridled desires of this scientific sport, hawking. For it is a wonderful sport. Invigorating. Ah! Thou dost smile, that, is only bourne of the fact that thou hast never indulged in this most fascinating game. I know the game, Theron. I have tireously practised it habitually and not rawly. Too. My beloved thou dost remind me of the ruddy Sun. Chasing its own shadows in and out the wiley clouds far in the heavens.

The Princess turned abruptly to her guest with a pained look. Theron. thou dost not taste of thy tea?

Indeed my love, I have not alone tasted of it. Rather. I have drained the mug of its delicious contents. The tea was most delicious and refreshing and tea is the one beverage upon which I depend for a soothing balm.

Speaking thus, the Prince Governor placed the empty mug upon the tea cart which stood near him, and then he seated himself by the side of the Princess and upon a low gold bench. A bench of gold brocade. His eyes were intensely interesting to the Princess, as they were looking directly into her own eyes. And a tender light crept into her lovely eyes. A delicate smile made her coral lips soft with a ripeness as they parted in words.

Theron dear! Thou art really. Really. Here within Persia and thou art seated by my side.

Theron leaned closer to her and kissed her, laughingly. Again he kissed her. Then the Princess, her face a glow of happiness, placed her finger upon the lips of Theron.

Now Theron. I fling all my dire anxieties to the coursing winds of the heavens. The wide heavens of the everywhere and may they bear my anxieties nowhere. Come, from the opening thou canst behold yon pillar. It is the great Pillar of the Sacred Star.

And the Princess arising from her divan, took the hand of Theron and together. They walked the length of her long chamber, across to the wide mosaic glass window which had an outlook far in the distant surroundings. Anxiously the pair stood peering into the distance, for the outlines of the Sacred Star.

My love, exclaimed he, my eyes behold it, distinctly. This Star standing so splendidly mounted upon the gigantic pillar. A strange spectacle. Is this. And most unfamiliar to me. What meaning doth the Persian Court put upon this great edifice?

The Princess falling upon her knees in a reverence spake in most quiet whispers and with her eyes upon the floor beneath them.

Theron thou art foreign to the Persian lands. Thou canst not understand. The Persian reverences this magnificent Star as a holy light divined upon him by the Sainly Gods.

“Comth ye who bearth trouble!”

The Persian casts his fears, his sorrows alike, upon this consecrated mount. And they are immediately consumed into greater blessings, for him. Behold! Our people in trouble. Kneeling in veiled sorrow at this Mount of the Pillar. Now. They do rise, they stand with their faces towards The Star. What a halo of happy light is upon their faces! At this moment the Princess arose and stood

in this raptured vision. And the Prince Governor followed her eyes, but. Alack! His fixed eyes beheld naught but a distant mount bearing a fixed, regular star, which, dimly, distinct. And so distant that it meant only a faintly outlined material object to him. And his glance was cold and senseless.

My Princess, I prythee. I speak no offending sentiment. I have never met, neither have I at any time divulged in the Persian faith. It passeth my understanding. I permit it to remain sunken in the greater mind of the Persian. And now, my beloved, speak to me again, of thy self. And of the honourable Shah. Thy most noble parent and father. Doth the Shah not extend greetings unto the Prince Governor of Cairo? The Princess become covered in confusion as he spake the name of the Shah. He detected a visible shudder possessing her and likewise a disturbed light creeping into her eyes. And he did not understand her attitude. Could it be that his name struck terror in the heart of his child.

Theron. The Shah, my father. He doth not know of thy coming into Persia. The Princess lowered her eyes upon the floor while a keen flash o'er spread the face of Theron at these spoken words which fell from the lips of the Princess as threats.

The Shah doth not know my Princess? Asked Thereon in amazement. I have not spoken with my father of thy coming into his Province. I was familiar with his going out of the Province upon this time of the Calender and I hastened my timely missive to thee. Bidding thee here at this appointed time. I deemed it most careful and wise. And Theron it is well that thou hast come upon this day.

Theron stood amazed beyond words. He muttered in his throat, a something which sounded like these words. "Crossed again. The gods curses must follow upon me."

Then the next instant his voice was constrained when he spake aloud. Dost thou know, Princess Roxana I would never dared to have entered into the Shah's palace with such an understanding. Ye gods! Princess Roxana, the Prince Governor of Cairo doth stand honour stricken. In such a misdemeanor of undignified act.

Not so Theron. My missive was not as imprudent as thou wouldst judge it to be. I more than any person in the whole of Persia and elsewhere, am able to appreciate the Shah's whims, his fancies as well as his disciplines. Both the most kind and the most severe. And should I not?

Being daughter to him, a close companion in the hours of the many days, the countless days of our lives, our companionship? I beg of thee Theron, it is more prudent that I leave Persia in the absence of my father than any other time. While he is still within foreign quarters.

Now it was perceptible to the princess that a cloud of fear was overshadowing the great mist of bright pleasure which had wrapped Theron only the moment past. But she continued as if to convince Theron that she had acted wisely and with discretion. That his fears were groundless. His wrath, continued she, the wrath of the Persian Shah! To meet the demand of his furies. I marvel that I so dare to offend the mind of the Shah in a measure, even small or tend to a measure of offense. I trowth it is a great surging power within me. The mighty power of love sweeping over my Soul which has garnished my act. I do not regret my doing so. Theron I feign wouldst behold thee in a melancholy than in this evident tremble. Come disregard thy unrest. It is not mete that thy coming into Persia shouldst find a shadow in its welcome.

Princess I have greatly offended the high honour and the strict dignity of Egypt in so coming here in this secret trail. Liken a crafty huntsman.

Theron mistake not this deed. Thinkst thou I mayst not go about like a free country woman? The mighty and powerful Shah, my dearly cherished father, I love him much. But. The Shah noble as he remains he shall. Know well, when the hour is tardyly late. That his iron laws by which he measures the personal liberties of his daughter were shaped by his parental authority, can be broken by the rights of a willful daughter. It was my own father. He who taught me in childish rhymes in the nursery borders this mindful motto. "The Persians are contente with discord, we are contente with alarms, we are contente with blood, but we will never be contente with a Master."

A likely fire blazed from the independent glance of the Princess's dark eyes as she spake in this defiant mood or challenge. And Theron stood silent in serious thought. A forceful idea burst upon him. The idea of any oppression of the most limited degree was now clearly realized by him. As it was measured by the Princess and the untamable spirit of her. This idea stood before his mind moulded in form. And nevertheless. Upon this moment, a greater understanding had fallen upon them, both—though silent.

The Prince Governor loved this amorous Princess with a bestial fancy. The Princess loved the Prince Governor with a violent and passionate love. He realized how much the effort was demanding of the Princess, to gain, and in keeping their close friendship.

After a momentary silence he addressed her, most gently. My Princess, thou art indeed, content to go away from the Shah, thy cherished father? From thy palace. From thy people. All? And thou dost enter willingly, into a strange land with me? And with naught else?

So strange a hold did this passion of her love take of the Princess, that she scarcely spoke aloud. However the ready ear of Theron was inclined to her words.

Theron, countless times. I am not content, nay I am overwhelmed with the newest and the richest joy of my life. My heart is gladdened as I never were wont to believe it could be. Then, she faltered in her words as if to tear away some hidden secret which though concealed, chided her careless words.

The Prince Governor mistook her attitude. She was beautiful, this dark Princess. Pink blushes glowing upon her cheeks, the light of love in her eyes. And he clasped her fondly in his arms with a glad pride, with a delightful joy.

My beloved, come! Now art thou in all readiness to go with me. Let us away. Away, ere the Shah doth return, for each moment doth fetch thy father nearer. Back into his own Province.

And the secret thoughts of his mind were decisive. It must be accomplished through and by the parental love.

Little did the Princess know this thought in the mind of her lover was lurking behind some base scheme.

Theron clasped the mantle about the shoulders of the Princess. Then, it was he turned squarely around as if to permit the last look from the Princess upon her palace chamber to belong wholly to her. While she stood in a silent meditation, as if it were with a farewell glance, lingering upon each and every object dear unto her heart, binding her to cherished memories so dear. She calmly gathered up a rolled script skin. And then, with a hasty readiness, almost an impatience, she turned to him, extending her gloved hand.

Theron smilingly took her hand and they passed without her chamber, into an outer hall of the magnificent Persian

palace. Slaves fell upon their faces as the pair went without the halls. Singing youths softly chanted their tender verses until the jeweled doors closed upon the pair. The sound of the heavy door as it locked made such a distinct effect upon the Princess that she hurriedly walked on. Not daring to look behind her to note the beautiful, dull lights of the handsome art lanterns still lighted in the courts. When they had passed without the brick arched gate, the slaves builded a small red fire in the stove urn. That which the Princess knew would be done, to assure her, the warm glow of welcome awaited her return into her palatial home. When her fancies led her back into her old home again. Out upon the roadway, which led out from the court gardens, the pair walked a short distance, whereupon they came to another, a longer roadway, where stood the great train of horses and ready attendants, in obedient servitude. One splendid white animal bearing the skins of the leopard stood in a spirited mood. Stamping and moving in restless steps. Upon the approach of the pair, there were two attendants who stepped forward and lifted the Princess upon this animal. This was the favoured horse of the Prince Governor. It had been bridled and led upon this journey by the attendants for the Princess to ride back into Egypt. And so, the Prince Governor of Egypt with the Princess of Persia, followed by a train of slaves began their journey across the country. Upon the roadway beyond the palatial gardens they distinctly heard the clear tones of the quaint music gongs, struck by the slaves, who had followed them just within the garden walls as far as the garden extended along this roadway. And. The last tones, even unto the silent echoes bore a settled conviction upon the heart of the Princess. And a tear glistened upon her cheek. Then out of the silence, this awful silence. They were thrilled by the melodious notes of a song bird. They stopped in their train. They remained enthralled, they beheld through the conventional wooded hedge along this roadway, a purple bird fluttered over an upturned full blown rose. This bird buried its scarlet bill into the lovely red rose, then lifting its little head in graceful pose, sang joyously in a pensive sweetness and with a clearness, its song of ardour. What was its song? Only lovers could understand. This tale of this love bird unto the blushing rose. Softly. The last silvery note of the bird floated upon the ears of the two lovers, as they listened in their sweetest delight.

Theron then, lifted his turban and sat with bowed head in the presence of the High Princess. And she sat with her head drooped and with lowered eyes. These two lovers sunken in this rapturous pleasure. One of fancy, one of love slowly began their long journey, held by the symphony of The Sultana of The Nightingale.

Its carol chideth not the loving heart of the Princess, with her deep oriental love. It carolled more love into her warm Soul like a jeweled sunbeam. And. Unto the Prince Governor, the carol of this Sultana of the Nightingale. It sunk in pretended love, fashioned into a devotion. Liken a careless smile upon the ready lips of one who tastes of the garnished loving cup of fancy pleasures.

CHAPTER II.

THE KING OF EGYPT.

The King of Egypt stood a mighty ruler before the Egyptian people. In the fair city of Cairo, the metropolis of Egypt, this King stood though majestic in his rule over and with the Egyptian people a suppliant ruler before his guardian Deity, Ra. The much famed and worshipped Sun-god.

Upon a certain day, like one humble petitioner even of the common of Cairo, the King swung the bronze bowled censer which was fashioned liken an open hand holding the bowl of this bronze censer. The other end holding the pastile of oriental incense, was designed of the hawk's head crowned with a disk. And this was the censer which the King of these great people held and swung, pouring a libation of wine. On one side and offering incense on the other. The King was serving his devotion before and unto the Sun-god upon this day and hour. He stood as was the custom of the Egyptian, uttering his petitions in meditations and in whispers. None, there was who could know what his phrases contained. Neither could his low words be understood.

Just as the misty vapors of the smothering burning gub-resin nearly evaporated, the King turned from the god, Ra. And with reverent, with measured steps he departed from this great temple of Ra.

He was followed in close service by attendants who escorted him into the palace hall. And then, they passed on into one court chapel far to another side of the large hall.

The King now seated himself upon a throne of greatest magnificent splendour. The wonderful and masterful

statute of art, called the Peacock Throne. And the very misty light of the oriental sun, that which had been admitted very narrowly from the distant, though distinctly near Eastern skies, into this vast hall, transformed this famed, and this most splendid throne into a bower of twilight and into a glorious realm of glittering gems. How magnificent! In a contrasting defiant streak of the rubiac sun boldly peering into this hall, the jeweled peacock which was fashioned upon two huge marble pillars overstanding this throne, held immense clear-stoned rubies in their beaks.

These peacocks in striving rivalry one with the other, were circled together overhead by an exquisite ornament of precious stones, each holding a huge cluster of perfectly cut brilliants. Perchance the white Egyptian topaz. The art of this oriental luxuriance of this extravagant Peacock throne, immersing into such extravagance, commanded the highest admiration from every eye which by chance fell upon it. The King admired it greatly. The slaves worshipped it. The people raved over it while great masters enjoyed it.

The King his air was majestic as he so silently sat upon this jeweled throne and meditated. In truth, he was much alone with his own thoughts. His purple velvet robe and scarlet mantle made him handsome, but for the degree of severity that which was stamped upon his strong face. He lifted his eyes from the ivory writing plaque which was so enriched by inlaid lapis-lazuli, and the gleam that which was in his blue grey eye. Was it a strange reflection from the dull colored glass in the antique ivory writing plaque or was it the light of one man's power? For the ambition of the King was of the greatest. To the Egyptians, his people. This King was the most eager patriot, who carried into his daily life the heat of unbridled passion. That he might rule with the hand of Justice and that he might serve his people with a glorious pride. And the people. They believed him to be great and splendid in his stately career and courageous with a constancy of purpose that was flexible to highest duty. And thus. This King sat before his people with a mighty dignity and ruling with a mightier hand. And he was beloved by all the people of Egyptian lands.

Upon this moment the King turned in his heavy fauteuil for. A gentle, soft voice aroused him and as he turned, he beheld Lady Vivian standing before him. A beautiful girl

in dainty, sweet loveliness and, with a graceful smile.

Father greetings unto thee, sweetly fell from her lips as she bent over the King and kissed him fondly upon either cheek.

Greetings, daughter mine, exclaimed the King with a proud ring in his voice.

The girl seated herself upon the arm of the King's high fauteuil. He caressed her with endearing words and kissed her upon her rounded rosy cheeks.

How is it with thee daughter mine, asked the King with the fond light of a parent upon his face.

This day thou art in goodly health, for mine eyes they do not play me false.

Yea. Father mine, I feel very happy as I am in excellent health. And thyself, father art thou not in goodly spirits this bright cheery day? The girl responded with a radiant countenance.

Ah! My child my health is excellent. The day is bright without, my heart and mind is young within to-day. But. Methinks the day is not one whit brighter than those two 'pretty eyes of thine. And thy tresses of the raven's hue liken threads of finest silk. Daughter mine the eye of a father is quicke. How much thou dost bear, an elegant resemblance unto thy dear mother. And, continued the King as Lady Vivian stole her arms about the King, thou art thy mother's own true picture. How long, how long! Yet it doth seem but in the retreating shadows of yesterday's nightfall that I embraced thy mother within these arms. In sweetest embrace. Daughter mine!

He faltered with a sigh, then, with a gentle smile upon his broad lips. The King stroked her long braids of blacken hair, not once but many times.

Father I do so love to hear thy pretty praises. Thy compliments do please me much. I am overwhelming pleased that thou dost fancy mine eyes, mine hair. Be what colour it may. How proudly I know that I find favour with thee. Blessed indeed am I. For, there is not one maiden in Egypt who doth possess such a rare gift of love as I.

She reclined herself upon the King's knee and he bent over the drooping head of his loving daughter. He was bent in thought or memories of long ago. And quite so was he charmed with a full measure of content. As they sat thus. The much famed King, of Egypt with the lovely Lady Vi-

vian, his daughter, they remained a charming picture of devotion.

After a silent moment. A moment of the esprit, Of the souled devotion of the parent with the daughter, she lifted her drooping head and very softly she spake. Her words falling scarcely upon the ready ear of her father. So gentle, so sweetly low were they. Father mine, thou art unjustly called the cruel King of Egypt. I call thee noble, magnificent.

Ah, but my child. Thou indeed dost flatter thy old father. And be it rightly so, for thou art of my blood and it is thus, thou art able to speak. Alack! The people, they do not measure their King with bonds of kinship sentiments. Neither. With a measure of honoured love. But come. Of thyself. Daughter art thou quite content here, within the courtly palace? Thou art now, without thy mother's loving care and sweet companionship. In a poor attempt to supply thy great need, I have surrounded thee with every luxury of the Court of Egypt. Alack, daughter. I have oft times found it so. That luxuries do not fetch the longing of a languid life. And I trowth, I fear it doubly for thine is a young life. Unfettered by cares, by hardships. And ever shall it be so. If thy father's hand be able to protect thee and. Always may thee be binded by luxuries. Whenst thou find lonely hours. Come daughter mine so dear. Come for thy father ever wants thee, his arms are ever ready to embrace thee.

And daughter givth thy ear. There must be no secret smouldering between thee and me. Never a hidden secret. Therefrom doth spring much sorrow. Always.

Nay father mine. There shall be no secret between thee and me. Thou dost indeed know my life is open before thee. My studies, my philanthropic work in the settlement and my life here within the Court.

And Lady Vivian fondly stroked the hand of the King. The hand that he raised to caress her rosy cheeks.

Have a care, little one. There mayst be a lover! Somewhere lurking near. For always in the shadows of youth there doth lurk Cupid's herald.

Lady Vivian had not wished to act in a fraudulent, neither a hypocritical manner with her father. However. There was a sense of deep deception before her. But, had she really deceived her father?

During the past moments the keen eyes of her father detected a secret close at open range. Because there was a

confusion covering her face. There was the tell-tale blush tinging her cheeks.

'So there is one, daughter mine? As the King spake his confusion quickly bent a scarlet flush upon his face. A stern light in his eye.

Daughter, thy heart and hand so free, must be for a noble gentleman. A truly great man and one of the Royal House.

The King's eyes scrutinized her face as the Lady Vivian wrestled with her confused thoughts.

She sought to speak. Then. At last she remained silently dumb.

'Daughter mine, givth me thy ear. I have a father's fondness for thee and this fondness has severely awakened me unto keen inquiries. Perchance they may be counted bold.

And. Thou dost possess the great warm nature of thy mother. Only. Thou hast the fresher charm of simplicity. Thou wilt seek love for thou art but now coming into the spring of life. And in faith, I wouldst have it no other way. Were the gods themselves to alter it. In the pink spring-time of life, love always cultures. There mayst be a language. Somewhere. In this grand old universe, that which has crystalized a true version of definition of youth's gift of ardor. Alack! the sooth-sayers alone have clearly versified the expression infinitely correct in their scribing. The real master passion after all in life is. Love. I do no more violence unto my parental instinct for verily do I believe that gracefully. And. With thy loveliness of a dutiful daughter. Thou shalt esteem thy goodly graces in the wisdom of thy father.

Liken the echoes falling from the striking of a solemn vesper-bell refrain. The pathetic tones of hope fell upon the Lady Vivian. With a mighty bearing conviction. And before the King could continue, he beheld the form of his daughter. Abruptly withdrawn from his own arms. She had slyly slipped from the court chapel and upon reaching the large doors leading out into another court. She faltered. She glanced backward upon the astonished King as he sat. His body pitched forward, his empty arms outstretched.

And the King. A tremulous opal haze settled upon him. His thoughts were being melted into queer dreams. Fearful dreams. And the magnificent peacock throne. This wonderful artistic work, its gems glittering in open brilliancy. Its lines of gold stood proudly in bold designs. Even. The veiled Sun dared to cast off her mauve veil and shine in her rightful glow.

And the King sat in dismal apprehension.

Lady Vivian felt the shame of the checkered veil of deceit. Mantling her countenance. She felt more. That she alone, was mantled within the plastic folds of inelegant deceit. Would the Daw of the field. Would the Ibis of the court knight her?

All. Everything. Everybody seemed to stand in a perfect. An open gaze before her fawning self!

But. With it all. She would not compromise the secret delight of her own heart. Then like faveolate tracings. Her thoughts shaped into sweetest dreams. And she entered into the court gardens.

CHAPTER III.

M. THERON PRINCE GOVERNOR OF CAIRO.

*The Evil is null, is naught, is silence implying Sound:
What was good shall be good, with for Evil so much, good
more.*

On earth the broken arcs, in the Heavens a perfect round.

—Browning's "Abt Vogler."

M. Theron was the Prince Governor of Cairo and he had served as a very popular man in Cairo, Egypt. However. The evident situation at the present time, was that his power of influence. With his people seemed to be wanning and an undisguised unrest was gripping them.

M. Theron as newly made Prince. Governor, in beginning his government. He met and held his people with a strength of influence. That which lay wholly in his enthusiastic and his fiery imaginative motives. He employed no methods promoting great profound ideas for a stronger government. Not one of his advanced theories held clear. Abstract thought for reform. Neither. Of uplift of his people. The thinking people of Cairo conceded that there were not any well grounded theories in his system of governing the city of Cairo. Upon which any marked degree of exact sense of reasoning depended. He seemed not inclined to exercise any newer theories that which would actuate a movement towards lines of the betterment of the conditions of the present time. The present government of Cairo had been placed in the hands. Within the power of a most incompetent official. It was commonly announced that their city was standing divided and it was upon the threshold of a strong reformation. The dignity of Cairo was waxed in corruption.

The character of M. Theron was not all. Too notorious. For all that. He possessed many admirable qualities of char-

acter. He was very versatile, cheery and pleasure loving. However. The extravagance of his court, the imposing position, that which he held in Cairo, which gave opportunity for the development of a moral corruption. Was so great that the natural sequence burst upon the people. That of a stirring violence with and among the Egyptian people of Cairo.

Greater. Strong citizens of Cairo frowned upon M. Theron as he spent his nights most frequently in festive enjoyments. And quite so frequently. Was he to be seen at the lesser entertainments of the city. He was quoted as being absent from his office chapel, thus, imposing all, too important duties upon his deputies and upon his council. He would attend the chariot races almost daily and could be found. All. Too frequently reveling in the public square and drinking in the public coffee-houses. Mingling with the lower clan of the town folk. Being friendly to their amusements and partaking of their so-called. Friendly cup.

Now at this present time. A great moral wave was about to sweep over Cairo. The people were thrilled with this new intoxication. The untiring efforts of this great band of reformers succeeded in exposing. *Enfin*. The Prince Governor M. Theron. Widely and boldly.

So much of the great social vice that which had swept down like a blue blanket and that which was gripping the people. Had been found in a beginning. In the Concubine Temple. A Temple nearly within the heart of the city. Within a stone's throw of the government's buildings. And it stood flourishing in all vice and obstrusive wickedness. This temple of not such an immense structure. Was richly decorated and it lent an attraction. To many. It was too. Granted to be the greatest stain that had ever fallen upon Cairo. And. It stood inviting and snaring the young, the inexperience. Likewise being maintained and indulged by the corrupt of Cairo. Without any doubt. But to the direct contrary. M. Theron had been instrumental in establishing and was maintaining supposedly. Secretly. This concubine temple. This, the one greater living shadow now falling in blackest shadows upon the whole city. This gaming house stood flourishing in open defiance to the law. In all lawlessness. Yea. There was an ordinance. Too. There was a law prohibiting the operation of such a house. However. To have it abolished, the greatest efforts proved in vain. Useless. All the technicalities of the law, all the closest rites of their or-

dinances were employed without success. The people now. Were so wrought up over the loose system of government of M. Theron, and were enraged over the existent conditions. Nevertheless. Investigation and all measures of the reformers immediately met rebound of one stroke of the Prince-Governor's Council and its by-laws. Until. It seemed that this most systematic immorality reigned and would continue to bind Cairo within the shadows of degradation. The strongest citizens were repeating one unto the other. The Prince-Governor encourages all these corrupt measures. Not alone. By silent consent but by example. Some people despaired believing their city to be falling into a fast decline. While others. Whose honour and dignity had been wounded and fired by disastrous corruption, pushed forward with a zeal marked with determination. Which meant something. Meetings were called by the people principally represented by the reformers and a committee of eight men were finally commissioned to present and to plead a petition for a reformation. In a hearing before the Prince Governor and his Council. However. This meeting proved one other failure. It was beginning to be understood by the common, that the Prince Governor had in so employing mean bribes. He had put bridles of obligation upon them to make up any scheme whereby he and not the common could be benefited. That he confiscated all unused lands belonging to private holders which lands lay within certain districts and used them for such commerces as the silken industries. The fisheries. The rose-fields and such industries known in Cairo. And he pressed the private holder down with but a meager allowance annually. Which was a mere livelihood. Nothing more.

The outrage was exercised supposedly. Legally. And it had been done so long that when the reformers sought to enlighten the people to the invalidity of such laws and if such laws. The injustice of them. The people of the common stood helpless at first. But. Soon the spirit of this injustice bore upon them. They stood at last ready to strike. And in this stroke for justice, both the poor and the rich clans stood side by side. Eager to strike the Prince Governor who with such extravagant schemes as he had put forth only to involving them to their own disadvantage. And as surely measured them scantily and undermined their rights as citizens of Cairo.

The committee of reformers moved systematically. First.

To be the subject of satire and coarse ridicule. Then. Slowly truly unto their reform.

The strength of their measures and the steady advancing of their principles soon gained them burning followers. And the revolting power was at last moving Cairo. The Prince Governor with his council well knew and rightly felt the shadowy result. A meeting was called of the council. The sense of this meeting was to set about to establish a constitution of such called by-laws. In truth. An amendment to bills already passed and heretofore enforced. But. These bills were to become enforced laws at all times. Only. wherein the Prince Governor's council were to pass its friendly consent. This desperate chance had been challenged by the approaching revolt.

Under the management of the Prince Governor. His council skillfully took framed measures. Firstly. In blind sham of securing the acquiescence of the political machine, the machine upon which hung all political strokes. The first stroke of the machine was to complete a partition of the District Boulak from Cairo. Thus barring this district from any voting power upon the city of Cairo. The district, large in itself wished to be incorporated into a city, with its own government, laws and rights. And so. The Prince Governor set it apart, incorporating and making it a city of its own. The council voted even to endow this new city with 'one tract of unused fields. Whereby. It could open its own commerce in the silken industry.

This western district was called Boulak. Whereupon. The reformers had gained their followers. Having gained a complete partition of this western district. The Prince Governor then recognized a great danger in the one other district neighboring Boulak. Which was fired to revolt, likewise. This district lying on the outskirts of Cairo was fast growing and developing into a valuable center. Now, it was feared, this district would unite itself with the District Boulak. That district which the council had just partitioned from Cairo. Be it understood they were both in sympathy with the reformers. The Council directed a meeting. And in this meeting, this growing little center was annexed to Cairo.

So that which had been known as Duran, with its tall barren Cliffs and bounded by an ocean of sand. Was now to be called Western Cairo. Coming entirely under the full jurisdiction of the Machine of the City's government. Under the furtherance of this new stroke for these were the most dan-

gerous as well as the most valuable centers. The Prince Governor hoped to hold his old dominate power. To regain his former influence.

And thus be strengthened to meet the reformation squarely with defeat. And to allay this surging revolt.

It seemed most probable.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KING'S HEARING.

Lady Vivian, beautiful Mistress. Whist! Hearst thou your ladyship? The King. Thy father doth approach from without the Chapel.

From the magnificent round gallery surrounding the court's chapel, the Lady Vivian, daughter to the King. attended by two slaves anxiously awaited the King's hearing. She sat within the gallery of the chapel.

Upon a very early hour of this day, Lady Vivian lay reveling in dreams with Aurora. She languidly watched the play of the birds in the pools of sparkling waters within the open court just below her bed-chamber.

The effulgence of the oriental sun thrilled her with its growing splendeur. A black slave cautiously struck the silver gong which was just without her bed-chamber door. And she was aroused abruptly from her dreams.

Slave what wouldst thou with Lady Vivian?

Lady Vivian, your ladyship I come with a herald for thee, responded the husky voice of the slave.

Be quicke. Slave what is it? Speaking so, she hastily sped across her chamber, standing with her ear pressed hard at the slight jar of the jeweled doors.

Your ladyship, the stranger. It is of he I wouldst speak.

Yea, the stranger. And what of the stranger, slave. What of this youth?

Oh, your ladyship, he has been summoned into the court chapel to appear before the King.

Speakst thou, the stranger is to appear before the King, slave?

It is in truth, this, that I come to bear unto thee, Lady Vivian.

At what hour doth this stranger youth appear before the King in this hearing?

Within the hour, your ladyship, wildly exclaimed the slave.

Merciful gods! This untimely hour, ejaculated the Lady Vivian.

Slave thou mayst go immediately, responded she to the slave who was standing without the chamber door. Whereupon. This slave left his place at the chamber door and sped down the hall.

Lady Vivian stood erect. Her face was palid. Then a red-den colour flushed her face. She clenched her hands in the determination to be brave enough, not to censor the King. Then she turned hastily to her slave who stood waiting to serve her.

Trua, my slave hasten. My morning robe.

The slave woman with clever fingers arranged the heavy blacken hair of the Lady Vivian into long braids, which glistened in two wonderful braids hanging down her back. Then with the greatest pride arranged the rose tinted robe gracefully around her slender form. Girdling it with a silver metaled belt. She wore no ornaments but an exquisite chase gold smelling case. Its top being set in rubies. She drank hastily of the tea which the slave served her. The tea was delicious and she relished it much.

She arose and as she left her chamber. Trua stood behind her with her eyes fastened upon her Mistress with greatest pride. And in low murmurs she spoke. My mistress is beautiful.

Lady Vivian ascended the broad, the richly carpeted stairway leading into an upper balcony of the court chapel. And there she seated herself. Selecting a bench which was secluded from the view of the King and his courtiers.

Immediately the King entered into the chapel. Escorted by attendants in his train. And before him walked one courtier bearing the jeweled cross upon a golden-box.

Very great dignity marked the entrance of the King. And this great King sat with a majestic air, in his court fauteuil.

With royal courtesy the courtiers kissed the hem of the King's mantle.

Lady Vivian reclining upon the unique ivory bench within the upper balcony remained quite motionless. The burning of the incense and the soft muffled gong struck by the black slaves. It bore a secret hope for Lady Vivian. Her face was now rosy with freshness. Her inmost thoughts were immersing into most tender sentiments. Alack! Instantly her delights become faint. Lo! the harsh, the jarring tones of the King fell upon her. She leaned forward, she listened with abated breath. She thought to stand. To run to the King.

But. She knew this would be *faux-pas*. And she moved backward upon the bench again.

Fetch the prisoner before me.—these were the words of the King.

She startled only to remain quiet once more.

Two courtiers entered into the chapel. They bore between them the prisoner.

A daring youth was this stranger. He entered clad in a loose brown coat of coarse woolen stuff which was covered with the dusts of saffron. He walked with a firm step. With his head upturned and in his eyes there gleamed boldest defiance. Which meant perchance. Treachery. But he wore a dignity with it all. He wore a challenge, a contemptuous challenge.

Tall in stature broad shouldered with an intelligent face, his searching kindest black eyes were arrested by every object in the strange chapel. His dark clustery hair was carelessly thrown back revealing his full forehead. He was led before the King. And in his poise of elegant dignity. The King admired the youth, much. But. The King sought to conceal this admiration with a severe countenance.

The prisoner greeted the King ceremoniously and stood before him not a mute suppliant. Rather. A person with injured dignity.

The King's keen eyes were fastened upon the proud face of the youth and he marveled greatly, secretly at this youth's fearless attitude. At his inborn sang-froid. With keen scrutiny the King turned and spake with his courtiers.

Thou hast fetched the youth before me, at my c'ommand. What hast thou of his crime?

O King, your Highness! This stranger has been confined within the dungeon these many weeks. Awaiting thy hearing.

Yea! Yea! Be it so. Within the far dungeon as were the orders of the King. What of the charges against the youth? Continued the King.

As the King finished these words the prisoner turned. He looked upon the courtiers. Fastening his gaze upon the face of the courtier who addressed himself unto the King. And the youth inclined his ear also.

Your Highness, the boatmen in their canoes, were spearing in the marshes for the hippopotamus. Your Highness they were suddenly aroused by the road of rushing water nearby. In their alarm. They turned they beheld the violent danger upon them. For it was the Zobaah upon the Nile.

They beheld a crew of our slaves directly within the path of the whirling water and the boatmen rushed to their rescue. It was a terrifying picture, your Highness. The angry waters they heaved, they twisted and they hurled. The crew of slaves worked hard and fast. But. Alas! They would have been lost had not our boatmen reached them, just at the most opportune moment. Together they wrestled with the stormy waters. Until enfin. The maddened struggle seemed to be over. They steered the boats out of the path of the mad current and they pulled them back safely upon the shores of the Nile. The boatmen rebuked the slaves for their untimely dare-devil trick of playing in the c'ourse of the Zobaah.

To their amazement they found a stranger. This youth. Your Highness in their midst. He lay insensible, exhausted and was drenched and dripping. Our slaves answered the rebukes of the boatmen. They spake thus, your Highness.

We were in our canoes upon the Nile. The waters were beautiful with their usual calmness. When suddenly they became alarmed by hearing the storm-bell, tolling from the tower. And. Then almost instantly the roar of the Zobaah was upon them. They turned their canoes and they hastened to return to the shores. However. They were drawn by a most sudden streak of vivid lightning from the skies. The streak of light directed itself unto the youth who lay in his boat helpless.

Your Highness it was sent by the gods!

Fie! What baffling words! What dramatic tale doth thou bear upon thy lips, before the King?

O your Majesty. The day was perfect, the courtiers have just related it so. The heavens were clear with its azure colour. The sun was proud in its bright glory.

What infamous tale! Who among thee, my courtiers may believe thy King can credit such slander upon the gods?

Your Royal Highness the slaves have spoken. They do relate the tale unto us. From their canoes they all bore witness to this streak of lightning bursting from the clear skies and they believed themselves called by an infinitive power to save this stranger.

And Your Highness their convictions were up'on them. They ventured into the pathway of the Zobaah in due time to find the youth quite exhausted and lying within his canoe. Battling for his life. And it did seem that the stranger would be lost.

Truly spoken Your Highness, spake another courtier.

Even so, proceed Calies. What of the slaves and the youth, asked the King.

Your Highness continued Calies the slaves carried this youth from their boat, then into the palace garden chapel.

What speakst thou, exclaimed the King in agitated voice.

And the King leaned forward in his fauteuil, his countenance flushed with anger.

A stranger. And notably of the common. Thou hast dared to shelter such a person within the court garden chapel? Ye gods! 'Tis working recklessly with thy King's wishes.

Your Highness, the slave boatmen were so commanded by Lady Vivian.

At the mention of Lady Vivian's name the courtiers bowed ceremoniously and the stranger reddened with a startle. Then a pallor o'er spread his face and he looked upon the face of the King with a compassion.

Alack! He found no compassion. No mercy in the eyes of the King. For the King was quite overcome with impatience.

Upon this critical moment Lady Vivian upon her bench within the balcony moved uneasily. She wished to go before the King that she might implore him. But. She remained motionless. Suddenly. These rigor words of the King, fell upon her.

Youth thou most bold. Thou mayst deliver thyself from hard imprisonment by thine own mouth. Speakst thou. Recallst thou and measure well thy words. Have a care for hearst thou from all the Egyptian people without and within. Everyplace. The King of Egypt doth rule with a mighty hand. It is a chance, thou mayst deliver thyself. Speak!

And the King leaned back firmly against his fauteuil. With compressed lips, with keen glance he gave his ear unto the prisoner.

The youth's eyes dwelt long upon the King's face. Then. He began his tale.

O King, Your Excellency. Thou art indeed a King of a great nation. Thou art a ruler firm. Yet just and with this knowledge. I speak not with a measured caution. Rather, With an open truth. I am. Your Excellency, as thou hast divined a stranger in thy fair city. One stranger among thy people. A captive within the court prison.

Thou art a spy, spake Calies, Thou didst steal, into Cairo like a magician. By what right, I prythee, didst thou conjure the King's slaves and the King's boatmen that they might

guide thee across the river Nile? Were thou in pretense of ignorance of the terror of the Zobaah? For. Our slaves would never have ventured into the path of the Zobaah. Only. Perchance to find a fitly grave within the sandstone beneath the bed of this river.

The prisoner turned facing the courtier.

Courtier of the King, thou speakst not well. Upon my faith. But the turbid water of the Nile is even. Now. Sweet and calm.

Youth jest not in the presence of the King, spake the King almost fiercely. Thou art one stranger within the gates of Cairo. Becoming too artful with thy ever ready wit. Do mine eyes play me well. Thou art a Frenchman by thy birth-right? And if so, what wouldst thou here within Egyptian borders! It has been well spoken that Egypt has been divined for the Egyptian. Likewise let us presume that France has been divined for the Frenchman. So. May France contain her own. Until thou can prove thyself a French Gentleman of goodly purpose.

Your Excellency thou dost but mistake in thy otherwise goodly judgement. Man by his divine right in the bond of brotherhood belongs everywhere. And likened unto the rainbow within the skies, the divine sign of Peace. The bond of fellowship hangs upon all courtiers, over all people. Connecting man with man. Brother with brother.

It is scribed your Excellency, that it was Iris, our most beloved rainbow who is reputed to be the herald of the gods unto all men. Alike. Men of every nation, men both high and lowly. In man. We do find thy noble self. O King. Thy courtiers, thy slaves, even my most humble self. And we may commission ourselves to travel hither and thither. But wherever man goes. There he beholds the divine powers, the universal struggles and Nature meets him. Greets him in her marvelous handiwork, in the same decreed destiny. With the true providence ruling every heart and soul. With an honest justice. With a justice even unto the closest laws of virtue.

Hold thy tongue youth. Enough of thy most idle words. exclaimed one courtier who was fired with impatience.

Thou wouldst chafe our most noble King. With thy satire and thy weak pretense at philosophy.

Another courtier turned to the King.

O King, I wouldst speak. And the King answered him.

Landiere, speak. What wouldst thou?

Your Majesty this stranger doth attempt to baffle thee

with his borrowed philosophy. His satire. I prythee, givth not thine ear to him. He comes in the light of no goodly purpose. I trowth he wouldst stifle thy suspicions with his heavy wit. Me thinks he mayst be a driven fugitive. Yea. Rather a magician driven from his own fellowmen, for some treason. For mark ye. He speakth no common truth. Neither. Doth he speak in upright terms. He seeks to cover his truth with his wiley tongue.

In the next moment that followed the King spake impatiently to quiet the low murmuring tones of the courtiers standing about him.

Silence. Courtiers thy uproars do indeed stifle thy King most. More than the wit of this youth. Ye all art mad fools to wax so mad! Let their be quiet, the youth may continue his tale.

Then the King turned his eyes upon the youth once more. The courtiers with cloudy countenances glared at the prisoner.

Gracious thanks, O King, replied the youth. Your Excellency, in truth thy courtiers do seriously charge me. I am at thy mercy because I stand in a strange light before thee. It is an anxious mystery that I should be seized by thy slaves and boatmen. Truly a misfortune that I have been cast into the dungeon. The saffron dungeon.

The youth trembled slightly as he mentioned the dungeon. He pressed his hand to his forehead with a strange jesture.

And Lady Vivian struck by the horror of these words, as they soared in echoes up into the balcony, moved with a startle.

The King's evident interest invoked a secret bitterness in the minds of the mad courtiers.

Youth, spake the King. What canst thou relate of thy coming. Of thy most untimely act of being upon the Nile, in the direct path of the Zobaah?

A short silence fell upon the chapel and all eyes were riveted upon the youth. Violently.

Your Excellency. The mystery as surely doth speak in explanatory terms. Had I come into thy land as one spy. Wouldst I not have acquainted myself with thy people, their customs and with the tricky Nile? Dost thou believe me mad enough to have traveled, willingly into the path of the Zobaah? I prythee, the minds of thy courtiers are wanton. Wanton unto a ramble. Their brains become lazy with the moist of the blue grapes from the great Feiyoom. They are ever

ready with their careless opinions. Zut! Their wit is sleepy for they speak by chance. He may have been driven from his country! They also swear by their gods. And the youth bowed his head in reverence. That he is one spy.

Be it so. And in truth spoken, your Excellency. is there any discredit in being driven from one's country? The great god Apollo was banished from heaven and he was condemned to live for a time upon earth. May we do less than this god Apollo, without the stinging tongue of mad gossip. Of censor?

The courtiers interrupted in excited frenzy.

O King, this youth. He doth play lightly with the audience of the King.

Attention courtiers! Pay thou heed unto the philosophy of this youth.

Be ye not so ready to growl one unto another with thy jealous snarls.

And because this youth doth suffer foreign wit within the court.

Disembowel thyself of this infernal chatter. The youth may have a hearing.

Your Highness may the youth then be good enough to explain why he sailed upon the Nile waters at this time? Did he seek to preform a skillful feat? As if a secret power could battle with the science of the Zobaah. Did he seek to beguile our most reverent gods?

Courtiers, better a respectful order be given the King's court. Than thy queries of foolish suspicions. The youth may prove his course. Until then. I prythee thrust not ready opinions of perfidy.

Your Excellency, continued the youth with a grateful smile. The Zobaah has so truly baffled thy courtiers. They wouldst know, why I crossed the waters of the Nile. At this period. I feign wouldst call the Nile as thy own people do call it by name. The Brook of Egypt. And calling it so, swell with patriotic pride. In warring times. As in the time of peace, this peaceful brook doth play its tricks. History has given it this repute. I know not what to call it, your Excellency. I trowth a trick of magical worth and science.

Your Highness, broke in several voices. Our understanding is now enlightened. Such were our opinions. The youth doth speak of war. Aye! Aye! he doth indeed, cried several loud voices.

Courtiers thou doth mistake. I speak but to answer thy

infernal questionings. I repeat, Your Excellency. The Nile. The trickster of Egypt has written her fame within the memories of countless victories of famed warriors. All I could and did hope for. While I was severely whirled within the mad current of its waters was. That the gods wouldst so shend their service upon me in the battle which I met with upon the Nile. Impossible? Nay. Did not the same gods in ages long past direct their strong, guidance upon my own country men. As they marched upon this city? Within the same place where I do now stand?

A French patriot! Broke in the voices. A violent passion filling them all.

In truth, courtiers of the noble King. I am. A French Patriot! Thy brains seem, not so sleepy now since thy victories float before thy eyes, in glorious pictures. And mark ye, how quickly thou canst recall how thy gods divided the waters of the Nile. Cutting off the return of my own country men whilst they were within the middle of the waters.

Ah, ye gods! Egyptians too! Of the past and of the present dynasty. What magic electrified this peaceful stream?

Aye. Your Highness, treason, treason!

Again the courtiers became incensed. The King lifted his hand and spake to quiet them.

Silence. The youth hath mine ear. Youth thou hast been given an audience. And thou didst not avail thyself of thy timely opportunity. Neither of this moment with sound sense.

Courtiers, return thou this youth into the dungeon. The Saffron dungeon!

A pallor over spread the youth's face. Into his eyes gleamed not mercy. But. An unspoken defiance. He turned to the King with broken words. Your Excellency I crave thy goodly patience. But hear, thou me, More.

The King hath spoken. Such is the will and the pleasure of the King, responded the King.

And the youth swelling with the burning insult of this dungeon's shadow. Was escorted out of the chapel.

Calies one courtier spake in merry jest and in loud words too.

To the Saffron dungeon! The dungeon is decorated with the honest colour of the yellow saffron. Its floors of noble earth. Truly of Nature's best are sprinkled with the saffron dust. Me thinks a most fitly repose for such as thee. A spy!

And the moderate eye, my youth. Jeeringly taunted Calies. The moderate eye, ever rememberst thou. The moderate use

of saffron is goodly for the sleepy head. And it makth the senses more quicke, more alive. It shakth off thy heavy wit. It makth man merry. More merry than the tinkling belled imps who dance round the brassen pot of burning incense. Within the gate of the inferno. For therein. The vigil of man's soul is oft awakened by the descending of an arch angel.

In faith. It is teeming with goodly attributes is this balm of saffron.

And my foreign youth, thou wilt have time therein to meditate. Thou indeed mayst weep and weep. Who canst divine it a chance to deliver thee. For it is spoken even. The crocodile's tears are never true save when he is forced where the saffron grows.

An uproar of coarse laughter filled the chapel.

The youth turned in anger, affronting Calies boldly.

So it is. This is in Egypt. Alack! In other countries. In the civilized countries it is also known that men are burned in public market places for using saffron.

Fie! Ye French people of thicken judgement, answered one courtier.

The King lifted his hand in command.

Return the youth immediately into the saffron dungeon.

Without word, without look the youth walked without the chapel.

The heavy door sounded its lock. The aged King reclined himself into a study. Mayhap! A melancholic reverie.

The fiery French blood is burning still in this youth. Me thinks he comes for no goodly purport. He may fetch or otherwise seek to carry back a secret purport to his King. He has designed it clearly. For he is distinctly, sharply clever. He is truly versed and doth bear a culture. His tongue is ever ready with wit and his mind keen to discernment. But. By the gods. I shall writhe him into confession. A few more days and weeks within the thicken shade of the saffron dungeon will serve excellently to cool the French fire in his blood.

The King sat thus. Meditating. Over the illustriously severe punishment of the prisoner. Perchance there was a sense of fellow feeling alive within him. For there are times when stern duty veils a tender heart in all mankind. Alike.

As the King sat thus. The Lady Vivian seated still within the balcony looked down upon him, with a breathless prayer for the youth.

And she hastily descended the broadstairway. She sought her own chamber. With a heavy heart.

O Gods! Thou art good, unutterably kind. I prythee gather gently round this youth. Cherish and protect him. And. Pardon the King!

CHAPTER V.

THE ROYAL FESTIVAL.

*And Mirth and Gladness are the Master
And Mistress of the ceremonies.*

Garden of Mirth.

The Royal Festival. It was brilliant. The Prince Governor M. Theron had given this festival in one of the court temples.

This palatial temple was thronged with gay companies and the gayest of all Cairo were his guests.

The hospital Prince Governor had gained for himself the reputation of being the most pleasure loving person in Cairo. His love for frivolous allurements had made him popular. And he always surrounded himself with extravagant pleasures.

The Prince Governor upon this night was entertaining the Oriental Princess. Princess Roxana of the Persian House. It had been many days, since they had arrived in Cairo. After a long journey across the country.

The magnificent temple stood in conspicuous gardens. One blazing spectacle. The inner halls were decorated and festooned in the most artistic effects with garlands of the lotus bud and of the egaltine. In the center of this oblong chamber. That which was the most spacious of all the chambers. There was a huge crystal ball hanging from its most central beams. It showered a brilliancy of light upon the gay assembly. While upon the side walls there were hanging oddly shaped lanterns of true Egyptian fashion. The dull soft light of these many hued lanterns contrasting wonderfully with the large crystal ball from which such bright lights diffused the dull glow of the lanterns. The bewildering temple challenged the chimerical spirit of every guest and the evening wore on with its splendid and most unique attractions.

Festive dancers danced before the guests. Singers sang their strains of pleasures of love of wine. Of beauteous Nature.

The Prince Governor a charming host was he. Enchanting the pleasure of the evening with pleasant turns. And tales. And he was not wanting in delicate wit. He entertained. He fascinated his guests. To the delight of his guests he related

the tale of "The Swan's Delusion." This tale he related with graceful art. It ran thus—

The gods had made the day. The spot. And everything, every living creature therein, even to the fowls of the field, the birds of the air and the flowers blooming everywhere. And too. They made a sparkling brooklet. For there upon doth hang this tale.

An ivied sycamore leaning upon the bank of a rushing brook. Alike a trained sentinel upon guard, was only one of many trees standing in a glade.

We. As if in the fairy's train stopped in admiration of this perfect sycamore. The silvered markings of its trunk, its branches overcast by the brown shadows peeping through the lustre green of the ivy tangling itself closely round the tree, even upon its forked branches. Was a fitly. A conventional drawing against the green clear space surrounding it. It was a gloriously perfect day. The searching sun shone full and warm, the serene skies were of heaven's own blue. Naught disturbed the dignity of the atmosphere yet a soft zephyr wafted everywhere in graceful sweeps bearing the song of the birds, the perfume of the field roses. And gently. So gently it touched the artistically defined leaves of this majestic sycamore. Nature never would have devined such a glorious picture without the clear waters of a brook.

The red lily may have bloomed in the rocky bed of this care-free brook. The fishes may have swum in its capering waters but the marked beauty of this picture was an immense snowy swan playing upon the warm ripples of the water. It had swum down the brook with its dignified strokes, its proud head erect its eyes keen to all the floating beauties which followed it, as it coursed the water. Upon either side Nature smiled in graceful jestures and with greetings so fair.

What a monster of beauty.

We loved it. For its snowy plumage, its natural grace, its pride and for its superb beauty. And it was not habitually grave for it did bear an inborn dignity.

The object of our admiration. This proud swan suddenly moved with a quickened unrest. It become disturbed. We. Then beheld the cause of its new distress. Upon one bank of this saucy brook. There. Stood a gorgeous peafowl. Our eyes were intently bent upon this fowl. It stood quite motionless. It seemed to be assured of an audience. Probably from the birds of the fields, the fowls, the nodding heads of the blooming flowers. From every living creature. It

preened itself. And after having done so, it strutted with lofty steps up. Then down. Backward and forward upon this bank. Exhibiting flaming bright colours. It never for an instant left the bank of this brook. Its feathers so smooth so shining as the soft rays of the sun gleamed upon them. And the celestial bliss of the peafowl, all inflamed the swan. And intensely too.

Our eyes followed the swan. The swan a silence audience to this splendid fowl's beauty looked upon its own quiet lifeless feathers. Then. Upon the iridescence of the peafowl which stood shimmering such brilliancy upon the clearest water. And the very waters challenging in mockery, mirrored the picture. It was a true battle.

At this point of the tale as the Prince Governor faltered. A shrill whisper cast its echo upon the speaker. He turned but only caught the echo upon his ready ear. The echoes from these words—"Persia and Egypt."

For one moment only, as a hushed amazement checked the Prince Governor. Then he continued his tale.

We enjoyed the jealous battle of these two fowls. The one master of the fields. The other master of the waters.

Enfin. The swan demeaned itself shamefully. It stroke out. Void of the reputed swanly dignity. The swan turned. Slowly. Leaving its position upon the warm water. It swam. Fast, faster. Until by a zigzagging of the brook. The bushes, dotted with the bright red lillies hid all view of its trail. And the brook remained but a design of ripples. And rippling circles.

The swan so mutely fled in disgust of its bequeath of quiet beauty. It could not be a misapprehension. It remains so. Now. The peafowl stood benignly surveying the situation. No lesser were its glories, its victories than were man in his thrust for victory. Be it for a beauty, a power or a kingly rule! Suddenly. A chorus of song birds flew to the brook. This gathering of the birds must have been to sing the fate of the swan.

There were the linnets, the larks, the thrush and many of the Oriental songsters. We watched them in their graceful turns, their twitting, their chirping. We tabulated by counting their twitters that as many must have cast their votes for the swan. As did for the peafowl.

Alack! The decision could be discerned but by our sacred Ibis bird. And he was not present in this gathering. Therefore. We slowly turned and made our way back through the

fresh scented fields. Home. There was no hint of a battle within the larger world of Cairo. For it all bore the markings of a well governed city. Undisturbed by individual controversy. All tending towards greater causes.

But the delusion of the swan still remained stamped upon our minds. And with pity. We recount the vision of this play. Many times. Then. It was our, understanding was enlightened.

Now scarcely had the Prince Governor finished his tale. The timid ladies all so fair. Waxed impatient. The gentlemen turned one to the other. And queried in anxious voices Boldly. "What be the meaning of such a light, unfinished tale"?

The words. The sense of this tale being measured well. There must remain a hidden meaning.

There was not much time measured the guests for a deeper reflection of this strange tale. The Prince Governor himself, turned abruptly. And the guests remained whist.

For suddenly the capering of a gazelle burst upon them. They felt alarmed. Then in turn, they divined the novel trick of their charming host. They promptly released the mist of the tale. They gladly entered into the spirit of his humorous wit.

The gazelle. A petted animal which is so frequently found in the Egyptian Estates. Gracefully capered round the chamber. It came from one side wing of the temple court, from a long window shaded with projecting corners of graceful wood work and ornamented with artistic glass. This window was attractive with its dull richness of Egyptian colouring scheme. It had been suddenly lighted into a brilliant blaze of lights. The gazelle was bearing upon its slender back a clown covered with green leaves. Wearing a most flaming vivid red face mask. The clown tricked the guests with many magical arts. In a weird sort of a trick. The lights flashed red, which lighted his mask. They flashed green which lighted his body-coat of leaves. In this alternative flash, the lights tricked merry laughter from every one. By some sudden smart turn, the clown made bold to seize the Oriental Princess. He made bolder to place the Princess upon the gazelle.

The gazelle stood stubbornly motionless under his new charge. Then, suddenly. He playfully capered round bearing the Princess upon his back. The Princess clasped her bare arms tightly around the neck of the animal.

And amid even a sense of keen joy, a frightened look fell upon her beautiful face.

While the gazelle darted out of the ornamented window.

The merry guests so besieged with mirth applauded vigorously. The flushed Princess as she lithly stepped backward through the charmed window.

The gazelle scampered away. Probably lost in the court garden.

The Princess too. Had accepted the trick in a merry way. She enjoyed the freedom of such an extreme novelty. For she stood a stranger among the Egyptian people.

The clown! The clown! cheered the guests.

But. The clown had mysteriously disappeared through some magic opening.

The guests nodded their heads. Now, They began to scandal!

The clown served to solve the riddle of the Swan's Delusion.

And the guests whispered more. Bemused by these questions.

Lady Vivian stood an object of direct gossip. The lovely Lady Vivian.

A beautiful picture upon this night as she appeared in a robe of deepest yellow velvet. Glittering bands of jewels finished her robe in graceful lines. Her large black eyes, her glossy blacken hair. All. Brought a freshness to her youthful face. The golden sun glow doth likewise light the evening skies.

And the Persian Princess stood scandalized!

And what a beautiful creature she stood. Her dignified poise, embellished by her scarlet robe, which hung in such graceful lines round her slender form. A chain of exquisite pearls suspended round her snowy white neck, from which hung a magnificent jewel cask. Of rare workmanship and set in pearls. This was her only jewel. The bands of ermine fur and seed pearl upon her scarlet robe, served only to paint the Princess. More beautiful. And her cheeks were full of roses. Deep and red.

All eyes were upon these two fair ladies. And their beauty was much talked of.

Upon this most awkward moment which fell upon the host. As well as upon his guests. The host, with a quicken and usual graciousness ushered his guests into another chamber.

And this. Was the circular chamber. Here. The guests

were feasted with delights. The Hours' handiwork beseeeming a Sculptor's court, lent most extravagant charms to the entire chamber. It shed the lavish allurements of the gods' pleasure. And Art. And the Royal Festival was counted a success!

CHAPTER VI.

THE COFFEE-SHOP.

The Indifferent may love the Good, because of the Presence of Evil.

From Lysis—Plato.

The public square in Cairo was called the Ezbekeeyak. The morning sun was shining brightly upon its narrow unsightly streets. The Oriental picture of these streets with their crowded low, builded houses was not pleasantly appealing to the eye. A few. Perhaps several scattering houses were very picturesque but the most of the houses were unattractive hovels. With long windows. The windows were filled with glittering pieces of zigzag glass. Some hovels had only torn awnings swinging from their window frames. This was the unsightly approach to the Ezbekeeyak.

These characteristic lanes led through a garden. The public garden upon the extreme part of the park, and there a lake was met. This lake was a pride to the people of Cairo. Its clear green waters mirrored each passing shadow. The vivid colouring of the bright skies, the dullest colouring of sullen skies and the turbulent clouds as they piled and rolled in their blustery way. Not a bird. Neither an insect that flew across this lake but that was clearly visible in its green water. A cluster of pigeons together with some water fowls held the attention of an aged man who was restlessly standing near to the edge of this lake. He stood watching some pigeons fly above. Circling round the lake in their playful rounds. They would perch themselves upon the stone wall of the lake, cooing and nestling. They would dip their slight bodies into the transparent water, then fly away, only to return with the green water of this Nile lake still glistening and dripping from their slaty blue wings. And large crystal drops hanging from their white feathery breasts. They would lower themselves, dipping their beaks into the water which would be still full of rings and ripples and as the force of each ring became wider. Less distinct. A few morsels of food such as had been thrown in by idle passers-by could be still seen floating upon the surface of the lake, and the pigeons devouring them.

Suddenly. The thick set cactus bushes that surrounded the lake parted in motion. With a great piercing cry the aged man, still standing in close meditation. Gazing into the still rippling water fell to the ground, by a bullet shot.

And. Many moments he lay writhing in pain. And the pigeons flew over above him. Still in their play.

Lady Vivian daughter to the King was passing through the garden. She came upon the suffering man. She stopped, she bent over him and spoke to him. His words were unintelligent. However she ascertained the hurt to be a stray bullet, which had penetrated his ankle. It had wounded him painfully but not too seriously. She spake so gently to him but his only response was. The pain! The pain! Then. He opened his eyes and he beheld the lovely face of Lady Vivian bending over him. And then he answered her. The trouble what was it, what have I done?

My good man, responded Lady Vivian, I do not know. I came but now into the park. It must have been a stray bullet from the boys in the park.

And then the wounded man lay back upon the ground and closed his eyes.

Lady Vivian looked at him in his suffering. Then spake unto him again.

Come. I will take thee to thy home. And she put out her hand to assist him to raise himself from the ground. But the old man did not move. He opened his eyes with a fixed stare upon her face. He startled her with these words. Home? Home didst thou so speak?

Yea, my good man. Dost thou fear me! I will harm thee not. Permit me I prythee to assist thee to thy good home.

As she leaned closer over the frail form of this broken man clad in ragged garment. He looked into her commanding yet kindly eyes as a child would have done. He placed his withered hand into her small white hands. Then gently. So gently it was, she drew him upon his feet. Slowly they walked to the edge of the park, the old man leaning entirely upon her for some support. They came upon a handsome carriage drawn by two glistening black horses, harnessed in tandem and bearing gold trimmed strappings. Upon reaching this carriage. A footman dismounting, assisted Lady Vivian in placing the wounded man in the carriage. As they drove on their way. Out of the park she coaxed a few words from the wounded man.

My good man do not fear me. I am a friend and I will bear thee into thy own house at once.

The man's eyes glared wildly, his voice trembled.

Home? I knowth not where to call home. I have no home.

Thou hast no home? Then of thy people?

And people? I have none.

Then surely, spake she with compassion. Thou hast friends or some friend to whom I may take thee?

Alack! My good lady, I have none. And then the wounded man smiled.

No friends? But hold I do not mean that, dear lady.

Upon hearing these words Lady Vivian was pleased. Yea. Surely thou hast friends.

Friends? Yea! The trees, the fields, the birds. These are my friends. And more too for the everywhere doth hold Nature, my friend. And no home kind lady?

Yea. My home free is within all public parks and fields.

Lady Vivian attempted to speak but he impatiently interrupted her with loud raspy words. Yea. I speak but the truth. A public charge am I. Truly a miserable wretched man. Child look ye upon my face. Look ye hard and close. What do thine eyes behold?

She leaned closer. She looked upon his drawn pinched face and she believed him to be delirious with pain. And she answered not his rambling words.

Then he continued in almost stubborn words. I am the wandering Jew.

He flung his arms in wild gestures. And he became restless.

Be quiet my good man. Thou dost only cause thyself more pain. I will bear thee into the home of thy friends immediately.

But. I. attempted the man to speak.

Lady Vivian interrupted him. Now. We will seek a physician to bind thy ankle. Rest thy self and be calm. I prythee.

The carriage rolled on. Lady Vivian firmly, gently placed her arm around him holding him quiet. And he lay exhausted.

The sweet spirit of pity and love swelled her soul. Liken a sweet angel of mercy she looked upon him. How pathetic did he seem! His eyes were fastened upon her. Two large tears streamed down his ill kempt face. 'Twas joy and sorrow

alike gleaming in his worn face. 'Twas pity shending her light upon the pathway of grim misfortune.

As the carriage drove on, loud jeers from a crowd reached Lady Vivian and the wounded man. Even as the carriage carried its occupants through into the lane leading to the center of the city. Loud laughter. Boisterous words filled the air and fell upon them. A sharp report from a revolver was keenly heard. The wounded man shrieked in new terror, clinging to Lady Vivian. She firmly pressed her hand upon his arm with an assurance.

It comes from the Coffee Shop. They are merry with amusement. Upon my faith, their base oaths. They must be *fou*—too merry with drink.

And the carriage passed on. Soon they reached a building. Wherein Lady Vivian placed the wounded man to be cared for. She summoned a physician who skillfully bound his ankle. And the physician pronounced him not seriously injured. Then Lady Vivian returned to her own palace chamber.

Now in the Coffee Shop. The guests sang merrily some in impassioned strains, others without tune or rhyme. Their vulgar voices grew loud. They became gross.

This day was a day of their masquerades and these masqueraders were the triumphs of the Coffee Shop. From without the azure blue sky, the glowing sunshine streamed down into this den, falling directly upon the forms and faces of two masqueraders who were standing by the side of a low half broken hole which served as a window in this Shop.

One of these two forms was that of a horseman who having left his tent the night before had just entered into Cairo at full gallop. He was the bearer of a herald unto the Prince Governor of their city. The men, the women who frequented this shop were accustomed to such events. Immediately continued their games and their songs after this mad horseman had so abruptly entered into their midst. These men jeered the herald. They cried in hoarse voices. From Men-Nofer! The mad man from the good Station!

The horseman neatly clad in brown leathern uniform stood majestic within their midst. He attempted to answer their jeers. And he lifted his voice to them. Fellow-men, I do come from Men-Nofer. I hail from the good Station. I come with a herald for thy honourable Prince Governor. These ten miles clear from the western bank of the Nile, I have ridden my steed. The road-way is rough as ye all

well know. But my fellow-men. Ne'er a steed could cover so well as mine. My faithful animal.

As the horseman faltered, the crowd jeered him louder than before. And he hotly flushed. He raised his voice louder than the most shameful voice therein.

Ye may quit thy daffin and thy gabbin, sirs. I tell ye fellow citizens—'Twill be one great time in Cairo when the Prince Governor closes these most damnable Coffee Shops.

Ay! cried the others. And how come ye, a herald to know the plans of our Prince Governor? Ay! Ay! I say again. Ye, who doth proclaim that the Prince-Governor will close the Coffee-Shops. Now, how comes ye to be so familiar with thy city's plans? 'Twere but lately ye were of us. Now. Be ye one of the like of Bubastis changing into a Cat to avoid the wrath of Tyhon?

Stop fellah! It is upon the honour of an honourable gentleman: A true Egyptian. Sirs that I do now stand here. I do the duty of a true citizen to decry the Coffee Shop.

Noddy! The noddy! broke in the voices.

Aye, aye cowards. Ye honest cowards if such there be. With cowardly hearts beatin' in ye wicked bosoms, spake the stout-hearted horseman much agitated.

Did ye not shoot the harmless old man, standing in the park garden just now? The defenseless old man who did ye. Neither none of thine harm nor hurt? Has all brotherly feeling died within ye soul, that ye didst make a human body thy target practice? Thy deed was niggardly for an Egyptian.

The horse-man spake with most bitter words. Contempt gleamed from his eyes as they were cast round and upon the red blurring faces of these rough men gathered closely around him.

Hold! Ye human leopard with shifting spots! Be ye then so ignorant to think ye are not the man who has no soul? Who for thy own people doth not hurl thy defense? A poor grade Egyptian ye be not to hurl the colours of thy country in the face of the Shepherd. The treacherous Jew! Be ye then hot and wanting the Jew to mock ye? To witness the Jew stain thy country's goodly banner? By ye gods! The yellow and the green be my colours. And proud I be of them, for I am a deep dyed Egyptian.

Ya! Lateef! Ya! Lateef! O Gracious God! O Gracious

God! Cried all these men in the coffee shop as they bowed their heads.

The horseman paled, he stood aghast at these grievous jeers. He answered them not. He stood in a candid disgust watching an intoxicated man who jostled in this gathering for a dance partner. He rudely tore one girl from a table of merry drinkers. He swung the girl into the floor of the masqueraders. And to the tune of quaint string music the pair danced one of their jigs. Named the Green Sleeves.

The girl's brightest blue and yellow robe was vulgarly fashioned and worn. Her bright jewels, her bold jewelry made her one blaze of glitter. While her long braids of black hair swung backward as she danced. The pair danced in the true oriental way. The Green Sleeves. The favorite and one of the native steps of the Coffee-Shop. This dance consisting mostly of stepping in long strides, in circles and ended with a noisy jig.

Loud applauds brought the dancing pair to a standstill. Louder than all, the cries of the intoxicated man were heard.

Down with the yellow and the green! Strip the banner of Egypt! Ya Lateef!

O Gracious God! Strip the yellow and the green!

Treason! Treason! Cried the coarse voices of all the masqueraders. And instantly their singing, their music stopped. Two officers came quickly forward. They handcuffed the drunken offender. They led him out of the shop.

Such an occurrence was not foreign to the masqueraders of these Coffee Shops in this oriental city. Their fun-fest being interrupted not for a great length of time and this unfortunate man was quickly forgotten by them.

Dancing, singing and games were again in full swing. Within one small den, curtained off from the open shop. Several men with women reclined upon benches of wood. Smoking hasheeh in a water-pipe hewn from the cocoa-nut, which had two tubes and a bowl. They sat stupified by the intoxication of the narcotic. They muttered one to the other such silly, unbecoming words and phrases.

One man fired extremely by the intoxication boldly affronted this crowd. He called for an audience in a steep and abrupt manner. Then cheered, likewise jeered by his drowsy lookerson. He danced an unwieldy dance to the sounds of some crude stringed instrument which native youths were playing. Scarcely had he begun his steps. A maiden. Alive with dazzling mirth, with natural grace

whirled into their midst. The willowy form of the dancing maid, her dainty steps, her graceful dignity, her dark eyes flashing free. All. Was most charming to the eye.

Her slender shapely feet gracefully tripped lightly touching the powdered chalk white floor. The black silken scarf was wrapped artistically round her slight body in soft folds. In snug lines. Her raven hair swung loosely in long braids. She wore no jewels upon her pink arms. Neither upon her hands. She danced with the bird Ibis upon the finger-tip of the index finger of her left hand. It being a perfect imitation.

This dancer knew most. Why she so reverently carried the image of Ibis.

The fascinating tenderness of the melody of the tones of the weird music of these musicians of the Orient. The loveliness of the dancing maid. As a breathe of dainty Spring blown in upon them, in this pink blush. All. Fired the guests even unto those who were so intoxicated as to be insensibly awake to their surroundings.

In this mad enthusiasm the men lifted the dancer, they carried her to a niche in the front of the Coffee Shop. A square unique carbon black table. With blackest felt top stood there. And upon this table they gently placed her. Oddly enough stood this table. Without the outline of the sinewy form of an Egyptian youth who was stationed by the side of it. This youth wore a robe of striped yellow and scarlet and to the side of his head was bound a long unbent feather of the colour scarlet. The mid-night blue stones studded the mid-night blue band which bound the feather to his head. He stood swinging a hand censer by a chain. And this censor of brass was filled with the Aloe wood.

This vivacious dancing maid stood upon the table. She made a pretty picture. She was admired. She enjoyed this bit of feminine frivolity. It befitted the dare-devil trick of her daring to come. To visit the much talked of Coffee Shop. Standing in this much admired position, her cheeks were as roses, her eyes gleaming with tantalizing light. She smiled with a roguish smile. Then. She lifted her bewitching eyes. Directly into a pair of keen searching black eyes of a gentleman who had been standing near to this table. He had witnessed this maiden enter into the shop. He had watched her all the while with closest attention, as she danced.

The gentleman stood in a mute, almost that which seemed

an unmeasurable silence. With a biting, sternly attitude, with his arms folded firmly upon his chest. He remained. As he had entered, aloof from all the other guests in the shop.

Silence all! The gentleman was Canterre. For he the imprisoned youth had been liberated from the saffron dungeon. And notably by order of the King.

The gentleman. The dancing maid. Their eyes met in a quickening light.

Some depth lieth hidden between these two persons.

Demurly did the dancing maid again and again droop her head. Her pretty flower-like face was veiled in guilt.

But. Canterre smiled not. Neither did his eyes speak any friendly consent.

His lips were compressed. Why did he stare so hardly at the dancing maid. Did he seek to stifle his own feelings breathed from injured suspense? Did his lips deny him utterance?

And the daring oriental Princess. For it was she. The Persian Princess Roxana. Early ripe with a sense of guilt hastily sprang from this table. She turned not. Neither did she falter. She slipped out of the shop. Leaving the amazed guests. In petrified wonderment.

This was to Canterre but the mad frolic of a silly maiden. To Princess Roxana it meant much.

Would Canterre expose her? On, on she sped. Faltering not until she reached her own bed chamber.

Now. The pink breathe of light tantalizing Spring had vanished. And the cold lines of unsophisticating Wisdom. Perhaps. Of Judgement bore upon her lovely face.

And the Princess Roxana sat in the deepest regret. While Canterre remained in the Coffee Shop watching. Idly. The coming, the going of the masqueraders.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY CATHERINE.

There is a power which acts within us without consulting us.
—Voltaire.

Lady Vivian had spent a very restless night. She arose early in the morning. Hurriedly leaving the palace, unattended. She sought Lady Catherine. The companion of her girlhood days. Entering into the attractive chapel she was greeted by Lady Catherine. For this Sculptor chapel was the studio of Lady Catherine.

Lady Vivian emerged into an atmosphere of art definitely

classic where statues stood realistically modeled with light and with shadow on their rounded outlines. Here. The airiest creatures of fancy took shape and they weaved a dance of rhythmic light, incomparable intricacy.

The Sculptoress lived nearly entirely in the classic world as her chapel portrayed.

Nevertheless. Her art gave colour of the most pronounced realism. The loftiest idealism. The feeling of Nature was intensely strong in her as shown by her sentiments. Both sweet and melancholy in her rare models. And all her marvelous work was accomplished in a distinctive modest manner. For she modeled in her chapel, hours and hours. Tireously.

She shut herself away from the busy world without.

Her distinctly. Her most distinctive love of seclusion being quite a striking contrast to the gay society of the Egyptian Court. And of her companions.

Herein. She sculptored. She dreamed. Nay, not did she dream for dreamers float listlessly into pleasant nothings. She sculptored. This was the art chapel of Lady Catherine.

Lady Vivian was met with Mordane. A finely cultured gentleman and an assistant to Lady Catherine.

Greetings Mordane! May I disturb Lady Catherine this early hour?

Fair morning to thee Lady Vivian. I will announce thee. Prythee recline thyself upon this bench.

I thank thee, Mordane responded Lady Vivian with a sweet manner.

As Mordane left the studio. Lady Vivian did not recline herself upon the proffered bench. Rather. Did she stand in an open admiration before the wonderful bits of modeling placed round in this chapel. She stood thus. Many moments lost in fancies, when Lady Catherine entered.

A lady fair to look upon. With heavenly azure blue in her eyes and with rich coils of hair which was of a golden hue. Her movements were marked with an air of dignity and from every glance of her wonderful eyes gleamed refined art.

Both her manner and her conception were elegant. They were delightfully penetrating. Her silken robe of blue arranged so simple. She wore gracefully.

Vivian, so early in the morning! Dear I am delighted to embrace thee.

These two companions fondly embraced. They reclined themselves within a rounder nook in one corner of the chapel.

Catherine do not quit thy modeling. Come. I will sit with thee. I wish it my dear.

Sweet companion do thou come. Sit with me. Mordane and myself are just now finishing a rare bit of modeling.

And the companions. One so dark and beautiful. One so fair and lovely. Walked into the inner study chapel. Arm in arm.

Mordane was standing, unnoticed by the ladies. He marveled in admiration of these contrasting beauties.

Lady Catherine charmed everyone with her embodiment of natural grace and culture. Her face so purely a classical taste.

While Lady Vivian charmed because she was supple, fawning. She was luxurious. True. She was no genius in sculptoring. She wore not the grace of an artist. Lady Vivian was just Lady Vivian with a rich mind enclosed in woman's beauteous mold. And she was given to vicious love. The sylphs may have sculptored this sparkling darling for their care. And in doing so. Conjured all of earth below given, to deny her naught, but her most violent desires.

Lady Catherine's love of art awakened every grace within her and likewise. Lady Vivian's desire of study and her love of court pleasures awakened every power. Every grace within her.

These two companions framed a charming picture. They chatted most recklessly as the sculptoress stroke her chisel upon her little model before her.

Vivian isn't it a fine study? And Lady Catherine held her model before her exhibiting the greatest pride in her work. The lightning glance of an artist's joy beamed upon her model. She turned to Lady Vivian.

It is from the hand of a true genius Catherine dear, answered Lady Vivian, heedlessly.

The Sculptoress turned and rested her amazement upon the disturbed face of her companion. Then. She riveted her glance again upon her model.

Vivian dear, this. Pointing to her model, this is the Knight's Message.

The Golden Violet. Ah! but Vivian thou art in no mood to enjoy this study. It is from a marvelous collection of one of the old Italian Masters.

Ah! Catherine but I do admire it intensely. Indeed. I do think it wonderful. I know it is a very choice bit of work. I know it is from an old Classic. But in truth, dear companion I do not have the nature of a Sculptress. And therefore I remain incapable to judge, all to finely.

Lady Vivian did not even as much as assume any very great interest in the model. Her eyes seem to wander far, far into boundless space. Her whole attitude was listless. She arose. Turning her face away from the Sculptress and as she stood before an art glass window she gazed far into space.

Lady Catherine quit her modeling. She eagerly turned with a quickening compassion.

Vivian, sweet companion there are tears in thy eyes. Thy face is heavy with lines. Do confide in me, I know thou art sorely troubled.

Lady Vivian gently embraced her companion. And. Too she struggled hard and fast to restrain the tears which were trickling down her sweet face.

Catherine I prythee it is naught. I spent a restless night. Scarcely did I close my eyes in sleep and the long hours of night held me in their mighty, their sleepless grasp. I deem it was but a spell of meditation that which always follows a few hours of troubled thought. I trowth, it is naught.

Vivian do not deny me in such a light manner. Am I not the companion of thy bosom? I know thou art hiding a secret and I fear a sorrow. It is unlikely, so unlikely true to thyself. Thou surely must have borrowed the habit of the ancient sages. That of lying upon thy bed couch and courting the secrets of thy bosom, in the black hours of the night? Not so, my companion. I deem it not thy habit. Because I know thou art troubled. Unto a sadness. I prythee confide in me. Catherine I know not. Dost thou chide me with play of light words?

Never Vivian it is not the time for jest. Thou in whom my heart doth delight, thinkest thou I speak to chide thee when thou art in sorrow? And thou who art so learned. Dost thy knowledge of life awaken from the secrets and the sorrows of people? Do they so accost thee with the weight of sleepless nights? Ah! not so companion, I tell thee nay, for I will not believe it.

Catherine the ancient sages may count their secrets, count their sorrows upon their bed-couch of grim care. But. Why doth mortal mind lay in trouble's embrace? My sweet

companion, continued Lady Vivian. I beg thee, dost thou hold credence in the belief of fate?

At this instant the ladies turned at the sound of the striking of a soft gong. It was but the hour bell. But of a quickened sudden. The eyes of both were held in a startled gaze. Upon a handsome. A gold framed mirror which rested upon a low stand of marble and in one side of the chapel. This mirror reaching from, nearly the beamed ceiling and escaping the floor only by the height of its marble base. And this measured narrow.

The companions turned one to the other and in frightened clasp they held hands.

Catherine didst thou behold too? The cypher upon that mirror?

And Lady Catherine trembling with awe whispered, "I did."

The sun fell in direct and searching rays upon this exquisite mirror. In its vigil, a picture took shape. Strange cyphers appeared upon the mirror and lingered there upon.

The thoughts of the ladies were but merest suggestion of intelligence. They were mystified.

Catherine. Perchance the Sun soblazing doth overcome our vision with a daltonism. That we understand not the meaning of these strange cyphers.

Nay Vivian. The Sun only creates the vision, possible. Behold, dear.

Now. The strange lettering doth fade.

And as they both watched with eager intent they beheld more. For in the place of the strange unintelligible cyphers came. Distinctly. This phrase. "Vivian Queen of France." "Catherine Queen of Egypt."

Then. A moment only it was visible for it faded entirely. The sun seemed veiled. A few streaks of dim light fell into the windows. The mirror was clear, and entirely without marks. It shone in its former elegance. The elegance that had always graced the beautiful Sculptor chapel.

An awkward silence fell upon the ladies. Then. Trembling steps led them into another corner of the chapel for they wanted to be away from this mirror of such repute. They reclined themselves in quiet comfort.

Catherine canst thou divine any magic in that mirror?

I know not in what sense to answer thee, Vivian. Surely. The mirror is of my possession but I swear unto thee. In

Saintly truth. I have never before, ever witnessed such a happening.

In truth Catherine I beseech thee. One fair question. For thy mind is always keen; and undisturbed are thy passions. And thy judgements are calm. In these I do find a solace. Now tell me dost thou believe in mortal fate? For surely. This writing doth bear upon the future. And if so. Where cometh the letters?

Fate! Fate! Vivian. That is just what it is. Fate. Thy fate. My fate. And written by the hand of the gods of fortune with their pen of destiny.

Upon this moment. Their brains were swathing in mysteries. Their thought bent towards the fateful. For their understanding was not keen.

Vivian thou dost ever delve deep into the realms of scientific studies. And too. I well know that the wisdom of the Sages doth verse thy mind. I prythee what of this wisdom?

Alack! Catherine my thoughts only serve to confuse my mind this moment. My limbs tremble like one possessed of palsy. Verily do I believe. The fate of mortal is scribed by the gods' hand. They scribe it with their mighty pen of destiny and in strokes which become sunk into the tablet of mortal's fame. And. When these gods scribe. Vengeance or reward the mortal remains helpless. And can but serve their command.

Again a fearful silence fell upon the two companions.

The blue eyes of Lady Catherine lustreless changed into an expression of mysterious sorrow blazing forth with sudden passion. She gently drew Lady Vivian's head upon her shoulder.

And in close sympathy they remained. There was an inexhaustible abundance of hidden meaning. Anxieties were vanished and sentiments of sweeter vision were struck upon the chords of their loving hearts.

And the Egyptian King was announced by Mordane.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY VIVIAN DAUGHTER TO THE KING.

And Goethe would make the gods speak in their own large utterance.

Trembling hope led Lady Vivian into the literary Congress. This morning, the morning after her visit to Lady Catherine's art chapel. A new light flowed from her fresh inspiring face. A visible. An anxious doubt rested upon her. She tabulated the conventional rules that governed

this congress. She well knew the daughter to the King would so offend the dignity of the Egyptian people were she to sit with the common assembly within their literary Congress. She also knew that the royal society would remain aghast. Such a demeanor would put her in scandal. And she drew her face covering more closely, thus covering her face as she entered the congress. Young men in greatest numbers attended regularly this congress. Some found it a convenient place to spend their leisure hours and to pleasantly learn of the conduct and of the practice of social elegance. Greater men, there were who daily assembled as regularly with courage, with energy to make an arduous study of the government of the country.

There were also, in attendance. Aged men, who having attained the good age wherein light pleasures failed to satisfy them and too. Their usefulness in any active part in the government of their country. Were there in compromising their efforts with scientific studies. Such as astronomy. They spent assiduously countless hours in delving into the beliefs of the future life and all that which pertained to the life beyond. Even the aged soothsayers, the most familiar sight to be found within the temples in celebrations and in ceremonies were there hovering in clusters. Perchance. To impart some wisdom, newly gained. And perchance to give greetings vied by their wits. In all. The congress was open to men who had a thirst of knowledge. A woman had never been known to enter therein. For in Egypt. Woman remained bound by such formalities that which held her fast in the grip of slavery.

Lady Vivian with her mind alert, would seek to free woman from these bonds.

She hesitated as she reached the congress chapel upon this special day.

Now. Canterre had been acquitted many days previous and had but the day before been appointed President of the congress. This chair he accepted graciously.

However, Lady Vivian had not known of his appointment to this position.

As she entered the chapel, Canterre met her. Greetings Lady Vivian! I bid thee enter. Thou indeed art most welcome.

Canterre! And Lady Vivian's voice was but a startled stammer. She extended her hand. In a most confusing manner for she was indeed quite surprised.

Canterre. I that is. Art thou here in the capacity of President.

I prythee, my dear Lady Vivian. This is indeed a most pleasant surprise. The King. Thy noble father has honoured me with this appointment.

And speaking thus Canterre bowed ceremonously.

The King has made thee President? I prythee when did he make this appointment?

I assumed my duties yesternday Lady Vivian.

Lady Vivian faltered. She was confused and now, a newer strain of thought caused her to be disturbed.

Would Canterre think. That she came to the Congress to greet him?

She turned to go but he smilingly laid his hand upon her arm.

I beg of thee Lady Vivian. Do not go. Thou hast but entered. Thou art surely welcome. Thou art as welcome as the courtiers. Do not go I prythee.

As Canterre bent closer over Lady Vivian she slyly glanced into his eyes. A pair of ardent eyes. How his glance thrilled her very soul. She felt her own heart's throb as never before had she felt it. And she answered him.

I thank thee Canterre.

Canterre's face brightened with a smile of joy. Lady Vivian make thy own researches. I gladly will assist thee. If by any suggestion I may do so. Rather. It would be befitting for such as I to learn of thee. For Nature has not so endowed my mind with glorious abilities.

I thank thee. I come to seek knowledge that of a vital knowledge to me. And. In so coming I well know I offend the dignity of my people as well as do I scandalize all conventional forms of society of Egyptian custom. It has been all, too wisely spoken that life is an unconventional university for all men alike and a conventional school for all women. In the light of these customs of our countrymen, and the instincts most inherent in the hearts and in the minds of all, gentle Sir. I do assume a most unlawful liberty in coming into this assembly.

And so, my dear Lady Vivian. Thou dost employ. Too strictly. Such groundless fear.

But Canterre. Rememberst thou, the sages have spoken. "That curiosity hath filled the soul of woman unto her own destruction."

I have oft times heard the sentiments so versed by the sooth sayer, my dear.

Then. Hearst thou me. Canterre. The sooth sayers have spoken thus in greater wisdom, in a truth. "Unrivaled wisdom seasoned with radiant melody without shadow into a great understanding, hath filled the soul of woman."

I may suggest that this philosophy is the only coax that which has snared me hence, into this Congress. I feel my people, the society of convention will have to pardon such an offense coming from the daughter to their King.

While she was speaking, Canterre studied her face.

The purport of her visit effected her with determined will. Yet. She stood there before Canterre with the grace of a flower. She spake with the spontaneity of a bird's free song. And he feasted upon her beautiful face.

Methinks Lady Vivian. The congress chapel doth wear a new charm now, that thou art here. I prythee, thou art at liberty to delve into all the classics. Into the laws and into every science contained, therein.

He pointed his finger to the immense book cases.

Gracious thanks Canterre. And so graciously did she smile upon him. Then. She reclined herself before a huge case of books. Diligently she searched. At last she found one volume, bearing the title of Laws. Not alone did she begin to feel this a pleasant occasion. Rather. Did she experience this liberal excellence of being permitted to open this great case of books. And to delve into their pages. She felt this to be a goodly indulgence upon conventionality! She was delighted with this opportunity. And she began her searching study. After a few moments she found the one volume for which she was searching. It was the laws which had been voted upon and passed during the last sitting of the Council. With a studied care she read the index of this Journal of laws, wherein all the amendments were compiled. A few of these laws before their passing. She had heard argued from the desks of the law makers, in the council chamber. Where she had attended, with the permission of the King. At this session the reading of the bills, their amendments, the arguments. Rather discussions. That which the various committees. The resolutions of joint committees and in fact the entire procedure of the consistory now. She recalled as she carefully scanned the pages more. *Enfin*, she found the page containing the law entitled Act of The Jew. No. 586. This was the law for

which she was searching. The substance of same summonized was "No Jew will be permitted to sit in the Consistory of Cairo."

Lady Vivian copied this law. Its number. The exact title. And she slipped the parchment into a bag which she carried upon her arm.

It was quiet evident that she felt disconcerted. Her eyes seached the faces of the scholars, round and near her bench. Quite unconsciously and by an invisible force of attraction, her eyes became fastened upon a magnificent statue of blackest iron. It was standing foremost in this chapel. However, she had not noticed it before this moment. A statue of Themis! The Egyptian goddess of Justice. Bearing upon its base these ivored letters that stood out. "Man's Intellect May Rise and Climb from Art to Art."

This inscription thwarted her mind very much. A feeling of keen resentment blazed upon her. And her eyes flashed resentment.

Canterre as he sat studying the face of Lady Vivian with closest interest. He plainly detected the impatient anger that which passed over her face. He stepped before her. For she arose to leave the chapel.

Lady Vivian, thou art finished in thy research studies?

I thank thee, Canterre. The hour becomes late and later my coming, for the King. My father he doth await me.

Ah! but thou didst wax impatient but this moment. I perceived it in the glance of those lovely eyes Lady Vivian, responded Canterre.

Quite true, Canterre. Thy eye is quicke to discern. I felt a keen resentment as I read the verse oracle-scribed upon the banner of Themis. That is because it is strange and quite a revelation to me. I may consent unto thee, that I am not friendly to it. Me thinks it elucidates man's idea of woman's inferiority in this realm of letters. It savagely denies woman within this realm. Man's idea is mirrored. That the domain of woman is not measured in the school of letters. It is falsely honoured, Canterre.

I quite readily consent to thy judgement, Lady Vivian. For I can recall a verse oracle uttered by one of our greatest and most finished scholars. "That it is intellect that which first makes the abstract idea of a true universal idea: and philosophizing thus, we are pressed with the belief that a tabulated worth of the intellect of man and of woman measure alike."

Canterre. O kind Sir! Thou dost indeed speak with a free tongue. Thou art surely of the French, thou dost speak widely and very foreign. The Egyptian doth hold that man rulth and that woman amusth.

Ah! Lady Vivian I do verily believe this of the Egyptian. His mind is fettered with this dominant law. And my mind doth serve to lead me hence into a much different *peut-être* a wider channel. Me thinks a greater understanding of the times has come upon me. Thy people are wont to acknowledge for their own people. This grand old aristocracy, to employ their own phrase.

My dear Lady Vivian I have read in some classic that the institutional legend connects the intellect of man with the greatest power of the world, and the same legend connects the intellect of woman directly with the mythological incidents which counts only as coming from the toyshop of the world.

Canterre, thy words art kindly spoken. They are well chosen upon the ears of a woman. I appreciate thy wide justice.

Lady Vivian I deem it a sad misfortune that I remain unable to illucidate the true opinion of great men and to expel the false opinion of lesser men, in the position they take towards woman. I speak for all womankind, because thou art of woman. The highest heralder of the sweetest. Thou, art indeed a noble woman. With a good purport for all noble minds come endowed with goodly purpose. Their every thought a jewel, rare and pure. A fair blossom of sweet fragrance.

Canterre spake so elegantly and Lady Vivian pink with blushes turned abruptly to go. Without lifting her eyes, which rested upon the floor she responded to him in gentle voice.

Canterre the hour is late. Too late for me to remain longer. I must bide thee good-day.

And Canterre could detain her no more. He clasped her extended hand tenderly. He gazed passionately into her large glowing eyes. For a moment they stood thus. And there is perfume in the silence of pure love!

Lady Vivian thou wilt deny me? Mayst I come this night to greet thee?

Canterre, the King doth wish me with his guests to-night. To-night the royal Scribes from the foreign Provinces are feasting within the palace. I would do much violence unto

the King were I to absent myself upon such a stately occasion. I frankly tell thee, I am disappointed because of it.

A shadow of disappointment clouded his face.

But Canterre, tomorrow at the Bath. We go at mid-day.

I thank thee Lady Vivian. I await the morrow's mid-day with greatest impatience for Father Time.

Until tomorrow's midday!

Lady Vivian left the chapel without another word and Canterre returned to his bench. His eyes fell upon the open volume that which lay open upon a shelf before him. And just as Lady Vivian had left it.

He took the volume. Therein he read. No. 586 Entitled Act of the Jews.

He read more. No Jew will be permitted to sit in the consistory of Egypt.

Then hastily he closed the book. He knitted his brow in deep study. Could Lady Vivian come as an accomplice to some mean motive?

Suddenly he straightened his shoulders squarely, he threw back his head. Never! She came to seek the knowledge of this Act, for a great and goodly cause. He would not question it more. It remained closed to doubt.

Ah! Lady Vivian, darling of the great gods, so fair! I love thee. Thou hast lit the torch of Love. Within my Soul and left it burning there!

CHAPTER IX.

SWEET IDLENESS.

L'Amitie est l'amour sans Ailes!

(And Love without his pinion smiled on Youth!)

A French Proverb.

A small drove of Asses. Spotted. Full laden with skins of wine came into the Feiyoom grove. They were halted by the merry youths gathering for one of their celebrated fun-fests. It is well to say. These fun-fests given in Cairo, in the open were great festivals for even the old as well as the young.

Frolicsome youths pithely relieved the skins from off the Asses. They assorted them and placed them near the sheltered piazzas. In these rustic piazzas, the wine was to be served upon this occasion. The clearing morning sun made the fields roseate. The trees, the groves. A true, the original Aurora with blue robed, yellow gowned sylphs. She awakened the slumbers of the silvered robed nymphs, as they lay in slumbers dewed in sparkling drops. The pinkest

blush of the morning's sky softened the harshest outlines of every object within the vision of the eye. Romance the famed parent *des-rêves d'or* had strewn the fields with bits of fragments of love, had incensed the earth with the breathe of love. Merry laughter to gladden glad hearts in this picturesque garden of pleasures.

Fair maids, steep thy locks into the Jessamine jugs. Perfume thy robes with the attar of the roses. Girdle. Adorn thyself with not alone the noble crimson scarlet but with Nature's colours bright and glorious.

To-day youth doth make a rainbow of the everywhere and the Sylva is, presented with its flaunting colours. That all eyes may behold its glories, that all may know there art pleasures everywhere.

Maidens wear thy colours bounteously. The white for happy youth, wear red thy love to prove.

Come daughters, girt thyself with delights for this may be the votaries of the Muses. It may be the gods' pleasure given thee to-day.

Apart from the gathering Lady Vivian with Lady Catherine were standing.

Vivian let us recline upon this grand old historic piazza. Behold the graceful grape. How it clings and how it grasps for a wider range to shape its sturdy-vine. The leaves. How perfect in their tracing, how true their colours of warm Nature. The etching of Nature is more perfect than the Artist's Crayon.

Lady Catherine stood close to the old vine, tracing its leaves with her slender finger. This leaf she admired, that one was rich in colour. Another of an artist's design.

But Lady Vivian stood apart.

Catherine I can not behold any tracing of art in this twisted, awkward vine. How bent it is with age and how it bears disfigurement from the tares of idle passersby.

Fie. Vivian! Thy mind is truly unyielding, not to note this art in Nature.

But Catherine why discomfort ourselves in the musty piazza. It is fitly for the unsightly worms and for the horrible bugs to shelter. To find their substance therein.

And speaking thus Lady Vivian drew her silken shawl round her shoulders with an impatient gesture.

Vivian couldst thou behold! What a picture. The bright yellow of thy robe, the vivid, deepest blue of thy silken

shawl against the rich green of this vine. A picture to marvel!

Catherine I am already chilled with the gloom. The bugs they do irritate me. The homely worms writhe into a perfect torment for me. The wizen plants are horrid. What. I prythee dost thou find in such a dismal place?

Dearest companion, sorely dost thou lack appreciation of true art. This piazza doth charm me most wonderfully. How it doth wear its natural beauty. Everything. Every twig of the twisted vine swings with the grace of the zephyr.

Catherine I can detect no airy creature. Neither a wood-nymph lingering in its trail. I can hear no song bird warbling sonnets in its leaves. Come I prythee let us go into yon grove. There the peasants are dancing upon the green. It is the open air enjoyment, the sunny sports which are exuberant. For there. The faint heart doth throb in its may-day. The song thrush sings her carol and the birds all sip of the fresh mead. And Bacchus and Venus go hand in hand. There is delight!

Lady Catherine with some hesitancy arose from her bench beneath the old grape-vine and with a disappointed glance about her, she followed Lady Vivian into the open green.

There the gay peasants were dancing. This was a quaint picture. Indeed. The gay flashing colours of the peasant maidens robes, the trim suits of the peasant youths as they danced upon the square of green.

Lady Vivian beheld in each dancer some individual grace. A dainty grace, and even a modest dignity. She beheld the youth gushing with fresh joy and, exhilarated with merriment.

Alas! For Lady Catherine sought these same graces. But she found naught. They wore unsightly robes of coarse stuffs of the most offensive colours. They were awkward. They danced with a clumsiness akin to a vulgarity. She detected no exhilaration of glad youth in their gestures. This wild enthusiasm that intoxicated the dancers and charmed Lady Vivian was to her but a fanaticism void of charm. Void of colour.

Lady Catherine stood watching the dancers. She turned to her companion. Dear, come let us recline ourselves upon this bench if we are indeed to be held here to watch these amusements. But I think it is foolish.

Catherine, I prythee do not be so serious. Cannot the

bright and the happy faces of the gay peasants please thee? How they do dance. They trip here and there upon the green. Their shapely barefeet touch the green carpet so lightly. Behold how they drink the open air. How they whirl in bright glee!

But, I find no charm in them, responded Lady Catherine.

Dear companion, can we do less than the gods? For it is the gods who divine the charm of dancing. Recallst thou the god who descended upon the dancing Princess and crowned her queen of the fairies? So dainty were her steps. Her bare limbs shapely and white. Her feet so nimble with grace. Her dancing charmed the gods. And can we do less?

Upon my faith, my companion. What fairy tales! I came out of my nursery rhymes before this day. And fairy tales I long have ceased to relish.

Suddenly, they were abruptly checked in this conversation.

A rose bud fell squarely upon the bench upon which they were seated.

They turned and they beheld a pretty peasant girl dancing with M. Theron.

Lady Vivian. There is Theron. It is he surely and what boldness. The peasant girl flung this rose bud upon us.

So did the girl, answered Lady Vivian. She did it in a spirit of fun.

Vivian thou art indeed, kindly liberal. For myself I think the girl most vulgar. I do not deem it fitly. Either. That the Prince Governor should dance in a public dance upon the green and with a peasant girl.

Catherine, why such a sentiment? I know of no reason why Theron should not dance with whom his fancy chooses.

With Rubyat? The daughter to the pigeon fancier? And not alone in a public square but in thy presence? And Lady Catherine's eyes were riveted upon this pair in the distance as they danced.

Catherine it remains uninteresting to me. I think the girl a pretty dancer. Upon my faith, she is as pretty as a freshly plucked rose from the garden. It would be quite a pleasant novelty to dance upon the green. At any time. I trowth we are denied much, Catherine dear.

Vivian thou would never dare to dance upon the green? The King?

Nay Catherine. I prythee thou art not in any ill humour

with thy companion? Not upon such an occasion. Come. The day is cheery.

But Vivian thou wouldst not dance here? Continued Lady Catherine.

Dance? Nay Catherine. I would not dance. In speaking of Theron. He is a public spirited man. We may say a political man and are not the peasants of Cairo, too? Does Theron not belong to all clans in the city?

If thou dost so wish to think, Vivian, answered she impatiently.

Dear, *parfois* this peasant girl is a lover. Too. Of this Rubyat, who can deny it?

And at this the conversation was in a lull. And the ladies remained watching the dancers.

Next the gay dancers danced a gavotte. And upon this instance M. Theron approached Lady Vivian. Upon the approach of M. Theron, Lady Catherine turned away and Lady Vivian was alone.

I am charmed Vivian to greet thee. Ah! the morning is not half so fair as thee, my dear.

I thank thee Theron. The day is a glorious one. A sense, O sublime, of something far more deeply than these merriments, betake my mind. The music of Nature that surrounds me here this sunny morning. In the living air, my thoughts take on forms of beings. Each being a thing of beauty. A creature of desire.

Liken unto the music of the fields, dearest Vivian, become thy voice.

Ah! Theron, but behold how quaintly. How prettily the peasants dance.

And the sweet manner of Lady Vivian charmed him more. He seated himself upon the rustic bench, sitting close beside her.

Vivian how much longer am I to suffer for my rash act? That of bearing the Persian Princess into Cairo?

Theron. Suffering? Why shouldst thou suffer in thy mind? I know it not. I trowth thy mission in bearing Princess Roxana here into Cairo is only answerable unto thyself alone. As for the Princess, an adorable creature. I like her much. She is a superb woman and she loves thee much. Theron, I prythee no offense. But. Knowing thee well. I fear this maiden doth love thee too much. Knowing thy Nature to betray the heart that loves thee, most.

Theron winced under her stinging words.

Vivian I know no wit in thy feigned witticism. Thou well knowst, that I didst bear the Princess into Egypt because of political reasons. I do not love her.

Now. Theron thou dost assign this delivery to political reasons? Fie!

My dear Vivian thou dost surely know from the King's counsel. That our city needs obtain the assistance of the Persian Shah in the silken industry. Much. Perhaps everything depends upon it. This channel of commerce which may link Egypt closely with Persia, measures everything to Egypt's expansion in this Commercial industry.

Shame! A thousand scandals! Theron I blush for thee. Thy words are but mere bickerings. Light. They are unwisely spoken for they serve alone to faint the pleasure of this pretty gavotte in the place of merry pleasures. I pry-thee, speak no more of it in my presence.

An intense anger flushed the face of Lady Vivian. But Theron would not be silenced.

Vivian thou hast many days denied me. Thou can not misunderstand my motive. The diplomacy that which I seek to employ for my country's own gain. And which is much needed at this critical time.

Theron. There are countless reasons why I censor thee. Not alone in this base trick of decoying the unsuspecting Princess into Cairo. It remains an unworthy step for the Prince Governor of Cairo to advance. It remains no diplomacy, in any measure. Thou must surely be dizzy with vile deeds. The most unworthy deeds.

The Prince Governor snatched the free hand of Lady Vivian and rudely he held her.

Vivian thou dost refer to my feasts and to the chariot races?

Not alone Theron. Those lesser pleasures even though mingled with the uncultured, the reckless do not serve to blacken thy name so black. As this, thy newest act. It is very unbecoming and very bold. A bold stroke because it comes from the Prince Governor.

My dear not another word. Please! And Theron looked distressed. But she continued.

Of all I have heard of the Persian Shah. Naught can ever be gained by influence of this lovely daughter. This dangerous daughter! It is indeed a poorly, an unwise diplomat. He who plunges into so fast a hard play with the heart of a woman.

Vivian this. These words and phrases are so unlike thee. Nay Theron to me it is all closed. Between thee and me. Our friendship is done.

I will not have it so, Vivian. I refuse my ear to any such words. Now, thou art but in a mad burst of anger.

Dearest Vivian thou didst love me. I will not believe that thou dost not love me now.

Theron. It was but a passing fancy. Unworthy of the name of love. For when the heart of a woman is given in true love. There is no fire than can famish that love. Likewise when that heart is bruised there is no balm to heal it.

And quicker than a flash from the skies, but mostly liken a flash from the angry skies, Lady Vivian arose. She walked away. She disappeared among the gay pleasure seekers.

Theron took one step to follow her but she was lost to him. Then he turned back again, seating himself upon the empty bench. He sat bent in thought, his head upon his chest. His eyes glaring hard upon the grassy plot beneath his feet.

“My Love!” As these words broke upon him, a pair of soft arms were clasped around his neck. Then he lifted his eyes into the rosy laughing face of Rubyat.

My love, she continued caressing him and warmly kissing his hands, his cheeks, his forehead.

The royal lady, Theron. I heard all, everything she said to thee. I stood there behind this pillar of stone. I hid myself for I wanted to hear every word.

Rubyat my child. Surely thou would attempt not to do such a rash deed?

Ah! I prythee do not be angry with me. I love thee so. Oh, so much! Better than the flowers love the sunshine. More. Much more than the birds love the fragrance of the flowers. My prince! The royal lady, she hurt thee, much. I could kill her. Kill her with a merry heart, my love.

And little Rubyat, her pretty sunny face transformed into the face of a murderess. Lined with shadows of most tragic and awful thoughts. Then, her face softened as she stooped again, kissing the forehead of Theron.

Rubyat be thou quiet. Thou must not speak so of the daughter to the King.

Yea. Theron I will dare. I care not if she be daughter

to the King. I repeat to thee. I hate her! I hate her! And just because she hurt thee, my love.

Theron arose. He took the chubby little hands of Rubyat, holding them firmly in his hands. He spake sternly. Most severely to her.

Rubyat thou must now leave me. Remember it is coming late, thy father, he will be wanting thee.

Then my father can wait, pouted the girl.

Now Rubyat. Pay heed to me. Go now, for I too must go. I am wanted in the court, shortly.

Then my love, I will go if thou dost so command me. No, I will not go, unless thou dost promise me that thou will come to-night. Come my love to the far pomegranite fields. Meet me at our favorite meeting place by the bay.

The childish manner of Rubyat irritated Theron.

Nay, I can not come to-night, Rubyat.

Then, I will never go home, answered Rubyat stubbornly.

Theron knew the girl stood in a stubborn mood.

Well, Rubyat I will come. Now quicken thy steps. The hours grows late and mark ye, my child. Be very cautious in crossing the bridge over the river for the mist is now soon rising from the Nile.

Rubyat threw her arms around his neck. She kissed him in the warmth of youth. Then with a mischievous toss of her head she shook her pretty curls. She ran away lightly, with the grace of a fawn.

But. As she turned Theron saw tears streaming down her rosy face.

And Rubyat with unfaltering steps sped on towards her home, with a pitiful longing and a nameless dread.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHEPHERD.

The Central Consistory sitting in making the abolition of the Jew. Found themselves judging the Jew from the worn traditional standards. So common to the people of the country of Egypt. Their sentiments so manifested themselves that upon this sitting, the unanimous vote of the Consistory was to forever abolish the Jew from their lands. They feared the mercenary purports of the Jew. They held them in an unadmirable light, this probably because of their shadowy traditions which hung over them so strongly. And some of the leaders feared the Jewish prophets. These much talked of prophets were found wandering in the most desolate parts, as well as the populated lands throughout

the whole country of Egypt. They were met upon every turn of affairs.

Many of the Egyptians especially those of the physic scholars and these were numerable at this period in Egypt. Believed these men to be developed by their manner of living. It was reputed of them. That they would make long sojourns into solitary places. They would feast. They would bring physical torments upon themselves. They were known to roll in short thorns in the heated season. In the colder weather they would bathe themselves in the half frozen rivers. This, they would accomplish upon the hour of midnight. Did their belief develope their power of discernment? Were they really endowed with the crowning power of prophecy?

Nevertheless it was becoming widely known these Jewish prophets were much sought. They seemed to possess the faculty of seeing visions. This was counted their greatest agent. They could heal the sick. In the terror of the ophthalmia, that which swept with such disaster, the whole of Egypt. They healed many cases.

It seemed impossible for the Egyptian prophets to work with the Jewish prophets. There were as many Egyptian prophets in Egypt.

The time was at hand for action against or for the Jew. The one great perplexing question to the Consistory; would it be more dangerous to expel them from their lands? Would it be more dangerous to make them partners. Rather. Parties of the land?

There was a strengthening, a continual commercial antagonism between the Jew and the Egyptian. And to such an extent that fear was excited for a commercial loss to the country. Already it was felt. They were estimated to be thousands of Jews living in misery. A number inhabited the extensive labyrinths of the catacombs beneath the city. A goodly number resided in the best part of Cairo.

At the sitting of the Consistory this day. The sitting was finished with heated arguments. The heaviest vote conceded to the Jew. This had been learned to be the wish of the King.

A compromise was effected. Whereby the Jew could live within Egyptian borders.

This would necessitate making one member of the Consistory a Jew. And to many this was a precarious arrangement. It was much feared. The Consistory ruling this

compromise permitted the Jew since he remained within Egyptian borders. To become joint ruler of Cairo.

The day following the occasion of the morning court sitting was the Jew member of the Consistory being sworn by the judicial oath. This oath. It must be known was altered by the omission of the words. Under the jurisdiction of our gods of Justice and mighty rule.

The question of the currency then arose. It was at last decided thus. The Jew being upon a commercial basis with the Egyptian. The Egyptian coin so embellished with the heraldic eagle upon the thunderbolt was equivalent to the Jewish silver coin. This coin was as artistically ornamented with their native lily.

This was the new measure adopted in the Consistory. It was progressive. It was profitable. And it would thereby, strengthen Egypt very much, in newer enterprises.

Canterre being present at this sitting, understood the value of the method by which Lady Vivian had gained this new measure. It was through the voice of the people. And she had labored with a secret hope, for weeks.

The shepherds remained a part of Egypt. And Lady Vivian felt gratified to learn this news.

Upon this same time. The aged Jew who the lady Vivian found wounded and homeless in the public park, lay exhaustibly ill. Within his new quarters. Lady Vivian having secured the most skillful physicians in Cairo to attend upon him. Daily she visited the sick chamber, bearing flowers and savory dishes to cheer him in his helpless condition. And he felt no longer lonely. A newer flood of light wrapped his whole being. Each visit of Lady Vivian's bore a fresh joy to him.

Her mercies so sweetly flowing, mellowed him. His eye was not so hard and critical. His ear heard more sweetness. His mouth was not held with hard lips.

Lady Vivian marveled at the transformed face of the Jew. She did not know that he saw a more beautiful life. Now. She was wholly unconscious that she had transformed his life.

And his mind was too sick to search for the real cause of her charitable act.

But. He was a Jew. And the Jew, was he unfit? He was worthy.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TAX.

The Privy Council was presided over by the Prince Governor.

The figure of taxation which the Privy Council had imposed upon the people was enormously bold. Nevertheless. Upon an examination of the tax department. The Privy Council found much deficient money. So they set about to offer the land holders in and near Cairo, a pointed discount. If they would give immediate response, by paying their three years taxes in advance. In yearly installments. Even so. At a close figure they offered to cut the installments into semi-annually or into monthly payments. There was this desperate need of money. Such a sacrifice monthly of revenue was the greatest advantage to the land holders. Likewise it meant suicide to the Government of Cairo.

This bold policy had been employed before this time in Cairo. And so the leaders questioned. Did their Prince Governor direct a diplomatic measure?

The tax money being collected he had arranged to place the money within the banking house of Cairo. Unknown to the people. Whereas the active tradesmen, the business men, the bondsmen were to receive it in turn after the vast distribution.

The Treasury department through the Privy Council announced the all too worn policy. That if the people of Cairo would not support the Prince Governor M. Theron, the Treasury would make an immediate call for this money. In this they would help to force his election. Albeit. They arose one other perplexing problem.

The Privy Council. Its power strengthened by the Prince Governor must make all its reports, after their functionaries examine the reports, to the Khedive. And some of these functionaries were of the village Sheykhs.

Quite a goodly number of this village of Sheykhs were secretly friendly to Canterre. And quite a number more of recent date were becoming friendly to Canterre. This wholly unknown to the Privy Council.

Would the hub of this corrupt political wheel be broken in the coming election?

For it hubbed the people of Cairo murderously. Too wickedly. And the thinking men, the good men of Cairo spake one to the other. May the tax collector become a

citron biber in the vineyards of Feiyoom, whilst the common poor hunger for a crust?

Now hanging within the chapel of Canterre. Upon its front walls was this motto.

“When we love the truly good and adapt ourselves to their looks and manners and this even with the loss of worldly prosperity, then we are really getting on in goodness ourselves.”
—Plutarch.

The radical supporters of the Prince Governor derided the authority of the law of humanity in this motto. Still. It bore its weight upon them with an undisguised impress. Some questioned. But they continued to press forward with their corrupt policies. All conscientious scruples were cauterized with the irons of corruption.

Canterre so recently having gained great favour with the King and greater favour with a large majority of the people stood a strong man. He had won his laurels in many fields. He was fearless in maintaining his opinion and individually, he was labouring strenuously to stay the progress of the plague of corruption. His name cast lustre in the vigorous struggles of the good people. His followers define him as being. Thought developed. His language like his look. Rapid, full of life. Naturally eloquent.

His aquiline nose was overhung by a strongly marked brow knit, often in deep lines of thought. His eloquent style of expression was clear. It was forcible. His party discerned a moral earnestness and an elevation in him. While the Prince Governor M. Theron's followers were heard at times to speak in satire, calling him by name. The madly brave.

His deportment was grave, was measured. Likewise his address was bland, he was gracious with every one. He so surely conveyed an intellect clear. Direct. Because he permitted no opinion to float languidly in his understanding, holding his belief with an intense earnestness of conviction. And with it all he was prompt. He was resolute in carrying his conviction into ready action.

Plainly. The opposing parties feared him. They knew. They were met with a strong political situation. On this situation Canterre would engage a dauntless unfaltering faith in the justice of any cause, as well as employing the excellent wisdom found in him. This wisdom that he had acquired by close, by ardent study, by direct experience.

He seemed the man for this office. Unless by some sud-

den. Some hidden stroke of the machine. He would be elected by the people. He had international experience. He possessed knowledge of municipal affairs. This made him a valuable man. He stood strong with the common. The utility commissions, the chamber of commerce. The educational boards. And he was the leader of this great reformation. The greatest reformation that which had ever touched upon the people of Cairo.

For. The whole of Cairo were calling for a better understanding. Rather than a continued blind mercy, as was covering Cairo at the present time.

The Princess Roxana upon this certain time of the day. Amid the wild excitement of the busy city without. Sat reclined languidly in her luxurious apartments.

She was indeed lovely in her robe of blue satin embroidered with sapphires. Agate stones. Her long glossy black hair hung in loose braids.

She sat toying with a pearl cask which she wore suspended upon a thread of gold. And as a wristband.

As she reclined in this meditation. The large door leading into her chamber from the hall opened. The velvet draperies parted. And the Prince Governor--M. Theron entered her reading chamber.

She lifted her eyes as the footstep fell upon her. Then. She rushed forward. To greet him. While he almost with an indifference, responded to her greeting.

Theron, I am delighted to greet thee. I but this hour have wished for thy coming. Come, recline thyself; and of thyself? What hast this day brought to thee? Do thy followers bear unto thee any great news of the coming election? Theron to-day of all the days, it has seemed more heavy. An unhidden gloom spread over me and I have been unrestful.

As the Princess spake thus. Theron drew closer to her, reclining himself by her side. He gently took her hand in his hands. And as he spoke, he looked deeply into her uplifted eyes.

Princess thou should not be lonely, my dear. Here. In all these luxuries. And in excellent health. This beautiful apartment doth make a fitly frame for the picture of thy beautiful image. With every luxury to please thee. With slaves to attend upon thee, in thy every wish. Upon my faith, dear, why art thou not happy? Then. Is their a sentiment for thy people eating thy heart out? I deem this

a most natural sentiment. But come. My sweet Princess let us forget all loneliness. Let us be glad.

Theron caressed the Princess and it pleased her. Then her happy face become clouded again.

Theron. Nay, not that Theron. Yet I cannot understand this weird unrest which clings to me. My mind is troubled. In truth, Theron. I fear I am most unhappy, responded she as she drooped her head upon her chest.

My dear Princess. Dear one, perhaps thou art homesick? Wouldst thou return unto thy father and thy people?

Theron. I prythee. I dare not think of my return into my old home.

But, as Theron beheld the tears glistening in her eyes he understood.

My sweet Princess. Come. Let us not dwell upon these thoughts. Yestern-days are gone and we know them not. Ah! but to-night, alone belongs to us.

And the Princess looked up at Theron through her tears. And smiled.

Theron fondly embraced her.

Princess I prythee hast thou been to visit the Coffee Shop?

Yea. Theron these several times I have visited them. Within the last week.

And these people of the shops, do they know, my dear?

Nay! I went in disguise. As a dancer. I trowth the disguise served my purpose. At each time of my visit the shop was filled with visitors. And upon one visit the masqueraders cheered me much in my dancing.

Ha! Ha! Fancy thee disguised a dancer in the Coffee Shop. But little did these masqueraders know a Princess of the Royal House was among them.

And he threw back his head with a bold gesture, he laughed hoarsely.

His laugh jarred upon the Princess.

Dear didst thou learn any important news from these visitors of the Shops?

I learned this Theron. They are all friendly to thee. And to thy platform.

And. Too they remain very bitter towards Canterre.

Before she could finish he interrupted her.

Then I need not fear from the Coffee Shops?

Not a stroke, Theron, responded the Princess.

These liberalists are strong in numbers in Cairo. It is

well. I find favour with them. And now, my little Princess. Upon tomorrow's night, go thou into the temple.

Upon hearing these words, the Princess was startled. A look of horror crept into her eyes.

The temple? The Concubine Temple? Surely Theron thou can not ask this of me?

She looked squarely into his eyes and he smiled cunningly.

There, my dear. And why not?

But Theron. This temple it is not a fit place for me to go.

Then, Roxana after all other things thou hast accomplished for me. The last thing I ask of thee to do. Thou refuses. My dear. This will finish thy duties. And after so many wonderful things thou hast done to quit just as the last stroke is here. Then, indeed thou art weakening. Thou has forgotten thy promise. The promise thou hast pledged to me.

The Princess sat erect. Not in truth, Theron. I have not forgotten my pledge. I will go to the Temple, to-morrow night.

She leaned back against her bench. She repulsed him and he winched under her move.

Roxana thou art indeed beautiful. Thou art fascinating. It is easy for thee to cast a spell of thy charm upon the people. And with thy most wonderful personality, thy charm of such an individuality. What gentleman could not win, with thee as his accomplice?

Nav, he continued smilingly. It is necessary that I have the votes of the temple-followers. And thou? Thou dost understand, my sweet Princess?

I do, coolly replied the Princess. And with a new light in her eyes.

A pained silence fell upon them. For a quickened cruelty came upon the Princess, for the first time since her acquaintance with Theron. And Theron too, sat overcome with a feeling, nearly a shame. Then he arose to go.

The Princess did not attempt to hold him now. But Theron upon noting the new attitude assumed by the Princess. Seated himself once more by her side.

Nay. I will not go my dear. Thou hast but told me thou were wretchedly lonely. That thy apartments were filled with emptiness. It is enough. The meetings can wait. While I await thy pleasure upon this night.

Another silence fell upon them. And Theron was sur-

prised to meet this attitude in the Princess. It was most foreign and he could not understand it.

My Princess after the election, and he faltered, as she turned and looked at him.

Yea, after the election Theron?

Then we shall spend every night together. And many glorious nights too. They shall be. My dear. O, I prythee Roxana. In thy visits in the Coffee Shops, didst thou never meet with Canterre? I have a fear that he might seek to even gain the friendly consent of these followers. Though he scorns them openly.

The peculiar attitude overspreading the Princess, caused her to droop her head.

I prythee Roxana, didst thou meet with Canterre there?

Slowly she lifted her head. She defiantly responded. Nay. I have never met with Canterre in the Coffee Shops.

Theron looked closely upon her upturned face. But he did not understand the battle that so writhed her soul and troubled her mind. Neither the irony glance of her eye.

In truth. Theron only could see the lovely Princess in all fascination.

Then he smiled in conceit and embraced her.

CHAPTER XII.

CYNTHIA. THE MOON.

*O Love of love, offering of the mighty gods
We wouldst feign have thy power in bondage—
Thy spirit aspireth every cloud in the heavens
And. Mercury's messenger doth soar boldly round
Whispering to the o'er fraught heart. The wonderous eyes
Of Mars are counted by thy pleasure arts. Thy hidden
Power is mighty as Venus whom the gods do decree
To bewitch and rent the heart. Thy prisoners we are
Be what we may, held in silence long. Couldst we
Have the power to o'er speak we wouldst but chide
Thee for Cupid has bared our breasts, hath pierced
Our hearts where the gods of love didst burn their Seal!
Desra of the Egyptians.*

Yestern day might have been the trysting day for a celebration in Cairo. But. This night. The whole of Cairo gathered together to partake of the pleasures and of the frolics of a carnival. This night the legend of Cynthia the illustrious moon was to be celebrated in the city.

Such a warmth of fancy held the hearts, clasped the minds of the people under a sweet enchantment. And Na-

ture's Art doth draw, it doth so wield a marvelous fascination upon the minds of the people. An intoxication of exhilaration, a glad spirit fell upon all persons gathered. Clear tones from the double pipes, soft sweet tones from the lyre wafted into the grove. Therein. The rural festivities were being held. It was the carnival of Cynthia.

The grove lit with swinging lanterns of Egyptian designs and the clusters of green, the clusters of yellow, the clusters of redden lights made an artistic setting against the soft glow of the silver moon. The moon this night was slyly peeping through the boughes of the rounded laurel trees. Through these lanterns weird tones of the Oboes floated.

Parts of this grove had been strewn with flowers. In separate parts watch fires had been lighted. The surroundings seized the sentiments of the people. Of the pleasure seekers, and everyone was girded with sweet delights.

The Prince Governor was attending the carnival. He entered the grove escorted by attendants. It was his duty to officially open the carnival. His was the duty to read a verse—oracle purported to be a herald from the Amber-Eyed god. Wisdom.

He stood upon a high platform in the midst of this throng of people. Cheers were sounded from the people. And when all was quiet he read the verse-oracle. In part it read.

It is meted there shall be untold joys filling the hearts of the Egyptians. There shall be uncourted pleasure for every one. Courtly favours shall be established. The King shall be given greater understanding for his people, likewise shall the King shower generously these enlightenments upon the people.

Loud cheers sounded drowning the speaker's voice.

Long live the King! Long live the King!

And when the cheers were quiet once more, the speaker continued.

There shall be progression coming from peace. Harmony that which the Amber-Eyed god doth give unto thee.

Now, louder than ever were the cheers. Red lights were torched and mutterings were heard throughout the entire grove.

Hold! continued the speaker. Should the people act not accordingly to a goodly conscience that which the Nature god hath given man. That of justice. Of peace. Then shall Mars, the war-god descend upon thee, with wars, with

other plagues. And all that is black in the sight of the greater gods.

A warning is thus sounded against unlawfulness. Against injustice. Every act that tends to destroy the peace, the prosperity of Egypt.

And likewise a greeting with goodly promises is given thee.

The speaker having finished the verse oracle, descended the platform.

And the people remained more in awe. Perchance in sullenly dangerous minds. A profound feeling for that which was sublime. Awful in their destiny, followed by a deeper reverence akin to their prayers, fell upon the people and for a moment all but the Oboes was silent. The weird tones of their wind instruments struck awe as well as mirth. It was a charming picture of Egyptian reverence.

Surely the empurpled paths of duty stood before the people. In individual measures. From this pleasing loving mass of people, the oriental plane-trees seemed to shelter much that was beautiful to the eye. Songs sung by Dryads were heard from the breezes.

And Lady Vivian with her companion Lady Catherine sat in a nearby retreat.

They were enchanted by these songs of extravagant passion. In the distant they watched the Ghawazed, the dancing girls. These girls always danced at carnivals in Cairo. Their dancing charmed Lady Vivian as dancing always did. They offered an offense to Lady Catherine, likewise.

Lady Catherine turned her eyes away from the dancer's bare feet. From their almost naked bodies. She fell to studying the face of Lady Vivian. Gently she took the slender hand of Lady Vivian, clasping it within her own hands.

Surely Lady Vivian was bearing some secret sorrow. Her eyes bore tear stains. Yet. She gently and firmly denied herself acknowledgement of such a sorrow.

Vivian the girls. The Ghawazed. They do fitly dance when they can so charm thee. For in so charming thee, they famish thy sorrow, sweetly spake Lady Catherine.

Lady Vivian trembled with a slight tremble.

Catherine, warily I would consent to speak of myself upon such an occasion.

But thou art dear unto my heart, sweet companion, replied Lady Catherine.

Alack! Catherine I know the lesser significance of my small self in this throng of happy people. And should I speak of that which is biting my own heart?

Well, my dear. I would but worsen myself.

Come sweet companion. Didst thou forget that to-night thou art my protégé?

I would know thy mind.

Catherine I have bent of mind to evade thy question. For thou indeed art my sweetest friend. The companion of my girlhood and I love thee fondly.

And I prythee only for this night do not dwell upon my sorrow. Tonight I yearn for something different. My own most morbid thoughts have been binding me in constant weight. In my waking hours. Alack, in my dreaming slumbers. They shadow me and I remain wretched. Each moment approaches me with longings for an understanding. Ah! There are countless, sunless hours for me. And yet, our magnificent universe doth smile in so many happy glories.

Lady Vivian stopped. And Lady Catherine followed her eyes and she too, beheld Canterre approaching them.

Lady Vivian flushed and Lady Catherine smiled as the tall figure of Canterre approached them.

Greetings, Ladies! In the name of the illustrious Cynthia!

Thou are welcome Canterre, responded Lady Vivian. While Lady Catherine extended her hand very cordially.

Fair evening in the name of the illustrious Cynthia, spake Lady Catherine.

The grove, is it not a gorgeous sight, ladies? And doth it not wear its garlands proudly, asked Canterre with his eyes fastened upon the face of Lady Vivian.

So surely art the gods pleased upon such a night, responded Lady Catherine.

And Lady Vivian remained so pensive, so silent that Canterre bearing a confusion turned to leave these companions.

Canterre I prythee do not go. My companion and myself wish thee to remain with us. And she laid her hand upon his arm. Then he turned again to remain with them. And the rustic bench, so deeply carved held the three spectators.

A sudden hush broken by footsteps like footsteps of drilling soldiers. Sounded.

They turned in fear. They looked in pity. For there passing near to them were a number of prisoners. Not one spake as they marched in regulated steps. Their pale wan

faces, dispelled all the happy events of the Carnival. They passed on. And in so passing left a mist of sadness upon these three people.

In pity, spake Lady Vivian her voice choked with tears.

More than pity Lady Vivian responded Canterre. The dungeon needs must mold only demons. And this mould of a demon is shaped and compressed with drops of blood from the human heart. Ye gods! What a peril for our good fellowmen.

So speaking Canterre pressed his hand upon his forehead, in a jesture of pity.

Lady Vivian answered him most gently.

Canterre there is a law in Cairo that no prisoner be permitted to lie in confinement during the Carnival of Cynthia.

True, spake Lady Catherine with enthusiasm. It is an old tradition that peace, good-will both follow this law.

Ye gods! Thy traditions. The whole of Egypt seems saturated with weird traditions.

As Canterre spake thus, Lady Vivian arose in injury. And her face was livid.

Canterre! Broke from her lips.

I prythee Lady Vivian. I beg a thousand pardons. I spake too hastily. And not in the manner of a gentleman. I trowth thou pardon me.

Most hastily, responded Lady Vivian as she seated herself again. While a curious gleam of distrust crept into the eyes of Lady Catherine. And she spake not a word.

In truth my dear Lady Vivian. My words were abruptly spoken. 'Twas pity. Pity in my heart for these unfortunates. I prythee, thy pardon.

France alike thy Egypt doth count her prisons. I do rejoice upon this one night; these unfortunates may feel honest men, as they are permitted to walk. To mingle with so many honest citizens. And Cairo is filled with goodly citizens too.

Canterre philosophizing upon a frivolous night! These words fell upon them. It was Theron. He approached them with bold strides. The ladies greeted him graciously, quite in a gracious manner. While Canterre arose, extended his hand to him with a constrained manner of speech.

It was not my wish to philosophize, to make solemn this great fun carnival. I merely spake of the prisoners. They passed but the moment ago.

Ha! Why deplore their state Canterre? Poor devils!

That they are. They are not one whit tamed by the torture of the prison. Methinks, our city is well protected when all such merles breathe behind strong bars. And as Theron spake, he laughed cruelly.

Canterre arose in seeming anger. Perchance contempt.

Lady Vivian I prythee, I may leave thee now. Later I shall have the very great pleasure of joining thee.

With a courteous bow to the ladies he left them. And he disappeared in the throng of moving people.

Theron smiled contemptuously, then turning to the ladies his words were irony.

Canterre deserts us upon a small provocation. He surely doth hold a bond of deep sympathy for these black hearted criminals.

Lady Vivian turned her head in quicke defense of Canterre.

Perchance, Theron. Canterre doth possess a more humanly heart than thee?

Ah! So the lovely Vivian doth stand to protect the name of Canterre! He doth charm the fair lady with his little mannerisms. But here comes M. Clevelandé.

Greetings! Greetings M. Clevelandé. Fair evening unto thee, comrade.

Fair evening unto the most charming ladies. And unto thee Theron. I deem it most unfair that two such lovely ladies hide away from the merry-makers. Smuggled within this quiet retreat. Finely done for thee Theron. But. Over the grove the people are mad with joy. There is every kind of pleasures here from the grotesque to the sublime. Of the most ancient.

Trully, my friend. For this is the carnival of Cynthia, responded Lady Vivian.

And her eyes sparkled with the colour of enthusiasm.

The dear old grove proude our loyalty. The people do pay honour unto Cynthia, upon this merry carnival night. Behold how the rays of the moon beguile all Cairo with their searching glow. The stars hold fast to the sacred cycle of the moon's halo. In delicate wreathes of mist. The dainty stars take on fantastic shapes. They play in artistic rhymes. Here in our blessed country, the Britain savages looked through the stone pyramid, they beheld the Southern Cross. To-night, we seek to look through the pyramid.

We. Too. Behold glories in this wreath of stars. And to-night, the blue-white Sirius, twinkling fast, quicke in

turns upon Cairo. Even the reddish star. Antares. It shines forth tonight.

What a glorious night! A night for pretty, idle fancies. Behold the moon! And what a picture: our Egyptland is outlined in reddest. And yet in the richest colour overshadowing it. The midnight blue, with purples, with silver. The moon doth shine, lest she forget her own carnival.

Come, thy compliments move to the Earthy, Vivian. I prythee. Lady Catherine and M. Clevelandé, pardon! Lady Vivian and myself go to promenade in the grove.

Thou dost know Vivian, I am accepting the honour of thy consent.

Volontiers, responded M. Clevelandé with a hasty eagerness in his glance which he directed upon Lady Catherine's face.

Lady Catherine watched Lady Vivian with Theron, as this pair walked through the merry makers and until their retreating forms were lost to her sight.

A lovely pair, dear Catherine. And they seem much fascinated with the merry sports of the evening, ventured M. Clevelandé.

And. Should it not be so? All truly loyal Egyptians should be reverent to the memory of Cynthia, responded Lady Catherine quickly.

M. Clevelandé sat with his keen blue grey eyes fastened upon the face of Lady Catherine. She noted his glance and a blush o'erspread her face. The blush only made her more lovely to look upon. And M. Clevelandé was thrilled.

Catherine thou art a sweet friend, a close companion to Vivian. Ye gods! How I envy Vivian this close companionship.

Friend. I prythee, such light words. And she turned slightly.

Catherine my dearest. My words are not idle. I utter them with my heart's throb. For I love thee, dearest, I love thee.

Friend, thy love is not in the proper reverence for this occasion. Come, let us join the people.

And Lady Catherine arose to go but he stayed her.

Catherine, thou now shall listen to my words.

As she glanced at him she felt a resentment, yet a pity for him. And she gently placed her hand upon his shoulder.

Friend, I do not wish thee any offense.

But, Catherine thou knowst. Ah! Only too well. My

living passion for thee. Why hast thou continually hidden thyself away from me all these days?

My good friend, truly. I am much confined to my modeling at the present.

Nay. I prythee do not such light reasons, give me. They serve to hurt me more.

But in truth. I tell thee friend. I am closely confined in my studio. I am now finishing a rarebit of modeling which has required very close work.

Catherine. Work. Work. All the time. Me thinks it is unnatural that one so young, so rarely beautiful. Should deny thyself the pleasures of life. The beautiful pleasures of youth.

Ah, my friend. I am young. Yea, I thank the gods of kind fortune for my youth. For I have the natural hope bourne alone in youth, as the sages do scribe.

Catherine, my God! It is only the hope of youth! And he pressed his hands over his eyes.

She turned, then continued.

In youth, as the sages scribe. To model, model and to know that some day I may sculptor my name upon the greater tablets of fame.

Deny myself? It is that thou dost not know art. Rather. That thou canst not understand the lure of ambition. That alone can cause thee to speak so. I am young, I am in perfect health. In these I shall find my fame.

Sweet Catherine, there are other glories in life than work.

Friend. Then. If thou callst my modeling work—these words sound all too harshly. I like them not. I frankly confess it is my life.

In her vivacity, he beheld a fierce fire of ambition. He understood why Catherine was leading to triumphal success. It was by virtue of individual power.

My dear this love of thy art is but one of thy successes. Alack! Can not even the least of my words explain my meaning to thee?

They do indeed. But friend, thy words, they remain meaningless to me.

An injured glance came into his eyes, then it was followed by a cruel light.

There is some hidden secret deep in thy heart. Smoldering a burning love for some lover. I must be so. Since love is the gift of the gods, and thou art the daughter to the gods of beauty of passion.

Pardon, friend. Thy words serve thee naught. Believe thou me, they are as a honey comb to me. I prythee do not speak idly.

Idly! Idly! Ye gods! Then thy heart is given to another..

Again she arose and stood before him, but he remained motionless.

Let us join the merry makers, my good friend.

Sweetly, lightly spoken Catherine. Dost thou hope to shake off my love as thou canst fling aside this conversation?

Yea, but my friend. Is it not enough that the friendship between thee and me is goodly?

Fie! Goodly friendship, I will none of it. Friendship is made only to bind fellow comrades tightly in goodly fellowship bonds. But. Sweet love. The perfumed breathe of the gods! Catherine I will never accept of it from thee. Never. I would rather thou denounce me with burning hatred than to feel a blind mercy for me. A mercy shaped in the mould of friendship. For this. The natural goodness of thy heart doth!

Too true, the lion hunter is fond of his prey!

And the gods spake unto the lover saying: Venus the herald of Juno, penetrath: it searc'th until it doth find the true heart of the fond lover. And then. It doth settle. With a very rosy glow.

My good friend. Dost thou not know such passions as thine doth find a most violent end?

Thou most recklessly pronounce a violence upon me Catherine. Is it? Can it be true, thy heart is with Mordane?

M. Clevelandé!

Speak thou Catherine. Is Mordane more to thee than a fellow artist?

By what right? Thou dare to question me in such a manner.

Then thou dost seek to conceal thy love for him. Thou dost love this gentleman, Mordane.

Friend thy suspicions are most befitting of a guilty one. And Mordane. He is to be called my lover because he models with me? True he models faithfully with me. I am most fortunate. For he is the master of greatest repute in Cairo. All Cairo raves over the Sacred friezes of the new temple.

But I believed these friezes to be from thy hand Catherine.

Yea and nay. Now. Canst thou know that in Mordane the gentleman Artist, I have both friend and master.

He bent over her closer. He looked deep into her love-lit eyes. He held her face between his hands.

Catherine, my sweet Catherine. Master and friend! Then dearest is it true thou canst bear no love for me? Have I no hope?

Lady Catherine withdrew from him. She stood instantly, apart from him. A compassion lighted her face but not one word did she reply to him. She turned quickly and left him standing. Alone.

And the voice of jealousy whispered into his ready ear.

M. Clevelandé she doth contain a passionate love for Mordane!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DISTRICT MEETING.

The typical political district meeting with its uproar, with its confusing throngs of people was being held in Cairo. The streets were lighted with an extra line of lights. Fires were lighted. Walking hither and thither groups of men were discussing politics. In some parts, the coarse brown-felt turbans perched upon the heads of the men in the streets were nearly hidden by the reeking smoke of their hemp-pipes. But for the coarse voices one could not distinguish them to be men. Their loud coarse tones all but drowned the beat of the flat drums. The notes of the reeds surrounded the rooms of the building; wherein the party workers were gathered. Near one outer corner building in a dim light were gathered men half clothed in tattered clothing. These tatterdemalions were playing the Egyptian favoured game—or what was known as the loafing game. Black-gammon.

The entire moving throng was desolated by discord. Impatient men were rekindled by music of the reed. Drunken men reissued volleys of oaths at the flaming sight of the burning torches. A reigle was made for the candidate, for the speaker.

Canterre candidate for Prince Governor was the speaker. He was escorted through the reigle and upon the platform by two worthy Egyptians. Cheers bursted from his enthusiastic followers. It was a time before the cheers of the motly mingled crowd ceased and before the reeds were silent enough for the speaker to speak.

Canterre spake rapidly. Forcibly. Firing his listeners.

He touched upon the present system of the government. He spake boldly of the iron powered machine of the opposing party then in force. Praising the educational, both the scientific and the art institution of their cultured city. Of the present government he tore into strips. He denounced the officials from the Prince Governor to the Commandant of the city. And he assented in striking tones, that the progression of Cairo was blocked to a standstill. At this point he was obliged to halt until the cheers ceased. He made faithful pledges to his listeners that he would eliminate Cairo from the corrupt system that which was in force at the present time.

From the fields of numerous controversies every citizen of Cairo had studied with vied interest the situation and these questions, he fired into the crowd of listeners. Dwelling forcibly upon intemperance. And upon temperance.

My worthy friends and good citizens of Cairo. Why is it the silken industries of Egypt are taxed while the date palm groves are not taxed?

And the cola groves owned both individually and by the government are not taxed, while the fisheries of Feiyoom are breaking with a heavy tax?

The coffee shops remain unclosed, night and day, while the temple gates are locked?

The Bacchanilian resorts. A most fitting name for these fated coffee shops wherein both the young and the old of all clans partake of the so-called friendly cup. The vehementous cup tempting our young men, our boys. Our girls with their sparkling contents, and ruining them with its deadly dregs. Causing them to weep in bitter wail over the tombs of their achievements.

My fellow-men allow me to recite a few verses from the pen of a good author.

HERE'S HOW!

To wreck a fine career

To make all pleasures cost you dear

To fill each day with grief and fear!

Here's how!

Here's how

To loose both vim and grip

To make the small leak sink the ship

To feel the conscience wield a whip!

Here's how!

Here's how

*So lead a useless life
To break the heart of child or wife
To give the home to bitter strife!
Here's how.*

Here's how

*You'll find the down hill road
Under an ever-stinging goad:
Here's how the crop of ruin's sowed!
Here's how!*

Here's how

*The devil wins the game:
Whate'er the start, the end's the same.
The devil wins the game:
Here's how!*

A roar of Aye! Aye! Mingled with applause broke from the crowd, as the speaker spoke with eloquent oratory this little verse. He continued then.

My fellow men of this splendid Cairo. Our religious temples wherein the higher ideals of life are taught, wherein blessings are poured forth upon the righteous, crowning their efforts with success. And. Wherein the bruised life with its torn, its bleeding heart may find a newer light. Wherein a burdened Soul may gather strength for good, strong purposes. These temples are closed with a severe punctuality.

Citizens, fellowmen! This vile system of law. The present ordinances of Cairo should not stand in the name of Justice. In the glory of progression.

And such were the topics of his speech. The people as they gave their ear. Some were cautious. Some questioned one to the other. Would the new Prince Governor do better?

And so this meeting. With Canterre as the principle speaker continued the greater part of the evening. Other speeches followed in rapid succession.

Now at this same time. Upon this same hour. The Prince Governor sought Lady Vivian for he well knew she would be alone.

She remained alone within her reading chapel. And as Theron entered this chapel she arose to greet him. However he quickly detected her constrained graciousness together with her assumed greetings.

Vivian thou art indulging in thy favorite pastime—read-

ing of the old classics? And Theron studied her face as he spake.

Quite in truth Theron. I do find much pleasure in this literature of the classics.

What is it, the one thou art reading to-night, my dear? I am jealous of its worth.

He attempted to take the silken bound volume. However. She quickly drew it from his grasp and placed it among other copies in the glass case.

The case stood in one far corner of the chapel. Returning to her bench again, she looked perplexed. A tinge of annoyance dwelt upon her countenance.

Theron is not this night quite an important time for thee? And why art thou not with thy committee meetings?

Ah, so thou too art becoming versed in politics, my dear. But to-night. Since the beautiful night doth bear me hence in thy charming presence, I am the most highly favoured of all men in Cairo. I would banish civic affairs!

Foolish, Theron! I do speak of the political meetings. There are many in different sections of the city?

True. I noticed the section just below the halls. There, was a district meeting in fair progress. That is to say. I noticed my illustrious opponent with his assistants speaking to a small, decidedly small motly crowd of wildly excited people. However. There is naught. That which is unusual in this, as it comes in the general routine of electioneering. For this is the heated time in politics.

And as Theron finished speaking a smile played upon his lips.

But. Methinks thou art lacking in thy interest, Theron. What an interest Canterre doth manifest in these street meetings. It doth bear goodly judgements. Rather. It doth appeal in such a light upon my mind.

And my dear Vivian. Truly thou dost mistake, responded Theron with a malicious smile which ill become his lowering countenance.

I deem it not necessary to be in the midst of these street meetings. I have a number of strong, clear headed workers from the machine. They are efficient. Most efficient. I know the system of the machine and in knowing this. I have little to resist. And nothing to fear in this coming election.

Perchance, Theron replied Lady Vivian as she turned her glance away from him.

My dear Vivian, what dost thou know of politics? Of the political game?

This is one game in which the fair sex have never interested themselves. So they remain not well versed in its proceedings.

Truly spoken Theron. Egypt doth banish this progression within her borders. Nevertheless. In other countries. In France. There a woman is not held in conventional lines. A toy of fads! Subjected to the one rule of the opposite sex.

My Dear, such startling words from thy sweet lips. Lips that should only speak of the Empyrean! And. We were speaking of the election in Cairo. The fair sex doth never anticipate other than the pleasures. The love of their loved ones. And truly. In this election Vivian, I have naught to fear. If from any source, it comes from the Jew, alone.

The Jew? Then, thou dost indeed unjustly accuse the Jew still? Who would believe that the mind of a political leader and a party worker would refuse to unfold in the enlightenment of civil progression. Brother to brother, one of all mankind. In this I am amazed, Theron.

Unfold, my dear Vivian? My mind doth remain even more guarded. Now the Jew is given a Seat in our Consistory. I fear. What not from the Jew.

Theron, the one strong act of the King was to establish the Jew in our Consistory. In this act he not alone shows great and broad knowledge, but a progression hailing upon the sails of human justice.

All honour to the King! Thy most noble father. His acts remain law. But. Vivian, I prythee let us quit the political game for these few sweet hours of night. Come.

Whereupon Theron impatiently snapped his fingers. He paced up and down, and round the chapel. He seated himself again upon a low stool directly in front of Lady Vivian.

Dearest, I come not here to speak. Neither to seek to recite the workings of the political game. I come to seek thee my love. Upon matters more vital than politics. More dear to the heart. It is of thee I wouldst speak my love.

He drew closer to her as he spoke, but she became suddenly silent. A harsh light gleamed in her eyes. With a careless shrug of her shoulders she laughed quite rudely.

Of myself, Theron? Methinks there is the most deadly bit of news wrapped in myself. There is naught of lively

interest to relate. All. Everybit of news is petrified. As belonging to the past.

Theron noted this light answer. He resented it inwardly with a sullenness.

Vivian, I have been in thy society so little now for almost a fortnight. I prythee, what of the old man? Thy charge. The shepherd, whom thou so tenderly nursed within the chapel house.

The aged man, who was injured in the public park? He is much better and I hope he shall soon be recovered. However he is feeble now. So feeble to combat such an injury. The physician is very hopeful of his early recovery.

My dear Vivian I do speak candidly. I can not conceive of thy goodly and charitable deed towards this Jew. For thou hast the good will. Yea the love of the Egyptian people, because of thy loyalty to them. And the Jew. He has always been the most fearful enemy to thy people.

Silence! That is the key to all the trouble, Theron. Egypt has at all times held the Jew as her enemy. Despising them, distrusting them. It is a fruitless step with the people for Egypt stands not in the line of progression. In the march with her neighboring countries.

Hold! Were the fair Vivian not daughter to the King. She might be called traitoress. A traitoress to Egypt responded Theron.

Theron! exclaimed she with dignity.

My dear it is quite true. Thou knowst well the aged man, the shepherd. Thou has taken him into, and nursed him within the King's chapel. This is against the people's wish.

Then, in truth. Are the Egyptians so inhuman, as not to administer unto the wounded, the helpless? Can they bravely stand by and witness their brother suffering and in want? Without lifting a hand to administer a balm?

But nevertheless, my dear. Thou didst not counsel with the King in the case of this sick tramp.

I did not Theron. Upon my faith, dost thou believe I do not know a human duty? This man be he shepherd or nay. He is a human with a heart and Soul. And did not the Privy Council seat the Jew in their council? Yea. In this right. As a citizen of Cairo, he demands the protection of alms in his frightful destitute condition answered she.

Vivian it is a subject upon which we differ vastly. I prythee let us not discuss the question at further lenghts.

Let us make no more mention of the Jew. I prythee let us enjoy these few hours in sweet sympathy.

At this point, Theron sat studying the face of Lady Vivian. It was lighted with sympathy which mellowed her beauty into an art. And as she keenly noted the glance of his eye, so fastened upon her. She arose, walking slowly away from her bench. She stood before an opening in the chapel. Which had an overlook of the circular gardens.

Theron quickly followed her. And he stole his arm around her slight waist.

He forcibly drew her head upon his shoulder, with a most endearing caress.

But she tore herself rudely, from his embrace.

Theron. It is so unlike a brother. Unlike a sister, responded she with an assumed courtesy which was nearly a rudeness.

What phrases, my dear! Surely, it is unlike a sister. Unlike a brother.

I prythee, what has caused this stubborn change in thy sweet self? For thou art changed, completely. And it melts my heart to know thou art so.

Theron. This subject, I believed we have closed. Upon one former occasion. Please have the gracious kindness not to attempt to open it again.

Yea, sweet Vivian. But I must know more from thy own lips. Thy mind can not be so poisoned, without goodly cause. There was a beautiful time. When the hours we spent together were golden. Ah! dearest more than that. And now.

And now Thereon, replied Lady Vivian interrupting him, facing him quite coolly. Indeed. Thou doth wear a wretchedly, miserable countenance. I prythee, my curiosity is quickened. Is it a biting conscience or a bruised heart, Thereon? For gossip has it. That thou art so enamoured of the luxurious Persian Princess!

Then. The curious gossip doth lie. The gossip doth lie in blackest words. I do not love the Princess. And well knowst this all. Too well, my sweet Vivian.

Theron. The Princess is highly placed. Out of the depths fascinations weave a web binding this lovely creature to the hearts of the whole of Cairo. Indeed. She is most lovely. And a goodly companion thou has found in the fair Princess. Ah! Thou most envied of all men in Cairo. And thou dost attempt to mock the love of such a creature. And

at the same time. Thou hast safe-guarded the beauty from all the willing and seeking gaze of the people. Thy judgement in this is excellent. For she is divinely fair to look upon.

Vivian! The Princess is lovely. A goodly companion for she is fair to look upon.

Then thou art most bold to mock at beauty's shrine, interrupted she.

Beauty? Nay. I worship at the shrine of beauty, as all mankind, alike.

Love? Nay. I love not where I worship. I love but thee, Vivian.

Yet thou doth laviously entertain the Princess. Gossip whispers it, continued Lady Vivian with cold words. With colder glance.

In that. They speak quite the truth. I act for goodly cause. And since the gossip has made all these truths public. These mongers they who count the deeds of man. I thank the gods! They are denied the inmost secrets of his heart.

Theron! It doth ill become thee. Such phrases. But. There is a more becoming trust, entrusted to thee. Ever remember. The love of a woman is a sacred gift. Now, givth thy ear. We. Thee and me have been fond of one another.

Fond? Broke in Theron in tragic tones. Ye gods!

Yea, Theron. I believed I loved thee, at one time. Alack! I soon learned that I loved an ideal. And it was not to be found in thee. As the days passed, I began better to understand thy ways. To know thee with a deeper wisdom, the wisdom, that which comes with sound sense and not with a blinded love. I had an awakening, Theron. Such an awakening! And, then it was, I understood.

Lady Vivian faltered. Not in truth faltered but she become silent at this moment.

While Theron stood rigid in surprise before her.

Then she continued.

Thy life, Theron is liken yon lighted court garden. In appearances all that is merry, bright, reaching. All that which is welcome. And within Cairo, in short, thou indeed, dost appear wearing glories for a reverence. Demonstrating confidence in divine good by manifesting a sympathetic tread in thy fellowmen. It is false. It is all false and it doth bear the impress of M. Theron.

Vivian, my dearest! exclaimed Theron in concealed angry tones.

Nay, Theron. Permit me to continue. Thou art well defined, sharp cut falsely. Thy mien hast become faulty unto a mean treachery. It is an old adage, and a fitly one, too. That there is an abiding feeling that corruption lurks behind the gayest forms and the brightest colours!

And this adage, my dear is time worn and its philosophy fails more than it measures true. My dearest! It is really a hard task for me to gather the meaning of thy harsh phrases. Thou art surely, sorely distressed for a meaning doth lie in thy words.

But, Theron, thou may deem me mad. But since thou must know more. Since thou hast been made Prince Governor of Cairo, I do not like it. It is idle gossip, I thought at first. Alack! It is true. Thy conduct now. The Princess! And the scheme, in which the Princess so innocently rests. Theron, I prythee it is like poison to me. And I prythee in the future, incline thy attentions upon the Princess. Go thy way and come not again to me.

My dearest, this is but a poorly attempt. Thou hast sought some goodly pardon for thyself, in this attempt to loan me to the Princess. I refuse to be granted this privilege. For I speak frankly. I do believe it done for the good of thy lover, Canterre. And his flashing eyes were upon her.

At the mention of Canterre's name, she turned indignantly upon him.

Theron! I now bid thee, good night! The door.

She stood pointing her index finger towards the door of her chapel.

Then, Theron dropped upon his knees before her. But her eyes gleamed with an unrelenting light upon him. Silently he arose and without a word, more, he left the chapel.

The heavy curtains of old gold brocade dropped. He was gone.

Exasperated Lady Vivian walked to and fro within her chamber. She tossed her head in angry gestures as she snapped her fingers in rapid succession. *Enfin*, her face changed. She then reclined herself upon her bench. And reclining thereupon, she bent to the floor. She drew an ivory portrait, snugly hidden away within the head of the leopard skin. This full skin lay upon the floor beneath her feet in a natural position.

She held the portrait closely. More closely. She kissed it with a quicke passion.

And a violent passion. Then a bright happy smile played upon her lips.

Canterre! Canterre! It is thee. It is only thee, I want!

CHAPTER XIV.

CLOSE COUNCIL.

M. Clevelandé who was the acting royal Controller of the city of Cairo called a meeting of the council-board.

Dustand of what opinion art thou concerning this new reformation confronting Cairo, upon the present hour?

Mr. President. In truth I do believe there is a force behind this disturbance. The systemic operation of this new party doth seem a directing power, in my opinion, responded Dustand with a perplexing attitude.

All true. Spake another. And a great danger to our present system. Methinks, they are fast dissipating our forces to-day. And Theron, as our Prince Governor, I feel thou too, should understand better than we of this council, that there is an urgent need for quicke action.

All the while M. Theron remained in silent study. And apart from these men.

Dustand the treasury funds are very low. Do I not understand correctly from this report just given to us, remarked one member of the board.

In truth. They are almost to deficient to promote our newest scheme.

Theron turned to one of his Councilmen.

Calies what of thy opinion?

I fear too. As Mr. President hath spoken. That we are too deficient to handle this newest scheme. The reformation leaders have by some method secured a vast amount. Sufficient money to promote their scheme, forcibly. With us it is another situation. Our funds run so low because, now. Too much money has already been drawn from the City treasury.

But there must be some scheme!

The reformers are not alone working with money, spake another. They are much favoured by a goodly number of our people. They gain steadfastly.

That may all be true. However, when their money is exhausted. Their scheme by which they are throwing their weight against our machine, me thinks, will fall flat.

That is another mistaken theory, spake another. Our

party has always worked with money. Not by the voice of the people. Now we have it. When the money power is dissipated the power of the voice of the people is heard in support of the reformation.

Ye gods! Doth it, then come about that in Cairo, the common folk and clan, and not the machine is to rule in politics?

But in faith the machine is on the last movement of finance in Cairo. Our Prince Governor has he not exhausted all and every means of securing money to continue his government?

The outlying districts are refusing to support him. And fellowmen, these districts poll most heavy. All the funds drawn in from the taxation is well exhausted up to this present time.

Indeed! This is a dire situation. This salt-tax I tell thee, is the last tax. It remains only one chance that the government can successfully place upon my people. They declare they will raise in arms before another tax can ever be issued upon them, remarked another.

In faith, they are stricken by these hard measures. They now refuse to work further under them. And in honest minds, who is there among us to be otherwise?

Theron arose at this moment.

Let the board have a voice. Now. Might we not ascertain the opinions of the date growers. Should they agree to promote their party movement, in its further need we might impose a light tax upon their groves.

Quite the impossible thing to do, Theron. The date growers. They will never stand for a taxation. And since they are a part of the great money power in Cairo.

Perchance. Not wisely but we have always consented to not make demands upon them, replied Dustand.

A strong. A valuable institution they are in Cairo. Our party needs their influence. We must bend to them for friendly associations. Not to yoke them. It was my desire during the last session of the legislature that we frame a measure. Whereby the coffee shop, the date-grower and the institutions of this class could be taxed. Now, it is too late. We are sinking in defeat, continued the President.

But gentlemen of the council, may we permit the Privy Council and this party, wave aside all diplomatic waitings and demand they of this party, willing to establish this security for the success of their own party. Be one of the

party to stand criminally waiting to lend their own party destruction.

These were the words of Theron spoken upon this moment.

This scheme may be received with favour, Theron.

Should the reformers gain in Cairo, these institutions will be forever bridled. And therefore. The intelligence of these great minded business men may be approached upon this scheme, responded Theron, again.

A report also comes to the office from the pigeon fanciers. They will not accept more taxation, came from one member who spake in hasty words.

After a brief silence the President of the Council took the floor in slow deliberation.

Fellow-men all this is true. Having heard these reports. And fully appreciating our situation. That our leaders are working upon the last great movement.

Then. They will realize our strides are all but standing rock-still. When they realize that there can be, but one solution to this perplexing problem, spake another. And that is money. Money. How to obtain it!

Dustand then rising to point of order offered a suggestion.

The irrigation channel. The only valuable possession in Cairo left untaxed to a murder. What think ye of bonds on these squares?

Mr. President, I offer a resolution that we work upon these irrigation squares to further this scheme.

Mr. President I move we accept this resolution, spake Calies.

Now. Thou hast all heard the resolution. All in favour of this resolution, vote. Aye.

Aye! Aye! came from all the members.

All contrary to this resolution, please vote, nay.

And there was not one dissenting voice raised upon the question.

Whereupon the President stood. The resolution has been made and passed upon. That we offer these irrigation Squares for sale in bonds thereof.

Shall the Council adjourn until the hour of eleven tomorrow morning?

Aye! Resounded quickly from each member.

Then the council stands now adjourned until tomorrow, to convene at the hour of eleven in the morning, announced the President.

And thus the council adjourned.

While all the members left the chamber, Theron was the last man to leave. He slowly walked out of the chapel through the court into the roadway.

A flutter of skirts. A sunny laughter, suddenly caused him to raise his bent head. And there before him stood Rubyat.

Theron! I have waited so long for thee to come. The other men have gone so long. What has detained thee all this time?

And she ran joyously up to him. She put her hands through his arm and clasping them tightly, she swung before him. Her face was a bright sunbeam. And he thought her a pretty picture as he gazed upon her laughing face, wreathed in the cluster of curls.

Rubyat what wouldst thou here, in the roadway? Questioned Theron.

Then he playfully caught the girl in his arms. He kissed her lightly and playfully. His kisses smothered the sunny laughter which died upon her lips. For then, a shadow fell upon her pretty, bright face.

He held her at arm's length. He searched the clouded face.

Rubyat what has happened, tell me quicke?

But the girl buried her face in her two sunburnt hands and sobbed, brokenly.

Rubyat, dear child, what is it? And he put her hands down. He lifted her tear stained face in his two hands.

All the while she was silent and she looked into his eyes. Steadfastly.

Theron, my love! Then she burst into another spell of sobbing.

Rubyat, calm thyself and tell me, dear child. Tell me quicke, what has happened. It is Theron who commands thee.

Then, upon hearing these words, she raised her face to his. She brushed the tears from her eyes. And she spoke promptly and with an obedience.

Theron it was last night, she began.

What was it? Yea, what happened last night Rubyat?

Last night, I followed thee. When thou went into the gardens leading into the Lady Vivian's chapel-chamber.

Rubyat! cried Theron sternly. Child thou dared to do such a rash thing?

She raised her face again. For she had buried her face upon his breast.

But, I did. My love, I remained within the gardens all the while. For thou were late, very late in coming away.

Rubyat, is that all? How you frightened me. Then he threw back his head. He laughed, wickedly.

Foolish little girl, he replied as he caressed her again with kisses.

But thou did remain so long with the beautiful daughter to the King, she pointed, in a half sob, with clear words.

Ah! Rubyat. It was but an errand of official duty, that bore me into the apartments of Lady Vivian.

Slowly she lifted her eyes to his. Then, Theron thou didst not really go to visit the beautiful Lady Vivian?

Oh! Certainly, I greeted Lady Vivian, Rubyat. I met her there. She remained with the King.

Truly, Theron? laughed the girl as she raised her pretty face up to him.

Upon my faith, Rubyat. I went there but to confer with the King.

I believe thee! My love! And she kissed him wildly again and again.

Now, little girl, continued Theron as he patted her round rosy cheeks.

I love thee, my love, was her only answer as she buried her face again upon his breast. Then she kissed him with a shower of warm kisses.

She brushed away the tears glistening upon her reddened cheeks and the same happy free laughter burst from her lips.

And they walked on. As the pair walked away, Canterre who had reclined himself upon a stone bench thereby. Stood aghast. He knit his brow in study.

The King! I was with the King myself, last night until midnight. Slowly. Then, he lifted his eyes upward above every place. Above all. His face bore lines of wretched imagination! He cried aloud in a voice of anguish.

Theron! Lady Vivian! And Rubyat the innocent child!

CHAPTER XV.

THE SAND WIZARD.

Both fate and providence have their due influence in mundane affairs, and all things are constituted for the best.

—Plutarch.

Princess Roxana snugly wrapped in the soft folds of the

mantle of richest velvet which hung about her shoulders, walked directly across the outer district of Cairo. She crossed the public roadway. She entered into a tent. This tent composed of a light framework of the shape of a beehive, was covered with a thick covering of reeds. Above it was placed a thick black felt which was so designed to make a sufficient covering for a shelter from the intense heat. It had no window, neither had it a chimney and but one door. This tent was unfurnished but for one statue. This statue stood in an obscure corner of the tent. It was carved of the Witch-Elm wood. Its eyes being formed by inlaid bits of shells and tiny crystals.

An aged man, feeble with years of possibly close study, met Princess Roxana. A chill of regret mingled with fear made the Princess step backwards towards the low opening.

The aged man advanced towards her with a low bow. And his ready eye quickly detected this misgiving which betook her.

Daughter, welcome! Come thou near and rest thyself. Thou art in trouble!

Father I thank thee. I do come in much sorrow to learn of thee.

Be it so, daughter. I can trace thy sorrows. It is fitly spoken the wizard can conjure the moon by his gifts. He can likewise succor the labouring suns.

In faith I have learned much of thee, father. Many people in Cairo do speak in praises of thee. They spake thus. Truth is mixed up with the atmosphere and the sages breathe of it. Thou, father art of these sages?

So rightly spoken, responded the man. Every sage be-speaks from his own instruments. My key is not the mind, the host-Seer. Neither the wormwood-Star. But of these mighty grains of sand taken from the sand mounds of the Nile.

All this time they were standing close together, near to the opening in the tent.

The Princess all but trembled with wonderment akin to a slight fear.

The man laid his hand assuredly upon the shoulder of the Princess. But she drew away from his unsightly touch which was all but weird to her.

Daughter, come wilt thou not rest thyself? And he pointed to a low stool made of shells.

The Princess very timidly obeyed him. She stepped closer, she reclined herself upon the stool.

She sat before him, filled with a silent awe. She looked into his cynical eyes.

Then he continued. Daughter there is a legend that which connects the power of these grains of sand directly with mythical incidents of the ages past. Of this legend we may believe much. As much as our mind can digest of these tales. To-day. Of this present day, the mighty hidden power of these sands we know. And we can swear by this power. The deserts of the East, the sand of the morning land holds rich secret treasures of magical art. They do clearly lay bare secrets of the mortal mind.

Then father. Hast thou indeed traveled far for a length of days upon hot sands, as the people relate of thee?

Yea. I have traveled far and upon the burning sands with my feet uncovered. I have thus searched for hidden arts. By the Sun, I traveled. Likewise I sought by the moon. And in the darkest night not to be delayed in my journey. I have traveled alone, with the firefly fastened to my hands. Upon my feet. And by these countless continuous years of study I do now trace my lines by any light.

The quaint old man paused at this point. He looked upon the lovely face of the Princess and he there beheld a palid light of fear.

Daughter I would have thee take this box. Hold it. Examine its contents. And speaking thus, he held a queer box; and with trembling fingers she took the *petite* box. She sate mute in silent wonder. She seemed unable to unclasp the curious box, she lifted her eyes and the eyes of the Sage were penetrating her face, intently, with almost a severity.

I am waiting, were the words coming from him. Whereupon she opened the box.

Within it she found a skin-bag containing seven strings two toads' feet holding a heart wrapped in a bat's wing and round this paper were some unintelligible cyphers.

She glanced up at the wizard. He lifted to his lips a cup covered with odd designs. In this cup was honey and soma.

To respond to her silent wonders he, with an almost idly expression spake.

'Tis the honey that is sweet, also the bee that stingeth! And having uttered these words he automatically placed his hands into a shell box of sands. And he became stupified, his words were low but distinct.

Behold the marvelous statue of Venus! Its delicately made altar laden fragrant with newly blown white roses. The free buds of the roses. The joyous birds of the open fields, the frivolous butterflies, even the brilliant humming birds dare not linger round this altar. Lo, it is builded for Love's throne. O, fairest daughter of the Persian Empire, long ago thou didst place one red rose upon this altar. An offering of thy burning love upon this altar of innocence. Boldly thou hast worn the misty veil of free confidence. It did only serve to blind the goodly sense of thy mind, in as much, as thou hast forsaken thy father, thy people, thy lands for one stranger Knight of Egyptian faith. And more. A worthless gentleman.

'Tis late to warn thee, daughter. The game is spent. The turbulent sands of trouble cruelly whirl, they are blinding thy eyes, upon this hour. Arise, my child of the foreign land. Take heart with greatest courage. Knowst thou one joy can ne'er be taken but something is given. The winds play upon their errands of mercy until *enfin*. One holy hour of Communion, an awakening doth shend goodly sense upon thy newer understanding. This understanding my child, doth hold important steps. And all shall be shaped into a beautiful ending for thee. Thy gushing love, hast suffered thee greatly. But, for thy rightly fortune. Thy steps have not been fruitless. Thy sorrows sink in gayest form. Thou didst give thy ear to keen understanding. Go. Hence from this life of careless pleasure. Prepare thyself for a better, a worthy life. For the dignity of a noble life. A life of much content, is upon thee. And soon.

As the wizard faltered, the Princess arose. Then turning again, she beheld the eyes of the wizard now in wide stare. She hastily threw a hand full of silver rings upon the stool. She left the tent. She was too much awed to hear more.

The sand wizard stood in the doorway of his tent. He sheltered his eyes with his hand, he followed the form of the Princess. On she, with unfaltering steps, sped. The blazing colours of the oyster shell roadway made her form visible. She crossed the sand mounds. And then, she was lost to his sight.

The Princess was walking blindly upon her way with her gaze fastened upon the white dust and sands beneath her feet.

Princess Roxana! At the sound of her spoken name, she vaguely stopped.

Before her stood, M. Theron with his turban in his hand. Greetings Theron! Came in hasty words, from the Princess.

Thou art far from thy apartments, and alone, dearest Princess. Dost thou not fear danger within the sand mounds? Theron's face was of a mean countenance to her.

I never fear, Theron. I love the open fields. These sand mounds are very dear to me.

What hast caused thee to venture so far from the city, may I make bold to inquire of thee, dear Princess.

For an open walk. Only. To watch the gondolas as they cruise up and down this quaint little bay. Are they not truly picturesque? How they sail upon the waters, so silently. So gracefully! And even the ripples play in pretty circles.

A loud bell-toll sounded loudly for the air was light and clear. A gondola was launched upon the port landing near where they were standing. It lay swerving backward and forward as the light winds carried it.

A guide dressed in a short tunic wearing a turban, sat in one end of the gondola musing with the choppy water waves which were dashing against the gondola.

Princess Roxana and Theron were held there by fascination. The fascinating mist that which steeps every ripple of all waters. From the saucy brook to the savage ocean.

Princess, this gondola is a pleasure gondola. Wouldst thou not enjoy a sail upon the bay?

Thank thee, Theron. It would be a pleasant hour. It would be most charming for the bay is beautiful, today. And, how I do love the water Theron.

And Theron assisted the Princess into the yellow gondola. The bell tolled several times:

Then the guide perceiving no other passenger. Pushed the gondola away from its port.

It sailed out into the transparent water. And they sat in the center of the gondola.

They looked from both sides, for the view was clear and distinct. And each fell into a dreamy silence and not another word was spoken between them.

Suddenly. The Princess touched Theron upon his arm. He startled and turned to her.

There, there, Theron. Upon the low bridge beyond us.

Who is it, Princess? Queried Theron as his eyes followed the finger of the Princess.

It is. Yea. It is Lady Vivian and by her side is Lady Catherine. It is they, Theron. They are waving their hands to us. Canst thou not see them?

And the Princess waved her silken scarf to greet them. While Theron, with an irritated mis-doubt, lifted his turban. And his face became sullenly shadowed.

And the gondola sailed on, down the bay. And it was a pretty sight to the eyes of the two ladies, who standing upon this bridge strained their eyes to follow the course of the gondola which was bearing the Princess and Theron, upon the sunny waters.

A youth reclined in the gondola and he was a player of some stringed instrument. And he was singing to the tones of his instrument. Barcolle, in most excellent voice.

This gondola was of deepest yellow in colour, which cast a reflection of gold upon the bay-waters. For the sun was dazzling. The canopy of black made a restful shade for this gondola. An entrancing fascination filling the hearts and minds of the Princess and Theron! For the winds of heaven seemed mixed with sweetest emotion, the soft scent which from the poppy flows, the sweetest tones from the linnets falls, and the bay with its wealth of clear waters mirrored the scene and painted a picture. Unsurpassed. By the abodes of the gods.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE MULBERRY GROVE.

The roadway leading into the clear green fields, enchanted the Persian Princess. She walked with steps that were a rythme. After returning into her apartments from her cruise upon the sunny bay with Theron, the Princess took her petted gazelle and set out to walk into the fields across the Nile. The day was still young. She was filled with a vigorous joy, for she found the day sublime. Her petted gazelle was her only companion. It playfully led the way. It would turn in its capers, then wait for her, as if he understood her enthusiasm was all in fire. In another bound he would scamper out again. Ahead of her. All the fresh glories of Nature showered both man and dumb animal with new fancies. To the Princess. The carols of the song birds in the fields bore greetings. Occasionally the Princess would halt to pluck a wild grown lily. She stopped and would stand in quiet admiration of the fields, the groves and the wild birds soaring above her. In the near distance she could see the cactus hedge. It marked the entrance of the vast

mulberry grove. Approaching this grove she came upon some laborers. These laborers were just without the cactus hedge, and they were filling the water troughs, that which led into this grove.

The poor Egyptian wearing loose brown coarse cloaks, stood with steady aim grinding the *Sakiylh* or the water-wheel.

These water wheels were horizontal wheels. Each turned by a pair of cows connected with a vertical wheel which was on the same axis as another round wheel, in which were earthen pots. In these pots, the water was raised and in turn poured into long troughs leading into the ditches of the groves.

The Princess stood some time watching this great powerful wheel as it worked in its continual grind. Her gazelle capered with the plovers that were prattling in the dripping water of the trough. *Pendant* soon tiring of this, she walked leisurely on finding her way into a narrow glade. The glade was darkened. It was seemingly untraveled. The way led through the cactus hedge into a mulberry grove.

Cautiously she listened. She stood quite motionless. For she was met with peculiar sounds. A sawing of timber it seemed. Her gazelle without apparent fear continued to caper just ahead of her. She then ventured a few steps closer. Louder the noise from the secluded glade. As it were, she beheld each, every shrub bush heavy with butterflies.

Many moments she stood watching these beautiful butterflies. And this noise so hard and grinding was the noise of their feeding. This noise deafened the Princess. It was most tiresome and she passed on. Leaving the shady glade she went into a rolling open space. And within the space. There too, she encountered a shower of butterflies. They all but darkened the light of day with their outstretched wings and their thick numbers.

The mulberry trees were some leafless. Some bursting into a new foilage. Some heavy with beautiful rich green leaves. It was not the beauty of the trees in the groves that charmed her most. The beautiful colourings, the varieties of the magnificent, the dainty butterflies held her fancy. Steadfast. In this shower of butterflies the iridescent colouring of the mingled hues blazed in one gorgeous beauty.

It was a panorama of brilliant colours. The blue winged butterfly of Kashmeer with the white and pale yellow spe-

cies. The humming Bird-Hawk so demure was almost hidden by the huge Purple Emperor. And by the fiery orange golden body, the crimson beasted Bird winged butterfly.

The peacock butterfly, this majestic leader seemed to challenge the opaque Marble white. And quite boldly, likewise haughtily. The Peacock mingled in the midst of them all.

A splendid study in Nature! The Princess was puzzled at this discovery of these butterflies. Then. She understood. The white mulberry planted and nutured in such numbers were for the rearing of the Silkworm. This for the manufacture of silks had become a government monopoly in Egypt. The silk worm in eating these leaves developed spinning their cocoon.

What workings of Nature! These silk worms so homely so unapproachable to the human touch, a product of these brilliant butterflies. How gracefully, with what natural ease they flitted about her. And just beyond the grasp of her anxious hand.

She watched them. She admired them. Then in turn, she went aside to the homely repugnant worm wriggling so uncanny, just within the touch of the her reluctant finger tips.

So impossible it seemed to her, that the silkworm would feed only thirty days upon the leaves of these mulberry trees. Then the oval cocoon would be produced. A close tissue of fine silk which would unravel to the lenght of eleven hundred yards.

In truth. This spun worm was a marvel. She looked down upon the soft folds of her silken robe. She looked upon the coarse spun worm. She lifted her eyes to the leafless trees of the mulberry grove. Alack! The trees which did appear so awkward in their nakedness to her, only the moment past. Now bore a newer significance. A sacrifice. The white leafy trees which lay athwart within the grove from the barren trees, to the hedges all covered in the distance. All. Swelled in new beauty to her. Seemingly with a reverence, the Princess spake aloud. It is fitly spoken. That the purpose of life is life!

And thus, lost in this admiration she seated herself upon the ground. She fell to meditating. All the while she fondled her gazelle which had poised itself just in front of her.

She idly gathered together a few twigs from the fallen mulberry tree. She sat weaving a wreath. Suddenly. A

quicken step caused her to lift her head, from her reverie. She lifted her eyes and before her stood Canterre.

Princess Roxana, the twigs! Drop them. Do not touch them! Excitedly cried Canterre. And the Princess grasped them closer in her amazement.

Goodly sir Canterre. These are but the fallen twigs from the mulberry tree. I have not broken any of them from the trees, she responded as she glared at his face, which was overcast with a horror.

But. Thou must not gather them, Princess.

I prythee I were but weaving, a withe with these fallen twigs, with these white seed daisies, responded the Princess.

Thou seemingly dost not know these twigs are poison. Rank poison, Princess.

Poison? Thou indeed dost surely mistake, Canterre. They are from the mulberry trees nutured herein by the government. This is the government grove, Canterre. And she smiled assuredly.

But, Princess Roxana. I tell thee they are poison. The caterpillar has been upon them. Seeth thou this is his trail. The poison from this caterpillar is the most fatal of all poisons.

Then Canterre with his walking stick traced the markings of the caterpillar.

Suddenly he stood aghast. He bent over her and he examined her hands, closely. He found the fatal mark appearing slowly upon her left hand.

And the blue spot grew more visible.

Canterre, it is there! I can plainly trace it, cried the Princess in alarm.

Alas! Princess it is there. But. Now for quicke relief.

The Princess stood in awe. She trembled with agitated fear. Her face livid, then white.

Canterre, there is the great physician. He doth reside within Cairo. Let us go to him at once.

My Princess, I fear this man can not heal this poison. It is a deadly poison, responded Canterre gravely.

But, this man is of great repute. I feel greatest faith in his skill, Canterre.

Nay. Princess this medicine man, can not heal this poison. It has been given as true evidence that this poison can not be healed except by divine power.

As Canterre spake these startling words, the Princess looked despairingly at him.

Ah! Princess, thou art injured! These words broke upon them and turning they met the childish inquiries of Rubyat. And she ran to the Princess.

Rubyat, responded Canterre. The Princess is poisoned. Poisoned Princess, by a reptile?

Nay. By the caterpillar, child. Come Rubyat. Thou art familiar with all Egyptian groves. Tell me. Hast thou ever heard of this venomous caterpillar?

Oh! Many, many times, Canterre, I have heard father speak of it. In faith, he says it is always incurable, the touch of it.

Then Rubyat recalled her words in quick confusion, as she noted the effect of her words upon the Princess.

But, my Princess it is sometimes healed, stammered the girl.

Then Rubyat faltered as she examined the marked and spotted hand of the Princess.

Ah! Princess, there is a physician who can heal this poison. He resides within the large temple.

The Princess looked at Canterre with a lightning glance. Rubyat continued with excited breathe.

Princess, I know this physician can heal the poison.

They both looked at the stern face of Canterre as he raised his hand to them.

I know for I have heard it many times, that not even this reputed physician can heal this poison. But hold! I know of a cure for it.

Canterre! Exclaimed the Princess.

Yea. But if ye accept of it I know not, replied Canterre.

Canterre, I prythee I will accept of it, responded the Princess calmly.

Perhaps! And Canterre looked earnestly into her uplifted eyes, then he began, as if in doubt.

My Princess, Thou of the oriental faith, hast a belief in a cycle of gods.

While I have a belief in but one Saviour. I worship but one God. Thou dost worship many. Once were there, upon the head of my Saviour a crown of thorns. This crown he wore.

A crown of thorns? asked the wondering Rubyat. Had he sinned so against the gods, that he was punished?

Nay, my child. There were no other gods. My people do not believe in the workings of these collected cruel gods. The same that thy people do reverence.

We do not believe in idols. We believe in the one Master. The one Saviour.

And the Princess listened in a vague manner. A most vague manner mingled with both fear and pain. While Rubyat looked in wonderment upon the face of the Princess. Then Canterre continued.

I have one thorn. A thorn that which has been taken from the crown of thorns which my Saviour once wore upon His head. It is divine with a healing power.

A thorn from the crown worn upon the head of thy God? Where didst thou find it? And where is thy God, Canterre?

Canterre turned to the Princess.

My Princess, this thorn is from the crown of thorns which was once placed upon the head of my Saviour. And a Greek Emperor gave it to me. This great and mighty Emperor gave the thorn to me as a Knightly honour.

A Greek Emperor, broke from the lips of both ladies.

Canterre smiled with a nod of his head. Then he drew from a leathern bag which he wore hanging round his neck. The Thorn.

Rubyat, assist me. We must bind the thorn upon the poisoned hand of the Princess. Since thou dost so consent, my Princess.

Silently Rubyat obeyed Canterre. And the Princess remained quite overcome.

Canterre placed the thorn upon the blue spot, while Rubyat held it in place. And he bound it upon the hand. He tore a strip from the silken shawl of the Princess, and this he used for a bandage.

Canterre I know not this God of whom thou hast spoken. The God whom thou dost worship. Neither. Do I answer thee. Nay. Replied the Princess.

Ah! my Princess. Soon. Very soon shalt thou witness the healing power of this thorn. For my God is Father Almighty. My God is just. My God is beautiful and likewise. He delights in beauty. He promises through the Christ who died for us. That. For victory, for service. There sufficient strenght would be for thee and for me.

And the halo of light that wreathed Canterre's uncovered head fell like a benediction upon the mystified Princess.

Calmly, almost coolly she raised her face up to his face. And she softly spake.

Canterre would I knew thy faith! It sounds like a beautiful dream.

But Canterre answered her not. He placed his turban upon his head. He, then turned to Rubyat.

Come, child let us assist the Princess. Down the lane, at the end of the lane, there stands a carriage.

Canterre had passed the carriage of Lady Vivian which stood at the end of this lane, and as he had entered this grove only a short time before.

Then Canterre and Rubyat led the Princess down the rounding lane. And in a deceitful bend in this lane they encountered Lady Vivian who walked briskly towards them. She was alone and unattended. She faltered as she was met with the three people. Then. A jealousy lighted her eye and she did not speak. Rather. Did she keep her head and face turned away from them.

Lady Vivian, exclaimed Canterre. Thou art in goodly time. The Princess has been poisoned by the caterpillar. Come nearer. Behold the poison.

Then he hesitated, for he detected the countenance of Lady Vivian in vivid colouring. Whereupon hearing his words Lady Vivian's face mellowed with sympathy. She stepped closer to the Princess. And her words were sweetly spoken as her eyes were lowered upon the bandaged hand.

Oh! My Princess I am sorry. Come thou art too faint to walk farther. My carriage stands at the end of this lane. We will assist thee into the carriage and bear thee to thy apartments.

Good and true Lady Vivian, responded Canterre. I had but assumed the bold privilege of using thy carriage. Even before thou didst approach.

A smile of more than pity for the Princess, passed over the face of Lady Vivian.

The party walked down this lane. And reaching the carriage very soon.

The Princess for the entire distance had walked between Lady Vivian and Canterre. While Rubyat walked behind them bearing the shawl of the Princess, and her tunic. After walking but a short distance. Suddenly the Princess became uncertain in her steps. And she seemed all but too faint to walk farther.

Canterre, may we not recline the Princess against this hedge. Go thou to the outer edge of this grove, it will be much closer. And there in the landing. Rather. The platform at the ending of the lane stands my carriage. Say unto my carriage man that he is to enter, into the private estate across

this lane for a short distance, in coming here. By my orders, and tell him to come in all haste.

Canterre hastened. While the Princess reclined against the hedge. And Lady Vivian and Rubyat kept close watch over her.

They well knew the Princess was becoming faint and ill. Lady Vivian with nervous fingers tightened the silken bandage which held the Sacred thorn upon the poisoned hand. Gently she caressed the feverish head and kindly she spake to the Princess, with all tenderness.

Alack! The Princess was fast becoming ill. And she seemed weakened.

The pretty face of little Rubyat, with her laughing eyes, now in frightened glance and the lovely face of Lady Vivian struck a chord in tune to symphonic tones and fired the Princess to a quiet, steady patience. But not a word was spoken.

Canterre soon returned, seating himself in the carriage. Carefully they placed the Princess into the carriage. They made her comfortable and she lay with her head in the lap of Lady Vivian. Her eyes half closed with restless quivers.

Canterre and Rubyat sat close beside them. Rubyat still holding the Princess's shawl and tunic.

Canterre remained quiet the entire drive. The drive was fast. Too. It was careful. Their anxious watches steadfast with. Perhaps. A too tardy kindness for this lonely girl, held them with a penance, which held them in firm sentiments.

Lady Vivian glanced at Canterre. His face was stern. He was looking out of the carriage, his eyes seemed in another land. He unconsciously turned his head. His eyes met the eyes of Lady Vivian, whereupon she flushing, turned her eyes away from him.

And the carriage sped on towards the apartments of the Princess.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SALE OF BONDS.

Good sirs, I believe we have found the wheel of triumph. The saving power of our Party.

Verily spake another. I too believe this one, a mighty strong scheme.

Hold! speak not so freely for thou mayst hold too high hopes of this scheme, spake another member of this board.

And they all turned and looked with impatience upon this man of so rugged a countenance.

Upon my faith, Armos there can be none other scheme open for the board to promote. These irrigation squares come forth to our quickened relief. Yea. These are stones breathing. They are speaking for us. They hurl victory to our party.

The speaker looked singularly dull, thought Armos.

True my fellow men. The outcome is this tawny mane—This foam boiling, billowing on its waters. It is of excellent goodly fortune.

All eyes were turned again upon Armos. And he remained quiet.

I have not one fear, voiced another. A modest appearing man who spake in dignified tones.

And that. The people. But he was interrupted.

Fie! For has it not been the usual custom of the machine to operate within closed walls? Are we not each, every member of this board, a Satrap of the law for our own elected term of years?

But our people? They will begin to question us. They will ask. Dost thou offer the seats in the courts of Justice for sale?

Baffle! What worth are the questions of the common? This clan like the country of Egypt surrender their sovereign authority over civic affairs of the city. It would be contrary to the liberty of our people. It would be dangerous, most dangerous, for us to respond to the common—this phrase. Thy power is law, an unrestricted power to assert to this board!

Fellow men at no time has our city ever consented to the exercise of the powers or the opinions specified in common voice, treating of the terms the conditions of the political machine. In this any machine workings would be uneffectual.

M. Clevelandé arose at this point of the discussion.

Sirs this assembly of notables must advise concerning the sale of these bonds.

The latest report received from the Privy Council was far from satisfying. For the country's debt so enormous was divided into small debts. The loans thus received were made to be repaid in twenty years with an interest of eight per cent and with a sinking fund of two per cent. A second loan with interest of seven per cent, with interest of three per

cent to be redeemed in ten years. Then, there were a number of smaller loans each providing its own measure by which it could be redeemed. Such as the people paying their taxes a term of years in advance. With the privilege of paying it in installment terms. Should the people not pay in installment plan, but pay cash. The reduction of all the interest with a per cent of the capital would be deducted.

For this reason I fear gentlemen that our countrymen are so burdened with this overhanging debt that it will be necessary for us to set about at once to transact the sale of these irrigation squares bonds with a foreign government. Our treasury department has the authority to sell the irrigation squares bonds to reimburse the general fund expended for the irrigation construction made out of current revenue.

This new debt on the irrigation fields we purpose to separate from the state debt. This to which the railway and the harbor dues do yield a great relief, with a bonus of ten percent of their earnings. And Sirs. Since a consolidation of civic loans is impossible, therefore I can conceive of none other than to depend upon foreign relief.

And M. Clevelandé breathed queerly as he seated himself at the long table.

Our president is of goodly judgement, spake Armos. The Persian Shah may consent to the purchase of these bonds. Because the Shah has a richly filled treasury with no outbreak likely. At least. Suchwise. I am advised.

Persia is richer than any of our neighboring countries. For mark ye. Their financial reports are amazing. They are uplifting. Theirs is a country for which its people are striving with true sentiments and with a strong loyalty.

Such a scheme would necessitate the Privy Council to communicate with the Shah. This would cost much time spake Calies.

True. The time is not long for us. The time is ripe now and the need for a quicke action is most urgent.

Then it was. A hushed silence centered upon the entire board.

And M. Clevelandé stood before them again.

Gentlemen of this board have we now agreed upon a plan. The plan of approaching Percia with these bonds?

Aye! Aye! voted each member present.

Then. So be the wish. The vote of members thereof. The Privy Council must appoint one of its members to interview the Persian Shah.

Mr. President, surely thou canst not assume such a plan? To interview the Persian Shah in person! Days and days will be required for such a journey.

Nay. The journey will not be so long. And the only means by which to approach the Shah is by a communicant. Whereupon agreed. We must appoint a communicant for this purport.

At length the president raised his voice again. I appoint Calies to this commission.

A murmur went through the chapel. And Calies arose. His large pleasing face wore a visible, perplexed look. All eyes were turned upon him.

Mr. President. I stand ready to prepare myself to convey the communicant purport of this sale unto the Persian Shah.

Likewise I remain in prompt readiness to serve the Privy Council.

Then at once Calies. Go thou prepare thy purport.

And then the Privy Council. This body of pyretic men adjourned. With the very spirit of earnestness in goodly results breathing about them. Perchance.

In this breathe was a shadow. As there oft times is fashioned in the core of a great duty. A shadow questioning their devotedness to their party cause.

And they all. Calies not the least of them. Answered. Forward!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE POISON RING.

Walpole talks of "a man and his price."

Lost to a ditty queer—

The sale of a Deputy — Acting — Vice.

Resident-Engineer,

Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,

By the Little Tin Gods on the Mountain side!

—Public Waste. Kipling.

Fetch the Amphora! Fill the goblets to overflowing with reddest Wine!

The guests each were wearing a chaplet of the lotus bound upon the forehead.

And like Bernice's locks in radiant light, the tresses of the ladies fair, coquettishly lay enshrined in rich jewels, with sparkling gems. The rapturous tones of the music bewitched by the mellow shades of the tapering lights, the gay company. All shed a delicious delicacy. It doth seem be-

fitting to breathe a pleasant hope! Around this lotus fountain.

An honour unto the coronal of Bacchaut for this night Bacchus doth reign God of sweet pleasures.

Seated at one long feasting table. The lamps of ointment being removed, the guests were feasted. With feast rich and served with wines rare.

The guests beseeched the Prince Governor M. Theron for a toast. And to this he responded graciously.

The music was hushed. The incense lamps hung quiet. The guests felt a thrill of keen pleasure as Theron arose. All eyes were fastened upon him.

Fair ladies of the Court! Noble gentlemen, my guests! Unto thee greetings! Permit me to remark. Upon a lesser occasion, unto a less charming gathering than is here assembled at this feasting table. I might find it fitting to give an original toast. *Cependant* upon this night. The occasion of love, of feast and of wine, whereupon the god Bacchus doth smile. I shall recite a bit of verse, for thy pleasure. I do not now stand upon the *fetich* stone of Apollo.

Methinks. I mayst swear as truly. For I stand squarely upon the skin of the tiger. I search, continued Theron. I find not within the storehouse of memory, one toast good enough. One in which may be found attributes for both the fair ladies, for the gentlemen, gallant. The verse may be terse. I find it doth honestly portray its goodly sense of the Egyptian. At the last assembly of the Romance Reciters. There was one among our members, who to employ the law of talion in response to a satire from one whom he classed a mere Whipster. Quoted this verse as having found it in the play entitled — Civilization.

*"In my barbarian days, I spake the truth:
Wrong'd not my neighbor: paid back benefits,
With benefit. And gratitude to boot;
Dealt justly: held a friend to be a gift,
Precious as stars dropt down from heaven: bowed
Before the works of a God; beheld in them
His Presence, palpable as an altar.
And worshipped Heaven at the mountain's foot.
But this*

*Was barbarism. I am wiser now:
More civilized. I know the way to lie,
To cheat, deceive and be a zealous Christian!*

Theron finished the verse. It contained a weird meter. A moment lulled.

Then he spake lightly. For the guests were not amused by such a spirit.

My dear friends, this is just a bit of humor. Not praised for a motto. Not for any literary excellence. Neither doth it contain a fact.

As he faltered. A look swept across the faces of nearly every guest. And Theron read the august condemnation of his borrowed humor.

Avast! Think ye my guests. Not too seriously. This satire, this true domination fitted to the Egyptian. I recite it. In a coaxful humor. I deem it not justly, myself. And who is there among my guests who is a more loyal Egyptian than I.

Methinks, M. Theron. That is a mere coax. A mean portrayal of the Egyptian.

All turned to the Knight who so ventured so free an opinion.

Some smiled at this bold speaker. Others frowned upon his discourtesy.

With a manner of merriment, Theron tossed his head. He laughed lightly. Then, he continued.

My guests, I prythee. Now recline thy ear unto the wit, the wisdom of Canterre. Who. I know will accept of this privilege. Of reciting to this brilliant assembly. I have now. The very great pleasure to present Canterre.

Theron slipped into his chair and Canterre arose before the guests.

He had discerned the displeasure of the guests, as they gave their audience to Theron.

Goodly sirs! Gentle ladies! I act in excellent reput as a toast master. In that I follow the order of our brilliant host. And goodly friend. Theron. I recite a snatched verse. One which of all the bits of verse I have clamped in my ivory writing frame. I deem it, especially fitting for this feasting occasion. It is taken from the Romance of the noted reformer, the masterful writer. *Votre Voltaire*.

At this moment, whispers sounded. Some whispered. Canterre is a valuable friend. He is a rival. Behold he turns continuously to Lady Vivian. He challenges Theron in every move. With every glance of his eye. Now. He makes bolder.

So be it, whispered another. Me thinks it doth require no art to find in his face an intense love for Lady Vivian.

Upon this confusing moment, for nearly every guest turned in lightning glance first upon Lady Vivian then to Canterre. As the distinct voice of Canterre was heard in this toast.

Lady Vivian turned then to Canterre, likewise. When the rich tones of his voice fell upon her. And with a secret delight she drank in his every word.

"L'arc de Nembrod est celui

de la guerre:

L'arc de l'amour est celui

du bonheur.

Vous le portez. Par vous ce Dieu

vainquer

Est devenu le maître de la terre

Trois Rois puissants, trois rivaux

Aujourd'hui,

Osent prétendre a l'honneur de

vous plaire,

Je ne sais pas qui votre Coeur prefere

Mais l'universe sera jaloux de lui!"

This translated read.

The bow of Nimrod is that of war;

The bow of Love is that of happiness,

Which you possess. Through you this

Conquering God

Has become master of the Earth.

Three powerful Kings—three rivals now.

Dare to aspire to the honour of pleasing you.

I know not whom your heart may prefer

But the universe will be jealous of him!"

It would have been a rare question to have asked the worth of the toast.

Canterre took his seat again. Amid applause. There was a brilliant fountain in the upper end of the hall. And the light of this fountain fell upon the faces of the guests. It was a vignette. They vigorously responded to Canterre's toast. In this polished scholar they always found a delicate wit.

"Charmante! Une très jolie sante!" Mais Monsieur M. Theron était blanc de rage.

A stir caused the guests to turn abruptly.

Theron had moved and was then standing over Lady Vivian. In almost audible phrases. He challenged Canterre.

My sweet Vivian, breathe thy magic spell over me again, as of old. The flame of love, dear thou didst fan into fire within my breast even upon this moment. It burns wicked. It is a fierce passion. Nay! I speak not in silly enthusiasm. My love, like yester-days, I picture in fancy. The to-morrow and the following morrow. And on, on into all. Every morrow which shall crown our lives. Ah! fetch back. The hours gone. Oh! ye gods, how I love thee, my dear beautiful Vivian. And Theron's words became faint.

Now Theron's face was blurred with emotion. And Lady Vivian was enraged.

While Canterre who was a witness to it all. Guessed the meaning of Theron's words.

Surely Lady Vivian's face would not wax such insolent rage. For no other cause.

Canterre turned aside in some light gossip with a charming lady who was seated by his side.

Lady Vivian drew herself away haughtily, and quite losing her usual easy elegance. Then. Theron challenged Canterre's purpose once more, by humbling himself again to Lady Vivian's hauteur.

My beloved, thou dost remain the loveliest, the most charming in this great feasting hall, to-night.

Theron, I would ask of thee. Assign thy attentions unto thy guests. They wish it most.

Who? Sweet Vivian could I wish to please more than thy charming self? And if I perceive correctly. The guests are all happily amused. Thou only dost sit apart from the merry guests.

Leaning over Lady Vivian's drooping head, Theron smiled. And this malicious smile withered Lady Vivian to an intense heat of embarrassment before all the eyes of the other guests.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BRIBE.

Canterre stood in a modest attitude.

Unnoticed he listened to the boasting words of the Prince Governor M. Theron.

Theron sat chatting with a number of his political workers. His face rested in a light of self satisfaction. He spoke too. With slippery terms these phrases, which he thought would amuse his listeners.

It has been fitly spoken by the traditions of Old Egypt, that a sightless seer may possess charmed magic, one that is unspeakably felt by its renown. So, this old party coming to the front once again, under the guise of some new issue.

Its power once so great issues forth at every turn. They seek to install themselves with this prohibition platform. Ye gods, we may have a fight. This party may be liken unto the Rose of Jericho, when dead placed in water will come as unto new life. My fellowmen, their man. This new leader, so named Canterre. I like him not. As a man I distrust him. His movements have been clear. They are concise. Yet in and through it all, he seems to be working under such a thick covering. It can not be probed. The tax industries. The outlying districts. The prohibitionists are fired by his force. And the temple worshippers governing the enormous silken industries are the strongest assests for him.

At this point of the conversation Theron turned his head slightly. His eyes fell upon Canterre with a startle.

While Canterre faced him with a calm assurance. Mingled with displeasure.

And Theron's face was perplexed. Then he arose and extended his hand to him.

Canterre, pardon! I were not aware of thy presence here.

As Canterre took the profered hand of Theron, he scrutinized the face of all who stood before him.

Greeting Theron! I entered the chapel but now. *Peut être*. Too much unnoticed. I came wholly unannounced. I prythee, thy goodly pardon.

Indeed. Thou hast come at a most opportune moment, responded Theron:

Then turning to his comrades he beckoned to them saying.

Be good enough to permit Canterre and myself to an interview.

Whereupon the politicians immediately withdrew. Albeit, each glared at Canterre as they filed past him, with a suspicion and with an irony mistrust.

And Canterre bowed courteously before them as they passed before him.

Theron closed the large door and seated himself before Canterre, in a square position.

Canterre there remains no need of a proem for this interview. I have often heard, that there is no test of a man's

ability in any department of public life more severe than service in friendship.

Friendship? queried Canterre with a cynical smile upon his lips.

Whereupon Theron winched under his look.

Qua the wisdom of the tradition. The one tradition to which thou didst point but the moment past, my friend Theron.

And these two great party leaders sat silent. All the while contemplating that which surely was foremost in their minds.

Enfin. Theron spake with peremptory opinion.

Canterre we were discussing the platform of thy party, as it were, when thou didst enter the moment past.

My platform? Thou hast the platform before thee. For surely it lays pure and open. It proves itself not fertile. Neither weak. It is an upright platform.

A gleam of self assurance lighted the eyes of Canterre. He spake with a conservation.

Me thinks, Canterre. And. I prythee, thy most humble pardon. Thy party acts directly against the principles of a fair game in politics.

Explain thyself sire! exclaimed Canterre for his head was hot with such an accusation.

Volontiers, Canterre responded him with a forced laugh.

Be it known the right of a political party to meet. To act, to promote the interest of the party is guaranteed by our constitution, Theron? And we are fortified by the judicial tribunal in our country as to our right legally to gather. And to promote for our own party.

There is no impeachment therein. I, myself do appreciate this decision of the Higher Court, responded Theron.

And Canterre continued.

There is no concurring sepearte or individual that can prohibit these meetings.

True that remains Canterre. But there is a question touching upon the silken industry. This industry is a vast enterprise. Enormously so. Theron faltered at this point and Canterre studied his movements.

I presume thou dost know my party is now negotiating with Persia in this industry?

So, to that end I have been informed, replied Canterre.

It is not a matter of labour. Neither of the silks. But more, it is the important matter that of a market for our

silks. Being acquainted with our silken industries; Can-terre thou dost appreciate the fact that Egypt produces more by far, more silks than she can use. And thus. Egypt being flooded with these silks which will become cheap products. This is the commercial question of the hour. We learn this. There has been professional agitators visiting our institutes and our associations. They are negotiating for foreign commerce. And now to figure closely and with safe marks. Persia is the most promising country to negotiate with.

Canterre's eyes dwelled upon him with a severe glance.

And what hast thou, Theron. To propose to me? I am thy opponent.

I have this, answered Theron. I have much more to offer thee. I know the fiscal history of our country sufficiently to know that Egypt has invariably failed to make the proper market for this growing industry. And that Persia is the much needed market. I deem it a pitiful absurdity that Egypt should be wholly dependent upon foreign countries.

But Theron. I can not quite agree with thy opinion. Can one country ever be so entirely independent as not to need her sister country?

Rarely so! At any rate I have determined upon this plan, replied Theron.

My mind doth question. I scarcely can fall upon a phrase to illucidate my motive.

Theron moved uneasily. And Canterre anticipated a foul step.

As it were Canterre, began Theron in slow long drawn tones; as if to gather assurance. If I should manage to obtain such a contract from the Persian Shah? Wouldst thou consider to withdraw the prohibition from thy party platform?

Canterre was astonished. This was a proposition one which he had not anticipated. With greatest disdain he answered Theron.

Am I to understand sir, then. That thy proposition to me is one to bribe me against my own party platform?

So in a plain, measure. Canterre that is my proposition to thee. I do not believe thy judgement is dull. More plainly. Do we want our country to be thrown into a black panic? And too, Canterre. This move does not stand to block the platform of thy party. The prohibition is a wholly foreign issue. It is new to the grand old party of ages back. The one for which thou dost stand for to-day.

Then. My keen judgement was correct. I believed at once that thou were fearful that prohibition could both make and break thy own platform. Popular. Thy own keen wisdom bids thee clutch at this issue to strengthen thy party's platform. I believed as much.

And thou too, Canterre. Little faith indeed, dost thou hold in the fundamental principles of thy own party.

Theron! Permit me. Dost thou believe that I would be a party to such a double play?

In the fair name of heaven! Man is it possible that thou art so incapable of judging a commercial issue upon its own worthy merits?

It did seem that such loyalty to any one cause or measure, was unthinkable to Theron's cunning mind.

Manifestly. There is nothing in such a bribe for me to even consider, seriously. My good sense bids me scorn a foul play.

Ye gods! Art thou in a jest? Or in truth. Is it thy heresy, thy platform principles which actuates such an answer. Upon me faith, my good friend Canterre. This is a product of the soft stuff. So named. Conscience.

Theron, broke in Canterre with placid voice. As I entered into this chapel a moment past. Thou were in idly words discussing my party platform with thy political leaders. By providential chance. I heard thy ready comments spoken, so lightly. Thy sentiments of our sightless seers. In this, with and above all thy assumed satire. I readily detect the inborn reverence of thy country's traditions, is keenly alive within thee. I do not hesitate to reply to thy filthy bribe. Thou surely must not dare measure my loyalty to my cause with thy fictitious principles.

At these words, Theron smiled. He laughed hoarsely.

Yea Theron! Laugh. Thou faithless leader of the people. Go thou consult, obey the sightless seers of thy faith and creed. Their answers will be. It comes from the seer to go down to the depths of a man's soul and nerve him up to indignation at a mean measure. And to a determination to go to do greater things. And Theron. My answer would be akin.

Canterre remained standing in an attitude of contempt before Theron.

Whereupon Theron still seated, continued in bursts of coarse laughter. He toyed with a pencil. He turned to Canterre with these words.

Upon me faith, Canterre. I nearly forgot. The child, Rubyat tells me she saw the Princess Roxana with thee in the mulberry grove, and continued he with a malicious smile. How is the Princess?

The child Rubyat is perfectly correct, responded Canterre.

But how is the poisoned hand of the Princess? Is she really poisoned?

The Princess poisoned her hand severely with the fallen twigs which had been covered by the caterpillars, in the mulberry grove of the government.

Indeed, quite a misfortune. I am sorry. I have not heard news of the Princess to-day. How does she rest?

Quite much better, replied Canterre. The contemptuous smile upon the lips of Canterre told Theron that his insinuation found its mark in Canterre's pride; for several moments Canterre glared at him.

And then a profound silence fell upon the whole chape settling upon these two gentlemen.

Tell me, Canterre replied Theron laughing gaily in an attitude of vulgar showiness.

Thou art well familiar with my commercial plan in the silken industry. Likewise. The people must know. And I prythee hast thou spoken of it with the Princess Roxana?

Insolent Dog! cried Canterre. He angrily pounded the table with his fist. And hastily he turned leaving the chapel.

Theron left alone mused. He knitted his brow. He waved his hand above his head in gestures.

Then abruptly he threw back his head. He laughed.

Canterre is a spoiled Ass!

CHAPTER XX.

FINISHING STROKES.

When Princess Roxana had been poisoned by the twigs and when she had been placed in the carriage of Lady Vivian, she was driven into the palatial apartments of a courtly apartment. An apartment close to the apartment of Lady Vivian.

Montag drove into the inner garden of the court. Two footmen arranged the wide arched gate. And Princess Roxana was carried into a chamber as directed by Lady Vivian.

For days the Princess was nursed by the tender hands of Lady Vivian.

Many days after. In the silent beauty of the twilight of the evening. Princess Roxana was reclined upon a couch

before the round window of her chamber. It had an overlook into the court garden of the King's palace.

Her face was wan, but her large dark eyes were animated with the sparkle of returning health. She was now convalescent.

She counted the days when she might altogether leave the sick chamber.

Lady Vivian had gently nursed her. She comforted her as she suffered.

During the several weeks in which the Princess lay ill, she thought intensely hard. And fast. Reviewing her life in Cairo. This life so wantonly lived, now, appealed to her quiet mind in some what different light. As never before. Whereinto this train of thoughts came unto her, she could not understand. She allowed her eyes to rest upon an oddly carved Ivory Owl. It was nearly a unique dimly lighted bronze lantern. What meaning could ever the Egyptian put upon such an object? Alack! She was not an Egyptian. Idly then she turned her head away from this idol and looked out of the opening in the chamber and she fell to watching the twilight shadows stealing upon her couch. From the coming evening.

A decision enthused her. She searched these twilight shadows for a hope. Could it spring from out of the shadow lines of a dying day? Could it spring from the hidden embers of her Soul's awakening?

The slightest shadow of beleaguer'd hope stole quietly, settling upon her as she listened to the sweet notes of a song that floated upon the breezes and fell upon her in this silent hour of fancy reverie. She listened charmed by the singer. She slowly lifted her head, arose and noiselessly uncaught the long glass door. She looked out into this garden.

There below she saw an old man bent with age. He was the singer. She listened and she was caught by the melody.

Ah! He may come from the Casino. But should any man ask of me. I could fitly answer. This man comes into the palace garden as a divine singer. He is the servant of the Muses. And delivered of Apollo. For my eyes do clearly behold him and he carries a branch of the Laurel. This the symbol of Apollo's Inspiration.

Now the singer walked through the garden walls, and he lifted his face. His eyes she could plainly see wore a far off look. He smiled as he sang his Verses.

Surely he came but from the land of Love! So much did this sweet singer charm her.

Then. Undesirably upon the ear of the Princess a step sounded. She looked behind her. A voice so mean in tone fell upon her and shattered her pretty dream. For there stood Theron.

Theron I am surprised! she exclaimed in rude tones for she was impatient with his coming. Is this not a most untimely hour for thy visit here?

Greetings, my Princess. What matters the hour when my heart doth bid me here by thy side? Ah! my love thou art nearly restored to thy former self. My eyes do see the sparkle in these pretty eyes.

The face of Theron glowed unsightly to the Princess.

He put his arms around her slight waist and she rudely pushed him aside.

Theron. Indeed, thou doth well to not come here again. Thy boldness doth only chill me.

Upon me faith! My Persian Princess, my proud beauty. Come. Thou art peevish. Thy illness has weighed severely, too severely upon thee.

But the Princess drew still farther from him.

Theron thy tones disturb me, only. Thy actions dissect any pleasure that may come to me. I prythee, there can be little in thy words, thy actions to serve me pleasantly.

Nay! My pretty one. Thou art waxing a fruitless fury. Perchance. It is a playful pretense, a small artful whim? Come. On with beautiful dreams, my love.

In utter scorn the Princess drew herself aloof from him. She lowered her eyes squarely upon him. As he attempted to embrace her.

Thinkst thou, Theron I should have the kindly grace to waste such a *bonmot* upon such as thou art? I would not cozen the fool, his errand thereof.

Upon me faith! My beloved I should rather. Much rather believe thou art in some humor of jest than to know thy words are spoken in truth. Baffle! It doth indeed baffle the gods, that the luxurious Princess should pronounce disdain. Disdain in unsightly words. Upon her lover Prince. It must be these idle hours have cultivated thy fury. Come. I have great news for thee. My sweet Princess.

A glance of suspicion lighted her eyes. She then seated herself again and Theron sat upon a low stool before her.

And in this light, he studied her face for a few moments silently. Then he addressed himself to her.

Princess thou art indeed frail. Thy illness has fallen prey to thy convalescence.

Albeit. Thou didst suffer intensely for I detect it in the lines of thy face. My love. I am very sorry; but now, I am most happy that thou art restored to thyself.

True. Theron I did suffer much. Both pain and loneliness. I suffered unto a death, but I ween there shall never come into my life again, this pain of injured loneliness. Ah! Most bountiful thanks unto Canterre, I was delivered out of both pain and loneliness.

Canterre? And Theron sat amazed beyond words.

Yea! And didst thou not know that the Sacred Thorn. That which Canterre bound upon my poisoned hand saved my life?

Surely, Princess thou canst place no such credence in the power of the so named. Sacred Thorn?

Rather do I. This Sacred Thorn taken from the Crown of Thorns worn upon the head of his Saviour.

His Saviour? Has this man Canterre then a religion? Indeed. Ha! Ha! This man has a fool's mind swathed in false, in silly notions of a religion.

Theron! As thou hast a believe conditioning life and death. So Canterre dost possess the right. Being a Persian I know naught of this Saviour of the Christian People.

Bah! 'Tis but a tradition of the French. A power of provocation which the King of these French people do thus rule them with. My Princess, I feel perfectly amazed when I hear thee speaking of such a religion. And too thou hast spoken in such liberal terms. To hear thee announce that thy poison has been healed by such fabulous methods. Fie! It is but a mythical tale. This tale of the Crown of Thorns.

The Prince Governor did not attempt to suppress a sarcastic smile. And this smile which quivered upon his lips, fired the Princess to disgust. And more, when he continued.

My beloved thou art now healed. Thank the gods of good fortune. Now my plans.

What cajolery Theron? Thou do not feign a will and desire to acquaint me with thy personal affairs. It is so unlike thee, Theron.

Ye gods! What sarcastic romance my beloved.

And they both laughed heartily.

In truth, Princess. This is of the greatest interest to

thee. It is of the greatest interest and importance to me, in my affairs.

The Princess sat more erect and he leaned forward and kissed her hand.

Princess, my love. Thou knowst we are in the midst of heated political times?

Surely I know this, Theron. I hold a keen interest in this coming election.

As she lowered her eyes and smiled, Theron glared at her with a suspicion.

It is not my wish. Neither do I plan to thrust impertinent questionings upon thee. I would not disturb thee so. But I pry thee. Art thou of the opinion that the Shah, thy father has forgiven thy coming into Egypt?

The Princess arose instantly and glared at him fiercely.

My father. The Shah. He never forgives she responded with measured words.

Alack! My dear. Too harshly thou dost judge thy honourable father.

She was overcome at the mention of her father. For the Princess did, indeed possess a sick soul filled with a longing for her own home. She dropped upon the divan again. Nervously clutching at the side of its damask covering. Then she sat upright.

Theron I understand. Thou hast some political plot to draw the Shah into. It is thy mind to so involve the Shah.

Not in truth, my Princess. I have a commercial problem to offer the Shah. It is not a plot. Neither is it any scheme. It is a commercial and a valuable problem.

A commercial problem! exclaimed the Princess.

His countenance slightly flushed at these words from her.

It is the irrigation squares. They are among the most valuable holdings of Egypt and I have planned to seek of the Persian government. To sell bonds on this track. I have been advised that the Persian land, is our richest neighbor. Her treasury is in excellent holdings. And my Princess. It is this capital business scheme, that compels me to approach the Shah. To negotiate with him for this sale of these bonds.

Theron! And wouldst thou dare to enter back. Into Persia again?

Not so. I do not plan to go into Persia myself. I am planning to negotiate with the Persian government through my agent, M. Calies.

And then? Cooly demanded the Princess.

Then, my love that is the end of it all. For I do not stand a beggar at the gate of the Persian government. This problem is a legitimate business negotiation. Both honest and dignified.

And the Shah, my father?

The Shah? Do not all important deals await his imperial signature?

Truly, Theron.

I have dared to hope, Princess Roxana. That thou might intercede for me. This is a most important deal and thy excellent judgement commends thee.

I? Bah! It is utterly impossible. The Shah would not even as much as consent to give me audience for such an interview.

Not so dearest. Thy father doth await thy coming back into Persia. I well know. And. My love, continued Theron for he believed the Princess had softened. Should the Shah refuse to accept my commercial plan. Of this I am fearful. Then. I shall depend upon thy efforts.

The Princess remained sullenly attentive.

And should my father, even above my efforts refuse thy offer?

I have little fear. The Shah is too keen a ruler not to appreciate this commercial plan. He will grasp this advantage for the good of his own country. The Shah is fair minded. He is far-sighted. This transaction might mean the greatest strides towards new commerce negotiations which all neighbouring countries are striving to enter into.

And I prythee, Theron. What of this new commerce enterprise?

My dear it is that of forming a belt of industries. This is much discussed at the present time by promoters. It is just now ripe for a head.

And now my love. Dost thou believe that the Shah could be reached to the better advantage. Rather. That is to say, could he be better persuaded by his lovely daughter?

Upon this moment. Deepest thought caused a silence. A stillness broken only by the agitated Princess who meditated on the words of Theron.

Whereupon Theron grew thoughtful and he noted how sullen the Princess remained. Theron, thou art in great error. I dare not consider such an impudent proposal.

Impudent? Thy words are bitter, Princess.

And less bitter than my thoughts of such an offensive

plot. Thou hast been in communication with the Shah? And with a repugnance upon her countenance, she rudely grasped his arm.

I have, my love.

And thou who pretends such a fondness for me, why hast thou not told me before? Thou surely know that I am in despair of news of my father and from my home. Quicke tell me. How is it with my father? Is he in goodly health? She asked breathlessly.

The Shah rests in anxious hope for thy return, my love. But. He may not be intoxicated with the news of thy return. And yea, he advises me that he is in excellent health.

He advises thee? Why? When!

Upon the yestern, morn.

And for what reason?

The commercial proposition, Princess.

I thought. That is. Thou just told me, my father knew nothing of this matter as yet? Ah! Then thou hast conjured all this against me to force me into the submission of consent. Thou!

Fartherest from it, my love.

She stood directly in front of him. Answer me Theron. How in what manner didst thou communicate with the Shah?

I commissioned a heralder into Persia some days past. Upon yestern morn I received his answer.

But what of thy message unto the Shah?

Theron reluctantly turned his eyes away from her.

I apprised him of thy illness.

My illness?

Yea. After all were thee not ill?

Traitor! And his answer?

He commissioned a heralder back into Egypt. His exact words were these.

I await the Princess's return back into Persia. A father's arms are open to her. I shall direct a train of attendants to fetch the Princess safely back.

Father! The Princess sobbed and turned away from him.

My love thou art well enough now to travel. Wilt thou not return back into Persia?

Yea. A thousand times. When my strength permits me.

Ah! Suppose. Perchance I say thee nay.

The Princess started forward toward him as if to strike him. Then she stepped back again. She gathered the folds of her robe tightly round her slender body that even her

robe should not touch Theron. A blaze of fire gleamed upon him from her two bright eyes.

Thou? Indeed thou say me nay!

Exactly! replied Theron.

She tossed her head until her black braids of silken hair swung round her shoulders.

She laughed frantically, then folded her arms tightly. Her lips were bitter with lines of scorn.

Thou? By what authority dost thou assume such a privilege with the Princess of the Royal House? When the Persian Shah doth call.

My dear Princess thou are in Cairo now. My protégé. *Peut-être* laughed the Princess.

It is *peut-être*, my love answered Theron with a borrowed smiles.

What dost thou mean by *peut-être*? she asked.

I may become frank with thee, my dear.

And if thou become frank with me, Theron. It will be the first, the only occasion.

Bah! such angry passion. My love it becomes thee not. The lovely Princess of Persia.

And if becoming so, it portrays the effect of thy threat upon me.

Wilt thou swear to me, my love. That. To gain the Shah's consent for this deal?

Absurd! What in the name of the heavens have I to do in such a great problem? Never in my life have I conferred with the Shah in commercial matters. Never have I conferred even with the Courtiers.

Come my love. Constante, the governor of the Shah's Council would he not serve thy will?

Upon my faith. Constante would stand as if stricken with a thunder bolt, were I. The Princess Roxana to ask such of him. And it would be useless for he holds no power over the Shah. The Shah makes his own decisions. I assure thee.

Then, there was another nobleman. One of the noble caste. Ah! I now recall his name. Willard! The Sovereign Prince Willard. It is he who stood in such goodly repute. He who stood well in thy kindly favour. Was it not this gallant Sovereign Prince Willard, who is reputed to have entered the great chariot race to please the Princess Roxana? And upon this occasion did not the Princess sit in the magnificent areana flaunting his colours. Of blue and white spurring him on to win in this race? Never did man drive so

magnificently. So it is related by the people. Never did man stand. So proud. When crowned by the hand of the charming, the fair Princess. His laurel crown. Rumor has it. This Prince had this crown sculptored by the greatest artist in all Persia. And it can be seen resting upon a black marble pedestal inlaid with the mother of pearl. Which stands in the first place within his palace.

This Sovereign Prince Willard, my love for thee. He will.

But Theron did not finish his words. The Princess stepped before him. Close. Closer.

Stop! Not another word. Thy base suggestion is only of thy kind.

Ah! my love. Such fury doth fly from such sweeten coral lips.

Theron thou hast made thy purport clear. Now be gone!

But he remained motionless.

My love should I refuse to allow thee to return unto thy father. Refuse to consent to thy leaving Egyptian borders?

Then. This is my answer. I shall never scribe one herald to the Shah. I shall never seek to gain his consent for this contract. This debauched trick. It will never, never. Listen well to my words. Never be thrust upon the unsuspecting Shah. Thou shall never succeed in thy attempt to negotiate with Persia in such a deal. I prythee Theron, go! Lest thou dost, rue thy stay.

Since thou art in such pretty furies. I leave thee now my love. But upon the morrow I shall return for thy answer. For tonight. Think. Consider well my proposition. And think gravely on it.

The door! replied she as she stood pointing to the door.

Goodnight my beloved! And Theron left the chamber.

The Princess fell upon her divan and sobbed. For a homesickness was upon her.

And then. The door swung open and Rubyat came tripping in. Radiant in the beauty of her youth, laughing as she always was. Upon her arm she carried a covered reed basket.

Princess Roxana I have fetched thee a pigeon for thy dinner.

Why Rubyat, dear sweet child! Thou art indeed kind and sweet to me.

She arose and lighted the lanterns. Rubyat uncovered the

basket and opened the reed lid. From among the spotless linen she took the pigeon out upon its plate.

And she chatted all the while the Princess devoured the meat of the pigeon.

Rubyat, how tender! How good! Surely thou couldst tempt even the dying with thy delicate pigeon. And didst thou indeed prepare the pigeon with thy own hands? That I did Princess. I prepared it myself. I wanted to carry a fresh one to thee.

What can I ever do to repay thee, my sweet child?

I do not wish any pay, my Princess. I only wish to please thee. Shall I not fetch thee another tomorrow?

Nay! Not upon the morrow but another day, Rubyat. It is delicious meat. And Rubyat thy laughing face cheers me very much. Too. I have been very ill and people who are shut within four walls, away from all the beauties of Nature—they do become very dull. Their heart becomes hungry. Their days like the nights hold an incubus. It makes them weary and they long for brightness. Indeed sweet child, I wish thee to come every day. Thou must come and sit with me.

A shadow passed over the sunny face and Rubyat became restless. A shadowy morbid thought seemed to settle upon her.

Rubyat what is it? Have I said anything to grieve thee? Thou art not ill, surely?

My Princess I love thee so much! I love thee next to my father. For since my mother has gone away. Father and me. We just live for one another.

Poor lonely child! And the Princess stroked her pretty curls.

Ah! Nay my Princess. I am never lonely. I am happy all the time. But Princess, am I in truth a bother to thee? Do I disturb thee?

Why Rubyat! Nay. Such a question. What ever put that foolish notion in thy pretty head?

Must I really tell thee, Princess? Then. Promise not to tell him.

I promise Rubyat, replied the Princess and she kissed the rosy cheeks of the girl. And the Princess thought the girl referred to her father.

It was the Prince Governor M. Theron!

The Prince Governor Theron? exclaimed the Princess.

I just met him and he scolded me for my coming here

every day to sit with thee. He said. I only bored thee. That I should never come here again.

But Princess I shall be so lonely if I can not sit with thee each day.

The Prince Governor has told thee this?

He did, my Princess.

Dost thou, then know him, my child? Whereupon Rubyat dropped upon her knees before the Princess and kissed her hands in her happiness.

Ah! Know Theron? Yea. I know him for he comes nearly every night to visit me.

The Princess stood upon her feet.

He comes nearly every night to visit thee, Rubyat?

Nearly so, my Princess. But he is so busy with his duties that he can not sit long with me. I mean a long, long time like I sit with thee, my Princess.

The Princess dropped upon her divan again. She closed her eyes to shut out the terror of her thoughts.

My child! Dost thy father know of the visits of Theron?

Well. Not exactly my Princess. I promised Theron that I would not tell father. That is until we are wedded.

Wedded! exclaimed the Princess.

Ah! That is the secret. But thou wilt never tell it to any one? We are to be wedded soon. Theron and me. And, my Princess I am so happy!

And the girl danced in glee around the chamber.

Princess I have never told any person but thee. I do love Theron so! And Theron loves me. Just like.

Yea child, just like what? Thou art quite certain Theron loves thee?

Ah! I am sure of it. For he has told me many times. Just like the gallant Knights in the Romance, my Princess. And my Princess won't it be glorious when we are wedded?

A mist swam before the Princess. She looked long upon the sunny face of this young sweet girl, as she danced in her great joy.

Gods! Such mocking destiny! broke from the lips of the Princess.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SMELLING OF THE ZEPHYRS—

SHEMN-EN-NESEEM.

It was Spring. And the Spring-time in Cairo was a season of spirit and joy. Nature was glowing with a freshness that invigorated the minds of the people and a freshness that

filled the hearts with a tender spirit of harmony. The land about wore an inspiring look. The people in hailing the returning warmth, the colour of this young season soon forgot the dool of the grey winter just gone. For the winter had been grey for many. It had been most melancholy for more.

Have ye seen a flying cloud? What go ye into the wilderness to see?

Are ye going to the cry of the plover? Its plaintive wail doth charm me not. Its songs to me are but one continuous wail of sorrow. Of dismal sounds.

I abhor the plover more than any of the forest birds. I would have him banished from the fields. The fields are so beautiful this morning with their new glories. And this plover I gainsay comes to sing goodly news. I trowth it bears some evil omen.

Hark ye! 'Tis a morbid pity! The glad songs of all the song birds are hushed in strict obedience to this masterful bird.

Lady Vivian turned at the sound of these words. She faced a company of three gentlemen standing nearby. So near her that they could have reached out their hands, they could have touched her. How long had they been standing there?

She had been sitting in a lonely soliloquy for some time. Wholly apart from the passersby.

Was the lovely Lady Vivian a dyed stoic in the midst of all the glorious realms of bright Nature? Upon this pleasant morn of celebrations, that she could remain so unmoved?

An individual rhapsody Lady Vivian?

Ah! Greetings gentle sir! I prythee in answer to thy wandering questions. Nay! I go not out into the way of the desert wilderness. I go this roadway that which doth lie before thee and to the East. It leads into the lands, the beautiful lands where ravishing Nature is this day resplendent with responsive glories unto Egyptian greetings. For there in the open our gods and with Nature—the people of Cairo are gathering this day to keep their vows to their gods. To give thanks for their bountiful goodness unto them.

Canterre for it was he who with his two companions had entered into these fields had spoken to Lady Vivian.

Lady Vivian, I crave thy pardon. This plaintive plover hath caused the blunder with its weird song.

Gentle Sirs, how carelessly thou hast spoken. For. Hark

ye, the plaintive plover even now is whist. The song birds lilting. And my dear sirs. Behold the lavender, the black and the white colouring of this plover, is there no beauty in the bird?

This small company stood in observation of the plover. For there upon a cactus-hedge within a minutely short distance from where they stood, this majestic bird stood.

It was beautiful. So richly beautiful with its artfully blended colours.

And kind sirs! Behold the Sun, how it reddens the East. This. The so often named, majestic house of flame! It is shending marvelous glows upon our land. It brightens our people as they come to meet this bounteous spirit of praise and to greet the glad morn with rejoicings.

In truth Lady Vivian, we can see thy people in yon distant roadway. They appear to be in great numbers. In faith we can hear their anthems of rejoicings even the tones of their cymbals. They wave their laurel branches over their heads. They walk two and two in distinct lines.

What a manifestation! responded Canterre aloud.

In truth. One can but feel a sense of keen awakening that glads the heart upon such an occasion, spake one of this company of gentlemen.

It is an inspiration to come hither so early into the day to participate in this celebration, while the day is still young.

Gentle Sirs, it is. The Smelling of the Zephyrs—the shem-en-Neseem! And Lady Vivian bowed her head. The gentlemen lifted their turbans and stood with uncovered heads. When they raised their heads once more, Lady Vivian had slipped away.

The gentlemen turned to Canterre.

Canterre is it not a beautiful sight to witness such faith in these Egyptian people?

It doth thrill one's soul with secret delight, answered Canterre quietly.

And the lovely Lady Vivian is she not charmingly sincere in her worship?

She doth bear the courtly dignity of the Egyptian, responded Canterre.

Then the three walked on in silence. At the first turn in the roadway Canterre halted and leaned against a splendid locust-tree. As he tended there. His companions faltered. They respected his soliloquy and then, they walked slowly on. Knowing that he would come to them later.

When they had gone entirely. Canterre still reclining against the locust-tree with its large branches of delicate swinging leaves. He raised his head and the shadows of the morning sun playing through the slender threaded leaves of the tree made him smile lightly. And he mused with thoughts, aloud.

Ye gods! The heaven of light hath returned once more. There before me again didst appear the glorious lady of my heart's choice.

And then he become silent once more. He looked on into the roadway.

I wouldst not follow wandering fires. I go but to revel in the beauties of this splendid day. List! the song birds do sing their songs with softer tones. The Sun. It doth red- den the East more red. I can see the steep paths winding up and round the hills, and they are bordered by thickets of flowering shrubs. The glade just beyond therein, the throng of people do enter. And I, Canterre follow!

With these outspoken words he followed this roadway.

Fair morning Canterre!

He turned upon hearing this fresh young voice; and he stood face to face with Rubyat.

Greetings Rubyat!

O, Canterre I prythee art thou going into the vale there?

I am going there certainly, Rubyat, responded Canterre.

I prythee, I shall walk with thee for I am so lonely.

Lonely my child? Lonely in this refreshing vale?

Yea, but not so lonely. It is the snakes in the vale, I am in fear of them, Canterre.

Then come with me. We shall encounter no snakes here, my child.

And hand in hand they walked up the long roadway leading into the vale.

The vert is of such a distinct freshness, Rubyat. Every shrub budding in its own peculiar colour. Many light, many lighter, dark and both light and dark. But all vividly alive with new life.

It is wonderfully pretty this morning, and how I love the warm sunshine, Canterre, answered Rubyat who was always charmed with the different moods of Nature.

From Nature the Egyptian must have borrowed their vivid flaring colours, me thinks!

Rubyat and Canterre walked on in silence. On just ahead

they could see the people. They were entering there, into a field. The Sacred Mount must be there.

I follow! How good to breathe in the vernal spirit of Nature. To bask in the dawn's greetings. It is a privilege for these people of the Orient.

O ye gods! What a freedom following the stifling Court. To be free in the open, with no one to lay claim to thy rights, with no one to measure thy duties.

Everywhere! Every distant point of the fields portrays the weird fantastic shapes of Nature. They rise in all directions. Some small, some large but all majestic!

It is surely Nature's sculptored work. Nature the artist with no teacher, neither a master but its Creator.

Canterre halted and he dropped the hand of Rubyat. He placed his hand over his own eyes. *Par hasard*, memories befogged him, once more.

Canterre, thou art ill? asked Rubyat looking frightened.

Nay, Rubyat. Then with a deep bitterness he hoarsely answered. It was just a momentary exaltation—a consecration must be fast descending upon me.

And dost thou not understand Canterre? We are close to the Sacred Mount.

Rubyat spake timidly of this reverent place.

Then. Thou may go nearer Rubyat. I wish to remain apart from the throng of people, for thou dost not fear now?

I thank thee, kind sir. I will not fear now.

And Rubyat went off with a bound and disappeared among the moving people.

What a tradition! To lay hold upon these people. I marvel at them. There is nothing that can create a knowledge to my hungry mind. 'Tis not a balm for my recluse soul. These prophets of Egypt may divine by means of their oracles. By means of their glass. Of their Sands. Be what it may. They are possessed of a recondite influence that which workth hard and strong upon the minds of these people. It is well done if they hold and versify their working power over these people to dissuade the inquiring mind or dissipate any unrest arising from an unbelief. Methinks. I. Canterre being not of the Egyptians must not bring dissension to fray the divination of these famed prophets.

I do beg mercy for my sincere hope that sweet content arrest all anxieties of the Lady Vivian. May these, her gods lead her not too blindly.

He reclined himself upon a fallen log.

Life! What is life? The philosopher, the scientist, the dreamer. All. Speak in vague, misty terms. So vague that we can not comprehend.

Me thinks if all these people do truly catch the rubiac glow of yon Eastern Sun. Life for them is rosy. *Mais* if a wirey net of sullen doubt binds them. Veils their eyes to hope—then life to them unfolds in grey lines. More grey than the mist that arises from the Siene. Arising solidly higher, higher above the Siene of the French.

Canterre, I greet thee. I came so late this morning. I nearly lost my path too. Thou art late like myself.

Fairest greetings, Lady Catherine, responded Canterre as he turned and faced her.

But thou art here alone Canterre. Why?

I have not been alone. Rubyat just left me. She went into the masses yonder. She wished to go near the Sacred Mount.

Rubyat? asked she in surprise.

Whereupon Canterre's face slightly flushed.

Yea, the child overtook me as I walked upon the roadway. She was in a dreaded fear and fright that she might encounter a snake, laughed Canterre frankly.

The child! responded Lady Catherine.

And Canterre. Just now as I approached this spot. I could not help hearing thy sentiments. I overheard a mixture. As I believed to be of philosophy, of love, of Nature and also, some phrases of beautiful sentiments. What in good faith were they?

Upon my faith, I do not quite recall, Lady Catherine. I was but philosophizing with my own thoughts.

There is none better for an appreciative audience, Canterre, laughed she.

I feel a loneliness here Lady Catherine. So saying he pressed his hand upon his heart.

But Canterre. From that fountain of love always spring the purest and sweetest sentiments. And. I trowth I heard bitter words. I heard this I am sure.

What? asked Canterre with quicke attention.

And she continued in repeating these words she overheard from him.

The machine of the world is the work of an intelligent and powerful being. Thou who art intelligent ought to admire Him. Thou who are laden with His gifts ought to adore Him.

Correctly recited Lady Catherine. That is the verse motto from Voltaire.

And it remains all strange to me, responded she.

Ah! Lady Catherine. It is strangely versed though it is divinely true. We are many of us nobly blest. Many heavy laden with the gifts of the Creator.

In truth, Canterre we are created by the gods, and these gods have blest us greatly.

The gods? Sharply asked Canterre.

Certainly! Who but the cycle of gods can ever bless human life?

And Canterre threw up his hand in a judgement. He turned his head away and to one side.

Cela Suffit! Elle se tremble pour ses Dieux: mais moi: Je n'ai pas peur parce que je n'ai pas tels Dieux!

Now these french phrases fell upon her and she grasped them with a perplexed feeling but she answered him not.

My dear Lady Catherine, I prythee thy fair pardon! I meant plainly. I do not fear a cycle of gods as thy people do.

Canterre, can it be possible that thou canst remain irreverent to the gods? I petition for thee Canterre. And may the wrath of the angry gods be spared thee. For this denial and such irreverence.

Never fear, Lady Catherine. I thank thee for thy goodly wishes. Give me an audience and I shall relate to thee of my faith in my Creator.

Then Lady Catherine remained silent but with a look of interest in her face. And she turned her eyes upon him with a peculiar and questioning pity as he recited these words. And with a most sublime sentiment.

The Lord *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou *art* with me; they rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RETURN TO THE TEMPLE.

The day of the Smelling of The Zephyrs was nearly finished. The people were returning from the palm groves of the Nile. The ceremonies of the religious worship had been solemnly carried out by all the people. And the people returned into the Sacred Temple. This would complete the religious ceremonies in commemoration of the day.

An antique chariot blazing with brightest gold and drawn by white horses drove down the roadway leading a procession. In it rode the King and Lady Vivian with several escorts. One escort wearing a suit of black velvet embroidered with many gems. The other wearing the same. The King was majestic in his crimson velvet robe which was banded with ermine fur.

The people followed the gold chariot of the King in close lines. In the most ceremonious fashion down the public highway.

The wearing of the fine web of the Nile with the wearing of the coarse brown felt. The yellow morocco boots almost concealed by the outer thick shoes and the red homely shoes. All came in mingled lines not altogether in uniform. Upon this hour of the approach of this procession of worshippers. And as the King came near the Temple. The heavy doors of the temple which were embossed in thick raised figures of the most antique design and holding lines of heavy brass, with brass handles. These doors were thrown open. From the bowled fountains of the burning incense, the sweet scented vapor pleasantly met the King as he entered into the temple.

Their King. With Lady Vivian were the first of these worshippers to enter. And they stood before an altar. An altar of rare workmanship. Of whiten marble.

Then the King having entered. The people were permitted to follow in close line.

From the tuneful but the loud music of the cymbals without this vast temple. The harp with its tension and pitch so low. Greeted the people soothingly.

The Egyptian harp played horizontally was bourne upon the shoulders of an Egyptian youth. This youth was renowned as a polished performer upon this elegant harp. And this was a musician of taste and fertile fancy. His tones were as sublime. They inspired the worshippers.

And this was the only music heard within this temple. Up-

on this unlike other occasions, the harp-player in the *Mehrab* or the niche commonly used for prayer in this temple. And this music was the only music heard within the temple.

In a most graceful manner this temple was festooned with bands of the laurel.

Upon the *Mimbar* or the pulpit, there was not a prophet but a Sainted Sooth-Sayer. This Sooth-Sayer ordained the guests with a greeting of the delicate lotus bud. This bud they dipped into the ointment, which was contained in the center fountain.

After receiving this greeting. The guests departed from the temple in solemn respect and gratification.

This alone was the conclusion of the most simple ceremony of the Smelling of the Zephyrs. And the doors of the temple were closed.

The tones of the golden harp were silent. The cymbals now triumphantly struck their tones.

From epic calmness of the temple swelling into a torrent of gladdened hearts. The people dashed vehemently onward to their homes.

It is well known that the all-love-eloquent. The devotion of the Egyptian to his gods, become one ideal in his life. And religion plays a very great part in the life of the oriental people.

This occasion of the Smelling of The Zephyrs was annual in Cairo.

Upon one corner of a public roadway. Sat a dervish upon a huge stone. He continually muttered as his bent body swayed to and fro in motion.

And Life is but

A shadow on the wall—a falling leaf
Toy'd with by autumn winds—a flower—a star
Among the infinite infinitesimal!
We are but breath whispering against the wind,—
Sand in the desert!—dew upon the sea!”

This old dervish sat watching the passing people. Some men perched upon the backs of asses. Some upon the camels. While others were riding in carriages and a few in carts. All passed this corner. The King. The whole of Cairo. Even to a number of ragged street boys who taunted the old dervish as he sat there. Then he arose walking away.

And the old dervish was last seen far down the roadway with slow steps and bent form. Leaning upon his stick.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONE CONTRITE HEART.

*"Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."*

Comus — Milton

The Desideratum!

The following day. That is to say the next day after the Prince Governor M. Theron had communicated his contemplated scheme to the Princess Roxana. The Princess sat in the court garden leisurely watching the idle passersby. Children. Frolicksome youths. Men and women.

One woman there was who passed and repassed the garden gate. This woman was carrying a heavy water-jar. The Egyptian *bellasse*.

The pallid drawn face of the woman appealed to the kind sympathy of the Princess. This. A common sight it was too, in the city. Yet one to which the Princess could never compromise herself. The jars were vastly too large. Too weighty for a woman's shoulders.

This burdened woman came. She passed. She disappeared into the mingled masses of the roadway leading past and making a turn just beyond this garden gate.

Every person passing seemed to hurry with lively, brisk steps.

And this woman walked with a quicke and short step. There was something in this pathetic picture. Something that which moved the Princess to tender sentiments. And a tear glistened in her eye.

How many times had the Princess seen this woman. And others too. Day after day plodding along in their toils. For the peasant women of Cairo as in all oriental countries worked long and hard. However. Upon this particalur evening the Princess saw it all in a vastly different light. This picture full of shadows!

Slowly. Nearly sadly the Princess turned and with an inert step, with a burdened heart throbbing in pain. She went into her own chamber. Even there. She felt a chilly loneliness. With a secret clinging sense of guilt she went to an inlaid pearl cabinet. Made of ebony-wood. She withdrew from its shelf a Persian Rosary.

This Rosary. It was but a string of semi-transparent straw coloured. Or amber coloured beads. Fondly she clasped this Rosary. And numerated the beads of yellow. Then. She reclined herself upon her couch and fell to sobbing. She buried her face in her small hands. *Enfin*, she resolutely lifted her tear-stained face. Her eyes wandered over and beyond the outside view of the gardens.

How different from one hour past!

She looked again. The streets below looked splendid in their busy aspect. The gardens appeared gorgeously beautiful with the morning's bright Sun shining upon them, liken kisses of warm love.

There was then. A phantasm! Nay, not a fancy. It was a feeling of unhappy regret. And a passionate regret that seemed to walk just beside her in the closest companionship. It lingered within the twilight tinge of her sorrow.

And that dark sorrow was. The rash deed she had committed in leaving her home.

Now, she was banishing it from out of her life forever. She sunk her fingers into the velvet drapery as if to gather strenght from its soft touch.

She was weary of the extravagance of her careless life. She longed for freedom of these stained memories.

Alack! Even yestern-day it was. I sank in deep sorrow, my heart and mind held in grey gloom. But. To-day. I arise from the tribunal of conscience. My rank, my fortune as a daughter to the Mighty Persian Shah of the Royal House of Persia. It places me from this day hence. Above. The common bribe of careless luxury.

O, winds of the heavens. Winds of the North, of the South, of the East and of the West. Winds of the Orient. Bear these memories hence, away. Away, into space. Infinite space surrounded not even by the skies. Neither the earth.

My mind is troubled with them. Like ghosts of yestern-day they cling to the open portals of the morrow. Away with them!

And should I return into Persia again. The same luxuries of an empty life waits me. There always, always ready to settle down upon me with a griping and an extortionate tread. This is undeniable. In Persia. I would be again what I once was. The petted child of the house of courtly riches. In Cairo. The life of indulgence. So indulgent so false!

Upon my faith the thought of it all makes me ill. It revokes a disgust.

True, true! The ancient proverb. That false glare attracts but a little while, then it offends the eye!

And true. More true the invisible involution of love, and of sorrow reach high in the human heart. Little opportunity has a person to not taste of this knowledge. Yea! The opportunity is as narrow as *Al-Sirat's* Arch. The bridge of breathe quoted to be narrower than the thread of a famished spider.

The Princess now moved as if to impeach her own mind. Then tossing her head. She waved her hand with an indifference and as if impassioned by a thrill of pleasure to banish her thoughts she mused in loud phrases.

Ah! Youth, sweet fickle youth, wildly dost thou whirl in mad joy.

And. Reason, thou guardian of impulsive youth, strictly dost thou serve thy powers. But after all. The fuller life that which follows free youth. Is the time wherein mind has been enriched with the real value of life. The hour of common sense.

Sweetest joys come after we drink of the Cup of Sorrow. There is the unanswerable evidence in our beautiful world that when the light of years of life depart. We live by faith and by the strenght of the hope of still greater things.

And upon this moment the Princess walked to the opening of her chamber.

She stood in a rapturous and purple misty haze. For her mind was ravished with high and noble thoughts.

She lifted her eyes upward. She clasped her Rosary and then she repeated in slow distinct voice.

I do now. Upon this hour pledge myself to forever banish my careless, empty life and I go henceforth to seek. To enter into a fuller life. To serve humanity. In the fullest measure in all things!

She then with a happy step walked out of her own chamber and she entered into the garden. Wherein she had reclined but a few moments past. She reclined in the shadow of the palms. And she was refreshed. She fell to listening to the tales of the wandering dervishes as they passed beyond the garden wall. She listened to the soft verses which floated through the gardens, coming from the gondolas upon the bay, nearby. And her thoughts drifted into dreams.

High. Higher above all she pictured the Convent of the Christians. The low vesper bells rang softly. And did she not hear them? For she murmured in her dream. O, vesper bells! I come to answer thy hest!

And the fair dreamer dreamed on. Heaven itself stooped to her!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FISHERIES OF FEIYOOM.

Blightly young girls bearing a smile as the morning light. Youth wheedling them into the groves of Feiyoom. Gallantly they walked side by side. The spirit of joy bursting upon every heart.

Some of Cairo's pleasure loving people upon this Spring-time day were indulging in pigeon fancying. Some were just returning from a solemn hunt of killing the crocodile on the Nile. Yet a goodly number there were. Who were gathered within the picturesque groves of Feiyoom.

It was the seasonal change. Springtime. The vast fisheries of Feiyoom were most interesting. The natural beauty of the fields hedged by the Indian fig added much to the setting of these fisheries.

The song birds with their dulcet songs. The chit-chat of the field birds and the zick zack cry of the black headed plover. All these songs harmonized in a pretty welcome into Nature's fresh fields.

Mounting round the vast fisheries, shrubbery and upright growing plants were fresh and. The papyrus was seen in its graceful natural growth. Just beyond in a fertile hollow of the oasis, the sweet scented perfume of the rose fields was carried by the light winds. Which wafted the perfume of these rose fields like a vapor. Nature invited every one to come out. To frolic upon her green carpets of velvet.

Yet. Princess Roxana remained within her chapel. She having refused to accept the proposed plan of Theron—that of returning or of interviewing the Shah in behalf of Theron's commercial plan. Again upon the previous night, she this grand day sat within closed doors and in an unapproachable mood. She wanted but to be left alone. And she was.

Upon this bright day. Lady Vivian with Lady Catherine was out in the midst of the midst of the gay people. They enjoyed the frolics of the open field sports.

Lady Vivian was very chic in a linen cloak, long, loose and belted. Upon her head she wore a severe strait linen hat, banded with black leather. Her boots of dull black were

topped with vivid red. Her gloves of brightest green. She carried her ivory walking stick gracefully.

Lady Catherine was another picture of ultra-smartness. She wore a linen cloak, long and belted, of the deepest colour, blue. And with a round cape of scarlet plaid. Her turban, small and neat. Was of white linen trimmed with bands of brightest Egyptian embroidery. Her boots of blue linen were trim. Her gloves of white were spotless and as gracefully. As Lady Vivian. Did she carry her ebony walking stick.

Lady Vivian walked away from the center of the sports. And Lady Catherine followed her.

Catherine I know thou art planning to ramble out into the fields, to sketch.

In truth my dear, I had planned to sketch. The artist's desire is strong upon me. For there never was a more perfect day. Never a more bewitching setting than these rose fields in the distance. And so seldom do I ever come so far out into the country as the Fisheries.

But Catherine. I forgot my sweet companion. Is there no one going with thee?

Lady Catherine smiled and answered her.

Mordane. Thou knowst that Mordane always sketches with me.

Then I shall not accompany thee, my dear.

Indeed, thou will accompany Mordane and myself. Come!

And the two ladies walked towards the fields. Directly, they were joined by Mordane. And the three walked on.

Ah! Gloriously beautiful, exclaimed Lady Catherine. Beauty doth silently reign queen in these fields of Feiyoom. Of all the great beauties of Egyptland.

Herein dost lie the most beautiful.

The fields are fresh with a roseate beauty responded Lady Vivian.

And could they be more beautiful, coming from illustrious Nature? asked Mordane.

Impossible, responded both ladies.

A few steps farther brought them into one ideal spot.

Here! exclaimed Lady Catherine. I have found my place. And she seated herself upon an elevated ridge at one edge of the rose field.

Mordane please fetch thou, my frame. Is this not a perfect spot, Mordane?

It is picturesque, answered he.

And then. The two artists at once began to sketch.

Catherine, I prythee. I shall roam round through these heaps of roses. Behold! How brilliant the whole field looks with the bright sun light upon it. I shall return later. *Au Revoir!* And waving her hand Lady Vivian was gone.

The artists sketched on.

Mordane this scene can scarcely be reproduced, remarked Lady Catherine. Without raising her eyes from her sketch.

But by the hand of Lady Catherine replied Mordane. With a low voice. A voice filled with love sentiment.

I thank thee Mordane. But it is bad form for one artist to flatter his scholar.

I trowth thou wouldst hear, only the truth from me?

I always trust I shall from thee, Mordane.

And the artists sketched on in silence.

Mordane seeth thou the one perfect tawny double rose nearest to thy side? Is that one not wonderfully pretty?

Now Mordane arose and stood by the side of Lady Catherine. His eyes searched in the pointed direction and he sooned sighted it.

That one! Yea I can easily get that one for thee, Catherine.

Nay! I do not wish it to be plucked, Mordane. I noticed it immediately as we sat here. I love it in its rich yellow colouring.

Before she could stop him. Mordane reached forth his hand and plucked the rose. He fetched it to her.

I thank thee, Mordane. And holding the rose close, in both hands, she buried her nose deep into its pretty pedals, devouring its fragrance as well as its soft and elegant beauty.

When she lifted her head, Mordane was still standing close before her. So close that she started. The ardent pent up love which she knew he was concealing from her through all the long days of their modeling, leaped into his eyes, now.

Suddenly he bent over her and clasped his arms around her. He kissed her with hot burning kisses.

At this moment. Lady Vivian was returning and coming near. She faltered.

Lady Catherine at the sight of Lady Vivian slyly pushed away from Mordane's embrace.

Nay, Catherine dear, and Mordane. My darlings! I prythee, I am going away. And with a merry laugh she was gone again.

Lady Catherine blushed scarlet to the tip of her pretty

ears. But the happy lovers did not turn to look after Lady Vivian.

And Lady Vivian out of sight of them seated herself upon a clump of roses in a newly discovered nook. She drew from her leathern bag a volume of papyrus. And she began to scribe a reverie in pretty phrases and it was of a poetical meter.

Suddenly. She heard not a sound, but she felt a hot breathe upon her left cheek.

She dropped her papyrus and turned slowly. She turned into the face of a black slave.

His vicious eyes intent upon her. Then. Rudely he tore the papyrus from her lap.

And he ran faster. Faster. Out of her sight.

She sat in her fright at first, then after a few moments she arose. Gathering up her papyrus and her crayon she ran quickly to Mordane.

Mordane! Catherine! A slave, I knew him not. He came stealing upon me. He snatched my papyrus. Then he ran on out of that side of the field.

A black slave Vivian? They both cried in one excited breathe. And looking in the direction to which she stood pointing.

Yea. A black slave. And I know him not.

Strange! What were thee scribing Vivian?

But a fragment of verse, I call it, my dears.

Ye gods! The Muses then the black devil! What an immoral calamity!

As Mordane uttered these words. The three laughed in the spirit of mischievous sport.

And continued Mordane. The inspiration gone. Banished into oblivion by the spirit of the dark shades.

Ah! laughed Lady Vivian. But thou art too ready with thy merry wit. Nay! the inspiration has not gone down into oblivion. For behold! I have a facsimile.

Lady Vivian drew a papyrus from her bag for she had scribed upon the carbon sheet.

The Inspiration of the Muses preserved! exclaimed Mordane.

Together the ladies reclined themselves upon a grassy mound. And Mordane standing directly in front of them read aloud.

And this was the verse, metered upon the staff of sweet love.

THE DANCE OF THE MUSES.

I.

*Empurp'd are the heavens; the effluence of gentle zephyrs
Waft perfume of sentiment. Sylvan lyrists touch to lure
Strike luscious fragments, shend a balm for bruis'd hearts
Steep'd in the nectar of Love's Court,—Cupid's gild'd art
Darts in sighs piercing the windinstruments of Love's breathe.*

II.

*The darling Nymphs assemble in a labrinth of silent winds,
Singing in gold lattic'd spheres, messages luxurious.
Fascinations maze! Sunk in pleasant dreams upon the
jewel'd shrine
Odes to the Love Bard the Sylvans chant. Melodies har-
monious—
Fantastic chimes float everywhere, bourne of Love's Carols.*

III.

*The Muses dance in the Rose-bud Court of Love's dream
garden.
The laureate jambee of the Graces, in dainty gavot laden.
With delights, bend to enchant. The sweet breathe of bliss
Phantoms dreams and garlands the soul of dreamers—list!
Truant lovers. On yon flowery lay Apollo play's Love's
golden chords.*

IV.

*Bacchus's ruby cup is garnish'd with pearly Kisses—Love's
Bride
Is blown from the gods' breathe flush'd with beauty and
with pride,
Rosebud garlands gather the Sylphs in bridal chorus. A per-
fect Day!
Youth lends its sweetness, Love symboliz'th its trysting
place.
The Festive Court of Love is drunk with the Dance of The
Muses!*

Now. The black slave after stealing the papyrus from Lady Vivian. Ran nimbly.

Just within a certain nook near the Fisheries he met Theron who stood there, awaiting the return of the slave.

The slave placed the papyrus into the hands of Theron. With a bow he stood to one side of his master.

Theron read the sentimental verse much to his distain. As well as to his astonishment. Then an unsuspecting light gleamed in his eye.

What a blunder! And this—this silly love verse!

Ye gods but I will keep it. Perchance it may serve me, well.

He folded it neatly and placed it securely into his pocket.

Then turning he saw the black slave still standing by his side in his humble attitude. Then a merry laugh broke from Theron and in humor of fun, he said.

Anton, well done! Well done!

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BATH.

Princess Roxana! 'Tis she Vivian. Turn thy eyes towards the farthest opening. She comes this way.

So it is the Princess, Catherine. How pallid. She walks not all too certain. Let us hail her as she passes this way.

Directly through the open colonnade of the bath, the Princess glided as it were. She came and she passed them without a word.

Lady Vivian approached her and the Princess turned to greet her.

Greetings Princess Roxana! I am delighted to be with thee again. Thou art most welcome and I am happy that thou art so nearly recovered once more.

Greetings my friends. I thank thee I am in excellent spirits. And I do feel quite myself once again.

It doth seem that goodly fortune has guarded thee Princess, remarked Lady Vivian.

I grant it so. Goodly fortune in the kindness of such a friend and guardian angel, as the kind Lady Vivian. And. Too in the worth of Canterre's Sacred Thorn.

The Princess spake with gentle culture and with a tinge of sorrow. Whereupon Lady Vivian felt a kindness for her.

Come Princess. Recline thyself upon this bench. Perchance. Our Society may cheer thee.

And I am certain thy society will glad us. For mind thee Princess. Lady Catherine like thyself is most indolent.

Perhaps, it is but the habitual love of idleness, which has come upon thee, replied the Princess.

Indeed! Quickly responded Lady Catherine. I call it not an indolence. Neither a habitual love of idleness. The bath is a retreat of sweetest indulgence.

And. More Lady Catherine. It is a retreat for indulgent reveries. Of mad fancies. And madder imaginations, sighed the Princess as she threw herself upon the bench.

So spake the dreamers! And doth not such a spell of fascination ne'er clutch thy brain? Asked Lady Vivian.

Good friends, alack! Too frequently I fall into this charming chasm of life and of ultra bliss. Who is there among us who doth not? And bound by vagaries we all, alike sink into an all too inclined dreamer.

I prythee, answered Lady Vivian. Why dost thou say too frequently? Me thinks the sweeter dreams we snatch from life the more sublime is our life.

Sometimes, began Lady Catherine they become ferocious. They measure a dangerous rival to our highest ambition. They faint our choicest ideals. And they coerce us to fall a victim of idle dreams. All to fired with the unreal.

Not so well spoken Catherine. I can not agree with thee in such an opinion. Thy words art most foolish. I am of the same opinion as the Princess. I have the same inclinations. Not occasionally but many times. From everywhere and from every one. So fired with the enthusiasm of wafting ideals, I dream. Such extravagant dreams and idyls, so sweetly in the realms of pleasure. Lavished with the charm of. Shall I don it, love?

And why not Vivian? It is but the gift of love, answered Lady Catherine with a light laughter.

So it may be. The dreaming hours following the troubled times in our life. They belong to each alone. We shape them *jusqu'à* they become companions to our Soul. In waking hours. In the twilight of loneliness. And Lady Vivian finished these words with a deep sigh.

Ah! What price the gods must ask of me for my dreams! spake the Princess with a restlessness.

In truth! Interrupted Lady Catherine who was dull. Dear companion thou art fevourishly wrapt in lavishness this morning. Come forsake such sentiments.

Who can appreciate thy dreaming fancies upon this bright cheery morn. As for me my mind doth seem not so swathed in fantastic films. Why can we not drink in the cheerful spirit of this fresh day. The Bath is refreshing. Behold, the Sun doth even steal into the windows of art glasses in a merry way.

Then Lady Catherine faltered as she turned and saw the compassion in the eyes of the Princess.

Princess thou art in a lonely meditation for thy home and for thy own people, I trowth. The most natural of all.

I dare not say I am weary of thy people, dear Lady Catherine. Yet a true country-woman never forgets her own people. I do not find Egypt colourless. Neither dull. Again

I do not find the gracious charm that which seems to intoxicate my soul, in my own people. And this too is the most natural of all.

Then Princess, Egypt doth find favour with thee?

Truly. There is a beauty in Egypt. A realistic charm in thy country. Likewise. In thy people. For they are very attractive with their culture.

The Princess then sunk into a melancholy! She was silent and her large dark eyes were languid. She reclined her head upon the high back of the marble bench.

Wrapped in a yellow silken robe, she was a picture in elegant repose.

And upon this moment. To the amazement of the ladies. Theron came quite unexpectedly. And he was visibly confused to find the Princess with these ladies.

Fair morning ladies! And the deep tones of his voice aroused the Princess most abruptly. She startled and opened her eyes in a stony stare, sitting upright. A look of disdain then settled upon her face. Then as if with an after thought she greeted Theron with a courteous smile.

Greetings, Theron.

Theron kissed her extended hand. And the ladies like a flash noted this confusion. Then a silence like a misty veil fastened with crafty fingers, descended upon them. All.

Theron spake Lady Catherine, hast thou been within the colonnade?

I did just return from there in coming here, replied Theron.

Gallant Knight! To seek the beauty Court.

I quite accept thy opinion Catherine smiled Theron. We all know that unity and variety are the true conditions of beauty, in the elaborate Bath. Our passions are untamed by any lesser degree than indulgence in the pleasure of these fair and most notorious beauty courts.

Hist! Theron, cried Lady Catherine laughing mischievously. Have a care, Theron. For thou art dangerously near the door of the flattery temple in thy imagination.

Yea! Theron answered Lady Vivian. Just as thou didst join us. We were but discussing the lurking danger in cultivating our imaginations. Our imaginative faculties. Unto a degree of idle dreams.

Charmed exclaimed Theron that I am made one of such a party. I listen. I risk mine own ear. I admit my curiosity.

Nay, the fair ladies may they not continue their discussion. Upon me faith, not a cipher shall I venture.

Lady Vivian at this point of the conversation forsook her always polite culture. And with a mocking laugh she answered him quickly.

O most perfect! Most gentle knight of Cairo! Thou hast not been in, neither near the colonnade. For there. The philosophers do gather to-day to study their science.

And Theron tossed back his head laughing rudely at her attempt at satire.

Vivian thou dost well know Theron would not remain within the philosopher's colonnade. Whilst the fair gods have called their darlings here, to bask in the beauty of love's pleasure court! So nearly visible to the colonnade.

Then lowering his voice to almost a whisper he leaned close over the shoulder of Lady Vivian.

I am most sensible that with a heart burning with treasured love for thee, my sweet Vivian. It is not an injury to dare even to scoff, to seek one's own heart's desire.

She flushed but with a disdain. Whereupon the Princess who had been a witness to this, turned her eyes away from them. And a bell sounded then in clear chimes. As it died in its own echoes, slaves entered into this court of the Bath. The slaves served the party with wine. After having served this little group, the slaves passed on into the far colonnade. They then went to serve the philosophers, the literary men who sat reading aloud in pleasant voices, their choice productions.

The Princess arose to leave this party. Her silk scarf fell to the floor and Theron, quickly picked up the purple scarf. He wrapt it carefully around the pretty shoulders of the Princess. And in doing so he whispered distinctly into her ear.

It will be wise that thou consider once more my plan. I shall wait another week for thy decision. Have a care my dear. Lest thou rue thy words!

So speaking he turned again to the other ladies who had turned squarely away from them and were standing in a careless attitude of indifference. While the Princess left them with only a bow. She went by chance into the *petit théâtre*. Which was snugly hidden away in one of the immense courts of the Bath. It was the upper story.

A charming lady is the Princess spake Lady Vivian when Theron returned to them.

Indeed a fair companion, responded Lady Catherine.

And more. A most admirable lady with the smile of the gods, answered Theron.

Me thinks, Theron. The Princess doth feel inclined towards thee. Thou art in goodly fortune. For mark thee. The love of such a charming creature is not often found.

My fair Vivian, thou art surely slow to detect the real sentiments of the Princess.

She doth rather seem bent in anger with me. I know not why. But love speaks forth. Methinks she goes now to seek solace with a more gallant gentleman of the court. A lover. For love doth speak in strange gestures, in many ways.

A hasty glance from Lady Vivian's eyes fell upon Theron's smiling face. She answered him not.

Then he continued in all boldness. The charming Princess doth go into the Stadium. For at this hour the courtiers are there in their games. *Peut-être* she may go there to find her companion and one of her own heart's choice.

Peut-être! There are many gallant youths gathered within the Stadium, to-day.

Vivian, Catherine has forsaken us. She too. Has slipped away. Doth Mordane partake of the games? This morning in the Stadium

I know naught of Mordane. I trowth Catherine and Mordane are their own keepers. And a worthy pair they are!

Music coming near, so near, that Lady Vivian could not continue. She listened then turning her head she beheld a youth singing to the tones of his stringed instrument. The oddly shaped instrument was swinging from his shoulders.

She looked again and Canterre was approaching her. He came but he passed her with but a formal bow.

She was quite confused with injured pride. While Theron was amused.

Behold, Vivian. He turns directly towards the theatre. He surely goes to join the Princess.

As Theron spoke he bent over Lady Vivian with a contented smile, and she stood rigid. Her dainty foot she moved restlessly. When, suddenly she sped away leaving him not alone amazed by such a quicke turn. But. Thrilled with a mad jealousy. He stood watching her retreating form.

Nay! She took the opposite court from the one Canterre had taken. Her steps were rapid. In and out of the rows of laurel trees, until she came to the *Syenite*.

Not even the green encrusted marble of *Numidia* attracted her in her frenzy.

She passed on by the basins which were filled and held in the mouths of silver lions. With a perpetual stream of water flowing from them.

Not even the pitch of luxury attracted her mind. She was choked with a bitterness and she clutched at the ivory handled stick of her immense peacock feathered fan. She nervously waved this fan in rapid motion. Then she came upon a smooth marble white column. She buried her face into her white hands. And she softly spake one name.

'Twas Canterre!

Standing in this solitary place she was quite lost to her surroundings. When. A pair of loving arms were gently placed around her. And pressed upon her neck.

She suddenly lifted her face. It was Lady Catherine.

Lady Catherine burst into a sob. Vivian! and then she laid her head upon the shoulder of Lady Vivian and wept many moments.

Whereupon Lady Vivian lifted her tear stained face and looked intently into her eyes.

Catherine my sweet companion. What is it dear?

What has happened?

Mordane, sobbed she.

What of Mordane my dear, is he ill?

Mordane has been commissioned into Alexandria, sobbed Lady Catherine.

Mordane commissioned into Alexandria? asked Lady Vivian in surprise.

At once. The freize in the temple has in parts become disfigured. And he has been commissioned there at once.

But the freize in the temple. It has been but completed, Catherine.

Alas! But it has been ruined. There was a fire in the temple and a part of the freize was destroyed.

A pity! That such a work of art should suffer destruction. And my dear, Mordane will remain away only a few weeks. The time will soon pass and then he shall return. Upon my faith dear. I had feared a dreadful calamity had befallen the whole city.

He will return as soon as he will have completed this freize, Vivian.

And when does he leave?

Tomorrow. Early in the day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

The early morning was veiled with a dense fog. The traffic in Cairo scarcely moved until a late hour. However, this was not an unusual event in Cairo.

In the mist rising like a partition in the city the procession of daily traffic at last slowly moved on, in careful tread. Camels with their most fascinating glides passed bearing upon their backs, riders of the Egyptians. Carts drawn by spotted donkeys slowly moved. Carts drawn by the natives were also seen in numbers. Men riding upon the donkeys were fighting their way through the mist.

Upon one camel in a Sedan chair. Sat Mordane who was leaving for Alexandria.

And as he was slowly carried out of the center of the city, beyond the misty Nile, he looked for the last time. He waved his turban to Lady Catherine.

Lady Catherine had gone to the bridge leading across the Nile, upon this morning to bade Mordane a last farewell. This would be the last unobstructed view she could have of Mordane, in this line of moving traffic. She waved her walking stick to him many times. Then. When he had entirely disappeared, she turned and carefully sought her way back through the fog. And Mordane began his journey on into Alevandria. Which lay many miles from the city of Cairo.

Upon this same morning Theron was conferring with the council broad in the council chamber.

This country with the richest market in the world. With the superior working conditions, to surrender all its natural advantages, permitting itself to lie under the advantage of another country's gain. Another country's prosperity. It is preposterous! Utterly ridiculous.

Theron was the speaker.

And yet it is a monstrous problem to solve, Theron, spake one of the members.

Thou art scoping the government very narrowly, for under the present government Theron, the industrial staff which has been appointed by the councillors. Have they not attempted to mobilize this finance of the treasury bonds, until it is nearly an attempt? Do not their reports show their entanglements, their lack of diplomacy in all their financial efforts have thrown the treasury in debt.

In truth, spake another. I am in this opinion. That thou art in error, Theron.

The treasury issues a call for more funds!

This is not because of any lack of diplomacy, any lack of keen business schemes of the Councillors. Upon my faith, these funds are called for to be used in the election fund.

And, Theron while this scheme might bring in some money for the government, through the effort of the political workers, it will not save Cairo's market from free trade exports.

That I well know, sir. The free trade exports this will be legislated for in the next congress. That is a coming bill to be introduced whereby a trade expansion and supremacy will reach to the farthestest bordering countries, answered Theron, gravely.

And a reciprocal concession if we enter into a reciprocity pact with Persia will be a worthy measure, spake M. Clevelandé with a nod of his head.

But doth Persia stand ready for this commercial enterprise? asked one.

Yestern-day it was, I caught the rumor at the literary congress that Persia so rich in funds, stands absolutely alone. She remains unfriendly to Egypt.

Nonsense! Persia may wish to stand self protected. Therein, she counts her own glories. But my fellow-men, there may be yet builded a bridge of Asses spanning the desert between Egypt and Persia. Behold! The Shah this renowned ruler may be the lame devil sitting in the middle of the bridge!

Ye gods! wisely spoken, cried several voices, which ended in coarse laughter at this attempt of humor.

The Shah must yield to the mighty King of Egypt. For Egypt is her most powerful neighbor.

Hail the King of Egypt! cried all the members as they stood upon their feet. Then they seated themselves again in all seriousness.

Perhaps. We will be obliged to change the date of the election for it will require more time to accomplish this.

Gentlemen, it is my opinion. That we are borrowing undue courage with far fetched methods. And I fear quite useless hope.

To change the election date? Why that is impossible, queried one.

It is the saving method by which the civic body can operate, responded another member of the council.

Can it be done legally? queried one.

By one legislative measure we are entitled to such a move.

Then that is encouraging. And now. Having acted, and likewise agreed upon this. That the election date shall be changed by right of the tenth legislative measure found recorded in the laws of the past sitting. We must make ready provisions for such an act. And M. Clevelandé. The official announcement of the change of the election date. Attend to it at once. Make it a special business at once.

Andrewe, upon the morrow. With Calies thou make ready to journey into Persia. The journey I have postponed. And shortly. I shall send the herald to thy office chapel. The herald, that which thou will present to the Persian Shah.

Gentlemen, thy secrecy is bound in honour to thy loyalty, continued Theron.

Aye! responded all the members in the zeal for their duty.

Then. The council adjourned. Every member had left the chamber and Theron meditated as he swung his broad shoulders, his lithe figure out of the chapel. He found his way into the court connecting the chapels of this immense rotund government building. A cynical smile crept over his face. He laughed aloud. And uttered words which sounded like this phrase.

True as the gods of Wisdom—there is a rose-bud hidden in the bush! Prince Governor M. Theron! This voice come suddenly upon him.

And Theron lifted his eyes and met a herald from the King.

Theron taking the rolled papyrus hastily read these words—Prince Governor M. Theron: The court commissioners of the free exports committee are hereby notified to meet within the council chamber to-day upon the hour of three.

Theron stood as stunned. It was a base trickery and coming from the hand of Canterre! And he uttered an oath under his breathe.

And Theron clenched his fists as he paced back and forth in the court.

Tristos! I will do it, I swear by the gods! And Theron spake hurriedly.

He hastened through the courts entering into his own office chapel. In a den leading from this office, and lazily reclining upon a divan half hidden with damask draperies. A black slave lay in nearly a sleep.

Tristos! Tristos! I say. Thou lazy dog—drunk again!

And with these words Theron raised the black man upon his feet, handling him, roughly.

Aye! My master! The stupified slave muttered as he attempted to adjust his coat, and to settle his himself.

Get thee up. Drunk. Always drunk! exclaimed Theron.

Pardon my master, cried the slave bowing in awkward motion. I am not drunk. I was but asleep.

Then get thee up, show thy master thou art a sober man. And in service. For have a care, thou dost not provote thy master more with thy stupid ways.

The black man clumsily walked out into the chapel, then back into the den. His steps not too steady. But Theron had turned aside and did not watch him.

My master, I am sober, he attempted to catch the friendly eye of Theron.

Yea! As sober as the like of thee ever are. Come here. Listen well to my words, Tristos.

And the slave inclined his head and listened, for a fear had seized him. And he thought to be punished by his master.

Tristos, look at me, replied Theron severely. Whereupon the slave raised his face squarely and looked into the eyes of Theron.

Tristos. Thou can remember the iron cage in the corner of the federal chapel building?

And the black man's eyes glared in fright.

I do my master. The one I broke the gate to? Ventured the slave.

The same. Go thou there. At once. Nay. Wait until the evening shadows fall. Then go there and enter into that gate. And then, open the vault there in this chapel.

The brick vault, my master queried the slave in cowering words.

The bricked vault, Tristos. Do exactly as I bid thee. Open that vault. Upon the last marble shelf. There is a brass chest. Look thou into this chest. Among the documents and therein thou wilt find one papyrus. And this papyrus with a scarlet border is waxed with a purple seal. This will be the right one. Get it. Do not fail and fetch it at once to me. Within the lodge in the Concubine Temple. Now, dost thou understand my orders?

Aye! Aye! master. I understand. At nightfall I am to go and get the scarlet edged papyrus, with the purple seal

from the bricked vault. I am then, to fetch it to thee in thy lodge in the Concubine Temple.

Exactly so, Tristos. And if thou fail me. Thy head for the price.

As Theron turned aside, the black slave slipped back into the corner of the den, lowering in fright.

Then. Upon the hour of three in the afternoon of this day. The meeting of the free export committee commissioners was called to order by the President of the Council.

A long tedious meeting came to an unexpected end, and without any definite understanding or terms; when at the suggestion of Theron. The meeting was postponed until the morning of the second day following this day.

Whereupon this meeting was agreed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ARREST OF THE PRINCE GOVERNOR M. THERON.

The evening shadows fell upon Cairo. Lady Vivian had left the sick chamber of the aged Jew. She hastened her steps for she was quite unattended. And the night grew upon her. In one palm avenue she ran for she was unseen by any one. Going directly into one of the court gardens nearest the government building. Which building she was obliged to pass en route the palace. Her eyes fell upon the sight of a man and the slides of a lantern was plainly seen. A tramp? Nay. She stood quite still. However the man did not see her. He was coming out from the federal building and he cautiously fled, a few spaces. Then suddenly he stopped. He drew from his long belted coat a document. Then he replaced it within his pocket and with his hand tightly upon this pocket he ran swiftly on.

All this. Lady Vivian was witness to from her position.

As he came near her the light of the lantern which hung upon this garden hedge fell directly upon the veiled face of Lady Vivian. She glared at this man and she recognized the face of the black slave who had accosted her in the rose field several days before.

Rudely the man tore her veil away from her face.

Caught! he muttered between his closed teeth. It is Lady Vivian, daughter to the King. And with one bound he leaped towards her. He clutched her throat until she fell exhausted upon the ground. Then with out looking back, he ran faster, faster. Never stopping once, until he reached the Concubine Temple.

He ran in the temple so brilliantly lighted. Within a lux-

urious lodge of this temple sat Theron and before him was seated the Princess Roxana.

The Princess was speaking. She was bent in anger and much agitated.

I have come to-night, she was saying. But I warn thee Theron if ever thou dare such another debased trickery!

What then, my pretty one? laughed Theron wickedly as he lifted a goblet of sparkling wine to his lips.

I am done with thee. Thou base deceiver of all mankind. No more will I ever stoop to play a hand in thy corrupt games.

Not so fast, my pet, laughed he. And he settled himself most comfortably between brightly designed pillows, and these upon a reed divan. He lighted a cigarette. He puffed the smoke most viciously. And the Princess stood looking upon him in contempt.

I have come here to-night because, began she.

Because I sent for thee my love. Come. Wax not so mad with me.

Because. I come to warn thee against any farther attempt to communicate thy foul trickery to the Shah. I have served thee enough. And I hate thee! The vengeance of the gods upon thee!

And Theron laughed between his puffs of smoke, as she stood in such defiant attitude.

Now a jeweled lantern hung over the divan upon which Theron reclined. Then. Suddenly she tore this lantern from its brass chain, she threw it into the insolent face of Theron. Then she quickly left the lodge, going out into the public roadway. And Theron thoroughly astonished gathered up the broken pieces of the red lantern. He brushed the oil from his cheek. And at this moment the door opened noiselessly. Theron looked anxiously. Had the Princess repented and was she returning to him? But it was Tristos, who entered into the lodge. Down upon his knees before Theron, he drew the document from his coat. And Theron snatched it from the hand of the slave. His eyes scanned the document. It had a red border. It contained the purple seal. And he read it in part, turning to the slave.

Good work Tristos! Good work my man! And so speaking Theron filled a goblet with wine giving it to the slave.

This was the price of the deed! And the slave devoured its contents with a relish of a gourmand.

After the Princess departed from the lodge of Theron in

the concubine temple, she went directly into the public highway. She was wholly unafraid, but she was much angered. She walked fast with her head erect. In a turn in the highway, she took a roadway passing through the gardens of the rotund government building. She came to a sudden halt. In front of her upon the roadway lay the form of a woman. She knelt down beside this woman and looking into her uncovered face. She recognized the face of Lady Vivian.

Lady Vivian! she exclaimed. Then she spoke gently to arouse her and at the sound of her name, Lady Vivian opened her eyes but closed them, instantly. She remains in a semi-consciousness thought the Princess. And turning she ran to a long row of buildings nearest this avenue, and ran into an office, where she came upon a group of men assembled in some sort of a meeting.

She bursted in upon these men in wild tones, exclaiming, The Lady Vivian! The Lady Vivian daughter to the King!

These men jumped upon their feet and in one voice they cried. What sayst thou of the Lady Vivian?

Lady Vivian! She has been injured and she doth lie upon the court avenue. Hurry!

Lady Vivian? Where is she now they asked.

She doth lie upon the Court Avenue, just in front of the federal building. She is alone and unconscious. Hurry, Please!

And the Princess ran out of this office, followed by these men. Coming at last to the place where she lay. They bent over her and attempted to arouse her but in vain. Then they gently bore her in their arms. On they walked with the Princess following them. It was but a short distance to the King's Palace.

The King seated within his chapel turned, as he heard a rap upon the door of his chapel.

Maniere some one enters. Who is it?

The attendant opened the door and these men bearing the seemingly lifeless body of Lady Vivian, walked in. Without ceremony. The King saw at once. That the limp form of the woman they bore in their arms was that of his daughter.

Vivian, my child! What has happed to my daughter? Vivian, speak to me. And the King bent over her, but she answered him not. The King turned in his intense excitement and he beheld the Princess standing close to him.

O King, I was walking rapidly into the roadway leading from the government building.

Upon hearing these words the King replied. Thou Princess, at this evening hour?

Your Highness, I was returning home from. And the Princess faltered as the King's eyes were piercing her. Then she continued.

I was returning from the settlement and I came suddenly upon Lady Vivian. She was all but unconscious and lying face downward upon the roadway.

The men rested Lady Vivian upon a divan. The King bent over her prostrate form rubbing her hands and calling her name in most endearing terms. Then after having taken some wine she faintly opened her eyes and she saw the King kneeling by her side. She cried, Father! And smiling faintly she closed her eyes once more.

The Princess remained the whole night through with Lady Vivian, in her bed chamber. Late into the morning Lady Vivian seemed quite herself again, but for a few bruises upon her throat. She talked freely to the Princess. Then, the Princess asked for the King. Whereupon the King came at once, fearing the worst but his eyes fell upon the smiling face of his daughter, as she reclined upon her bed-couch.

He caressed her with tears in his eyes and with trembling voice.

Daughter thou art thyself now. I want thee, my little one, to tell me of this happening.

My father dear. Then she raised herself upon her elbow and the King seated beside her put his arms around her, holding her tenderly.

Father mine I had visited the sick Jew. I remained quite late into the evening with him, reading to him.

But, my daughter. Thou shouldst never go out of the palace unattended. And more especially in the eveningtide.

Yea father mine. The sick man was so wretched and lonely. I remained quite late, as I was telling thee. Upon leaving his chamber I hurriedly walked, choosing the avenue round the government building as that would lead me more quickly home. Just as I was well into the middle of the avenue, I saw the form of a man. He had broken loose one of the iron bars of the outside gate which leads into the government building.

The King interrupted her.

But the door keeper? He must have been there, queried the King.

The door keeper must have been bribed or perhaps.

Drugged. I know not what. But this man he was coming out of the government building. He came out of the building by the outer gate and by means of this broken bar. He drew from his coat a document and after looking at it with care, he replaced it again in his pocket.

Daughter mine! Thou surely art mistaken.

Nay, father. I tell thee I saw him coming out of this gate. I crouched within the shadow of one of the palms. Alack! Just as he was opposite me, his eyes fell upon me.

I started to run and he caught me. Roughly he tore my face covering away.

These were his words. Lady Vivian, the daughter to the King!

Upon this the Lady Vivian shuddered and the King fondly caressed her. Then she continued.

The man muttered. Caught! And he clutched my throat and I knew no more until the Princess spake to me, calling my name. It must have been some time later.

Then this man, exclaimed the King bending over her with a look of terror.

Father mine. He only bruised my throat, then believing me to be, I do not know what, she continued. At length he ran. And father dear. A spy, he must have been.

A spy? Extraordinary! And what of this man then? asked the King.

A black man, murmured she in rather faint words.

A black man! Then a man of hire, cried the King as he looked perplexed.

The same black man has approached me before, father.

A black man has approached thee before this day? My dear, I heard nothing of it. Why hast thou not told me?

I thought not to burden thee, father mine. One day I was seated in the rose fields of the Feiyoom and as I sat lost in some idle fancy and scribbling a bit of verse. Suddenly. I felt a hot breathe upon my cheek. I turned my head and I saw the face of this same black man; glaring into my face. He snatched the papyrus from me, disappearing in the hedge around the field. It was of no value whatever as my scribbling was but a bit of verse.

What! This infernal fellow so dare to follow and molest the daughter to the King?

But father dear, it was of no consequence.

Perhaps, until now, my child. It doth stand a strange

happening. Couldst thou have no remembrance of this black man?

It dost seem father that I must know this black man. I do believe he belongs to the Prince Governor.

At these spoken words. The Princess staggered back against the wall and her eyes swam in horrid pictures.

The black scoundrel! Muttered the King. A thief for the Prince Governor!

A spy in truth and more too. And now. This man shall pay the penalty of his double crime.

And the King then arose abruptly. He went into a chapel leading from this chapel. There he heralded an officer into the quarters of Theron with the command to return only. With this black man.

Now the King's eyes blurred with excitement and he sat twitching his fingers.

Maniere what ever could be this man's steal, asked the King.

Your Majesty, there are many valuable documents locked within the federal vault.

Truly there are, Maniere. But. Which one could the thief want? Rather. Which one could the Prince Governor wish?

That is a close question your Majesty replied Maniere.

They were interrupted by a rap at the door.

Maniere, the door. And Maniere hastened to open the door. Whereupon, the officer entered with the black man.

Tristos—dog! Upon thy kness before the King, spake Maniere.

And the black man trembling, dropped upon his knees before the King.

Fool! It is the King who commands thee. Come be quicke. What document didst thou steal from the federal vault last night?

Tristos shook with fright, he glanced at the severe face of his King.

Your Highness, O King! It was the document of the free exports.

Then the black man fell upon his face and shook with a terror.

Tristos, raise thy head. Look! Thou darst to lie to thy King? And the King's eyes were fastened upon him with a merciless pity.

Mercy, mercy, O King, cried he, I swear I do speak the

truth. It was the document with a red border and a purple seal.

The same, answered the King. Where is this document now?

Your Highness I delivered it safely into the hands of my Master. Mercy! O, King.

Thy Master? queried the King. And who is thy Master? The Prince Governor M. Theron, your Majesty.

Then. Thy master, the Prince Governor M. Theron, he doth hold this document?

O King, my master dost hold this document.

Then, thou black dog! What of thy brutal insult upon the Lady Vivian?

Tristos cowered lower.

A black dog to lay hands upon the daughter to the King, exclaimed Maniere.

O Mercy, your Highness. I meant no hurt to the Lady Vivian.

Cease thy muttering, dog!

Officer, the black brute to the guard yard, commanded the King.

O King! It was my master who drove me to do it. I would not harm the Lady Vivian.

Cease thy mutterings. Thou black man without a Soul.

Officer, this man. Have him shot at once. Go.

Only a few attendants heard the shot which killed the black slave, a few moments later. And now, Tristos was no more.

The King's face was dark with madness as he remained alone within his chapel.

While the Princess alarmed after having heard that Tristos was the assailant of Lady Vivian. She left the chamber, returning at once into her own apartments.

And Lady Vivian was wholly recovered. She had really suffered fright more than injury.

The Prince Governor has been out all the day, since early morning, sir.

When dost thou expect the Prince Governor?

That I know not. He with a party of huntsmen departed at earliest dawn. They are coursing with the hounds, sir.

By which roadway did his party go?

I know that not, either, good Sir. They were off for the fields. So they told me, sir.

Off for the fields, ye stupid? There are fields in many di-

rections. Did not the Prince Governor mention to thee. Whether their route lay beyond the acacias borders or through the Sycamore trees?

That I know not, Sir. The words of the Prince Governor to me Sir, as he rode away with his party were these. Take thou jolly good care of thyself to-day, Felicos, and be waiting for us. We fetch a guest into the Court when we return.

A guest, sir, I asked the Prince Governor.

Whereupon he answered me saying. A guest, Felicos. We come with Eblis.

Aye, spake I. Your Highness be he a royal Prince of the Orient? This Eblis?

Stupid, replied he. The Oriental Prince of Darkness. 'Tis he. Watch for us. We shall come unless we course into Joseph's sunken well.

And sir, with these words the party was off. Ah! It was a merry party indeed! They went on noisy steed, answered Felicos bowing with a pride for his master.

Am I to understand then, the Prince Governor will not return until nightfall?

Aye! Aye! My good sir.

Very well Felicos. And Felicos watched these two men as they slowly walked away. He felt, too. A curious suspicion that all was not well with his master.

At the close of the day, this party of huntsmen jolly. Reached a rural chapel inn. Where they stopped upon the return from this chase.

The surrounding rural beauties here were splendid and inviting to these fatigued huntsmen. The late afternoon sun cast rich light upon the whole landscape. The fields were mellow in this reflection of nearly golden colouring. The flowering hedge blooming in fresh clusters encircled the fields, dividing them in spots, in centers of green.

The free birds sang from their happy circles. And their chants served greatly to invite these huntsmen into this rural spot.

The entire party. One and all were fatigued, yet they still contained a spirit of sport and they were jolly in their free careless manner.

Entering into this picturesque inn. Leaving their horses to be stabled by attendants. The party was met with a jolly and rounded looking man with a face as rosy as a winter's apple.

Welcome! Welcome! Weary hunters he cried with a cherry voice.

Welcome indeed! Merchier. Aye, weary, weary but my good man. Behold, a mighty game we fetch.

In goodly truth, a mighty game replied he. Come in. Gentlemen make thyself comfortable.

And all gathered round a large table. They smoked, they related tales of famous chases. Each man contained the capacity of relating the most wonderful chase.

The light of a huntsman was in the eye of every man.

Our steed is stabled, the game doth brew. Come, more of the day's chase?

I trowth Merchier doth wish for news of the day's chase.

And Merchier stood in their midst, his jolly round face beaming with a light of the sport.

So he does. Well our goodly friend and host Merchier, I will tell thee of the chase.

Aye! Aye! resounded the voices of the men, while Merchier rubbed his fat hands together in the anticipation.

The party was circled round the table, which stood before a huge fireplace. And this fireplace was burning a very light flame. For cheer more than for heat, for the day had been delightfully warm. And the flame gathered from all the huntsmen, what we may class. A highly coloured imagination. And this individual imagination made the most wonderful setting for Theron's tale.

Theron began in glowing words, while the party each sat glaring into the fireplace and were scarcely visible through the curling smoke from their long stemmed pipes.

The morning was bright even in the hours of peeping dawn, to begin our day's chase. The breezes but slight were great. The sun not too blazing as it climbed higher in the skies, shone upon our paths as if to bribe us more. Our steed was in perfect trim for they are of the finest breed and in excellent training. The hounds were wild in excitement of the trail and they followed the right path in keenest scent.

Aye! Aye! broke in several voices.

And Theron continued. Our luck was capital! Ah! wait Merchier until thou taste of the game. And Theron waved his hand above his head.

Ye gods! spake Merchier that I could once more partake of a chase.

Alack! But that is the sport of the youth. I have had my

fling at it, and speaking thus, this old inn keeper sadly shook his white head.

What! The dinner gong? And upon hearing the ring of the gong. The famished men jumped in leaps. In the dining chapel, a table was laden with steaming broth. The wines were rich and sparkling. And the dinner consisted almost entirely of the fresh game, garnished but little with other dishes.

The dinner was not in the beginning, one whit gloomy. Neither colourless. Yet in truth a forebearing gloom seemed to disquiet Theron. Slightly the corners of his mouth moved in a smile. His face beamed in hypocritical emotion. And as it were. A memory floated before his eyes. Just a few spoken words fell in echoes upon him. And the face of the Princess was before him.

The Princess had spoken these words as they had been seated at a feasting table within the palace. And they stung him.

"Thou couldst even sip of hyson at an Egyptian Feast, with goodly grace."

He recalled his answer to her biting phrase. My Princess thy presence doth enchant this savory repast. Thou art most too ready with thy repartee!

Whereupon she responded quietly. In truth, Theron thy technic of an Egyptian gentleman is well pronounced. In the race of yestern-day, I trowth, I would have ridden thy handsome steed. And thou wouldst have ridden. Rather. Thou wouldst have taken the howdah upon an elephant, riding behind me.

Such a gallant Knight sir!

Then he smiled now, as he recalled his answer to her.

Peradventure, thou art doing a penance! My Princess thou art so peeved.

Were it so, Theron. I would feign not issue a different mood. A Mask!

Indeed, then my fair one, thou shall be laureated for thy peerless qualities.

As Theron sat in this memory. He lifted his head and his comrades were looking upon him intently and also in a merry way.

Theron, Comrade! We are calling thee. Why so pensive?

At this moment Theron broke his mental vision of this past feast and he shook off these haunting thoughts.

Ah! Good fellows all! I crave thy pardon. I was but enjoying this dinner.

Gods! but the brew is splendid. But I confess, the brewing of the game is not so exciting as the chase.

Neither is it so savory, eh Theron? answered one of the huntsmen.

Just then a confusion from without the dining chapel. And the guests become quiet and in plain, clear words they heard voices that were highly pitched as in a disturbance. And among these voices, the voice of Merchier was highest pitched.

I tell thee, I cannot admit thee. The Prince Governor is the host to a party of huntsmen. They are dining now, sirs.

Open thy door. Admit me in the name of the law, came the loud voice.

Merchier opened the door at once. He admitted two worthy men. And these men were officers of the law. They held a warrant for the arrest of the Prince Governor M. Theron.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE SOCIETY OF THE GODS.

Against the pretty blue of the sky, the trees stood in contrast.

The greenest leaves with the pinkest blooms. The brown limbs with the scarlet blossoms. Lavishly fragrance of sweet buds came wafted on the breezes.

The Majestic Temple! This temple stood conspicuously in the midst of a large square garden and this garden was in an obscure part of Cairo.

This temple was called The Palace of Perfume.

The most polite society of Cairo were entering in this temple from several walks bordered and divided by acacias plants. Some walks were bordered by small trees cut which were trimmed in odd shapes.

And a branch of the Laurel was the Symbol of Apollo's Inspiration!

A soft mystic glow by chance by placing the beautiful before the good. The mystic before the practical, was bourned by this one god of the noted cycle of gods.

Perfect drawings. Gorgeous silhouettes made with elaborate mosaic outlines which were distinctly marked out with Mother of Pearl, with opaque shades. Near the second doorway over which stood the transparent artistic dome of the

temple. A beautiful square base stood from which sprung and gathered the most unusual spring of water, tripping it in a graceful manner.

Each guest, who had entered was served by youths pouring citron waters from a large bowl of carved brass. This bowl of brass was made after the fashion of the Egyptian Ibis. And it was a handsome model being a perfect imitation, with its black enameled plumage so richly glossed with bronze, touched and outlined with bluest blue and vivid green.

Harps being played upon a hidden balcony, chants being sung in the brilliantly lighted temple, the burning incense delicate enough to be an inspiration. Every one was thrilled.

Lady Vivian!

Canterre who had entered the temple was alone. He lifted a goblet of citron waters to his lips, a moment before. When by chance as it were. The name of Lady Vivian fell upon him. Upon hearing this voice, he placed the goblet upon the tray. Untouched.

He turned and Lady Vivian was near him. She stood surrounded by a circle of court ladies. And he stood admiring her. He thought. She is a beautiful picture!

And a picture that sunk deep upon Canterre.

She was a vision of refreshing beauty. Wearing a robe of whitest gauze embroidered with gold threads and the seed pearl. Her robe was fashioned loosely being held around the waist by a cord of pearls. Upon her head she wore an embroidered pearl cap fastened under the chin with a huge brilliant ruby. Red. Redder than a berry. Her only jewel was a magnificent jeweled snake bracelet with eyes of black pearls. To this bracelet was attached an oddly shaped scent casket.

The beauty of Lady Vivian did not alone attract Canterre. As he watched her he thought. Truly she is a brilliant scholar standing conspicuous amid the wonderous fashion of this splendid period. And not altogether. Was Canterre partial. For she had been pronounced a favorite with the court ladies as well as with the men of letters. Not alone did her abilities garnish her personality but her polished culture, in beautiful manners combined with the purity, the uprightness of her character. She was loved by every woman and child in Cairo.

Upon this occasion, the morbid sensationalism enshrouding Lady Vivian, nearly was shown, for the attention of her favoured companions were riveted by it.

She was suffering some kind of a fear secretly, for Canterre. And it was upon the occasion of a few moments past, when she had overheard a conversation, concerning Canterre. As she had been seated within one corner of the temple.

From this she learned that the government rested really, with the King's consent. Thus giving the King the power to dismiss and to appoint at his will any official. From the royal Controller to the commandant of the city. Sanctioned by common error a foreign born man could not best qualify for official duty in Egypt. Unless his allegiance was duly sworn. And she knew that Canterre's strength of a steady persistency to serve the King was declared. And his ability to serve the common people was established. But. Canterre being loyal to a foreign birth, she knew had stood the severe test and had succeeded in standing in not too goodly favour with the King. Although the King gave no utterance to such an expressed opinion.

Lady Vivian, just the moment past had learned some few reports of the system of work actuated by Theron. Yet with it all, she was hopeful for Canterre.

She was leaving the circle of her friends and unveiling her lovely eyes she met the eyes of Canterre. Squarely his. Demurely hers.

A figure that has the possession of an air of divinity, the face of Adonis upon the body of Hercules, thought Lady Vivian.

And Canterre thought. Hers is a majesty accompanied by the Graces to charm all observers.

It was no artificial ecstasy that bespoke the mind of each of these lovers.

Greetings Vivian! And Canterre tenderly clasped her extended hand.

I bid thee welcome Canterre, responded she in a most gentle and charming voice.

It is indeed a cherished pleasure to meet thee Vivian. I came. I really did venture the hope of being intoxicated with thy sweet smiles, Vivian. And it doth glad my heart, for my wish is all but fulfilled. And upon the moment of my entrance into the temple. My searching eyes found thee. The central figure of a lovely group of fair ladies. Thyself, the loveliest of them all.

I thank thee most graciously, Canterre. And with down cast eyes she continued.

And Canterre doth not the adorable beauty of the temple, with its melodious ease, its simplicity of strenght transform one's mind into a bower of heavenly delight?

Rather. My fairest of all ladies. A charm from thy sweet self doth enchant the guests. I trowth, I too, not alone accept of thy sweet charm as a grace bestowed by the will of the gods. But. I hold thy pretty graces. And they canst ne'er be counted. Nay. Not with a thousand tongues. These graces veil my heart and soul and lo! There springs from this gods' woven veil, a hope for a hungry heart. And Vivian. I am lonely without thee.

Lady Vivian's eyes were fastened upon the fishes that played in the waters of a fountain near to where they were standing and Canterre did not understand. For her lovely eyes were filled with tears.

Without lifting her eyes from the fountain's pool she answered him.

Canterre, I prythee. May we not speak of myself now.

Then, thou wouldst bid me bury my hope? And the desires of my heart? When upon this day of all days, my heart doth hunger for thy dear love?

But she turned her face away from him that he might not detect the blushes that tinged her cheeks. That he might not note the tear that glistened in her eye.

Vivian he continued. Now I want thee most.

And she still remained silent. And then the strong face of Canterre paled.

A terrible look came upon his face. And he spake with strange voice, not harsh but subdued and toned down.

Vivian then they are true? These tales have filled me with a haunted fear for weeks. And Vivian. My God! I could have believed thou hast issued thy influence with the King for Theron. This I might have persuaded myself to be true. Ye gods! I cannot believe that after all thou dost love this man, Theron.

Vivian, speak to me. Say it is not true. And Canterre's head was lowered upon his breast and his eyes cast upon the floor.

Canterre, stop! Thy words are all untrue. These words are faithless to the honour which doth lie deep within thy soul. For Canterre. Like the tears which bathe the dawn my tears have bathed the hope of thy victory. I have hoped, I have prayed for thee, alone. And thou must have been blinded with an opthalmia not to have divined it.

Vivian, cried he. And he bent more closely over her, speaking in a low voice.

And his words were only for Lady Vivian to hear.

At just this time as these two lovers stood thus. A voice in an earnest conversation floated upon them. Canterre glanced at Lady Vivian with a lightning glance. And her eyes were upon Canterre as they listened. The voice was saying.

Canterre, the non-Egyptian has set about to pen dissertations on the futility of fame. Upon the burden of celebrity. He lends note of his strenght of loyalty, his protection of the common as a duty of true consciousness. The usual consuetude of a candidate in political campaign. I ween he works to catch the breeze of popular applause. This is his outstanding desire.

Me thinks as certain as dawn, spake another. He sets himself up as clamorous for the clean freedom of trodden people of Cairo.

And these two men speaking in this conversation passed on into the busy throng of the people. And their words floated on beyond the ears of the two listeners.

When they had passed on. Lady Vivian held out her hand to Canterre. Who stood pallid with something nearly a smouldering angry passion, incensed by this violent insult.

Faugh! exclaimed he in angry tones.

And just then, from among the people Lady Catherine approached them. She came in a gay and easy manner. But she hesitated as she looked upon their faces.

Vivian, my sweet companion, I have searched every court in this whole temple for thee. Where hast thou been all this time?

Catherine I have been only near this same spot. I have just met Canterre, when before I was with the court ladies here.

And Canterre, I greet thee, continued Lady Catherine. It is pleasant to meet thee again. Indeed it is a rarely meet, for these gatherings in the palace of perfume are massed with strangers.

Gracious thanks Catherine. I grant thee I do come seldom to these festivals. I always beg forgiveness in the name of work.

Always at thy labours Canterre, responded Lady Vivian with a fond pride in her eye.

And the greatest gift of the heavens for man! Labour the

sweetest balm! responded he, and his eyes became serious with a study.

The rarest jewel in man's crown, answered Lady Catherine. I do quite agree with Canterre. For without work the whole universe would wax dull and soon fall into decay.

Ah! Catherine, thou dost indeed possess a sweet manner of speaking, together with comely judgement. Thy pardon! If I compliment thee too much, Catherine.

But I trowth Canterre since thou can hold the highest favour with my sweet companion. Thou mayst speak thy mind to me always. And she turned to Lady Vivian.

Vivian dear, thou art greatly in demand. Many times thy name has been called.

And my father did he bid me come? Catherine doth he wish me?

The King bids me fetch thee to him at once, Vivian.

Then I must go. Canterre thou mayst join us into the chapel? The King will delighted. I may speak for him.

And the ladies will be charmed Canterre; do come, spake Lady Catherine.

I must decline with apologies to the King. I thank thee fair ladies but I shall join thee later.

And then turning away the ladies disappeared in the gay assembly. And as Lady Vivian glanced over the head of Lady Catherine she saw Canterre still standing where they left him. And his eyes were following them.

Canterre was visibly angered. The passing conversation wrought his passion. And suddenly, he rushed out of the temple. He went a short distance. His thoughts ran faster than his steps, when he came to a complete standstill.

Upon a mount of verdant foilage sat. A girl. Shaking in sobs. Upon seeing her Canterre gently raised her from the tangled foilage. He brushed her tangled mass of silken curls away from the face of Rubyat.

Rubyat, my child! Here and in tears?

He drew from his cloak a silken handkerchief and he gently wiped her tear stained face. And holding this pathetic girlish face between his hands he said.

Now tell me child. What is it? Why art thou here and in tears?

Canterre, I am so glad you came just now, she sobbed.

Glad I came just now Rubyat? Did any one harm thee, child?

Nay. Canterre but I knew I would find thee here so I waited here for thee.

And what can I do for thee Rubyat?

It is the Princess Roxana. I came to tell thee and to warn the Princess.

Princess Roxana? I believe the Princess is not within the temple Rubyat, continued he vaguely.

But she must be, answered Rubyat in a choked voice; she is not in her chamber for I have just been there.

Canterre looked perplexed.

What danger threatens the Princess?

Ah! the beautiful Princess she is in great danger for the Prince Governor threatens to hide her in the convent.

The Prince Governor threatens to hide the Princess in the convent? What a silly notion Rubyat. Come tell me. What dost thou mean? Thou art surely foolish.

Nay! Believe me Canterre. I overheard it all last night. I was behind the cactus hedge. Please my good, kind Canterre do not allow him to hide her in the horrid lonesome convent. And the girl sank upon her knees before him. She clung to his hands. Whereupon he lifted her up.

Child, compose thyself. There is no such a danger for the Princess.

But, I tell thee, there is danger for I heard it all from Theron's lips.

Alack! I can not credit any such statement. Why should Theron desire to secrete the Princess? And even so desiring, by what authority can he commit such a deed?

I tell thee Canterre it is true. They have been in communication with the great Persian Shah. And Canterre defies the return of the Princess into her own country until her father, this Shah, consents to enter into some commercial contract with him. I can not recall what it is.

Ye gods! Rubyat think hard my child. Was it the silken commerce?

The silken commerce. That is it Canterre. The silken industries they spake only of the silken industries and of the Persian Shah. To bring this Shah to terms. So they spake.

Canterre uttered something between his teeth.

But Canterre thou wilt save the Princess? Please go to her at once. Do not allow them to hide her in this awful convent. It is worse than death, this awful convent with its dark walls and death still nuns all robed in black.

Canterre interrupted this tragic attitude of the child.

Rubyat, stammered he, she still clinging to him. Clutching his cloak and sobbing.

My Princess! My Princess I love her so much!

And so we all love the Princess, child.

Yea, but not as I do. And she loves Theron too, continued the girl.

Why! How canst thou know all this Rubyat?

Ah, Sir. I know it. She never spake a word to me of her love for Theron. But I know it, she said with a nod of her head.

How canst thou know the secret of the Princess's life, Rubyat?

Because Canterre. I used to sit every day with the Princess when she was ill.

And because. Because I love Theron. And I know she loves him.

The girl buried her pretty face upon the shoulder of Canterre.

Canterre started at this frank confession and he stood looking down upon her. Not amused but in serious study.

Just within close reach of this spot, a window in the temple swung open, upon its frame. And the Princess robed in palest blue made a pretty picture as she leaned upon this opening viewing the picturesque surroundings. When she started suddenly. For she saw Canterre and Rubyat standing in this position. She could not mistake. It was Canterre and Rubyat. What could it mean?

Surely Canterre—nay! It could not be true. Canterre was probably consoling the child in some little sorrow. The Princess standing several moments thus, turned at a light footstep.

And there by her side was standing Lady Vivian.

So near to this opening, which afforded this unobstructed view of Canterre as he stood with Rubyat nearly in his arms and with her head upon his shoulder.

Quick as a flash the Princess embraced Lady Vivian and with hasty motion she led her away from this opening.

Princess. I am charmed but may we not remain here, queried Lady Vivian. I do crave a breathe of fresh air. The people most stifle me.

Vivian thou art nervous still from the shock of thy fright. Let us seek the larger opening across the Court. The view is more pleasing I am surely pleased to say for the breezes blown from the bay, all will serve to refresh thee more.

Thou art most thoughtful with thy kindness Princess, answered Lady Vivian sweetly. Perhaps the larger window at the far end of the Court is much more pleasant. For the outlook upon the bay is beautiful always. And most refreshing is the unused breeze from the splendid bay. Come. May we not remain here. I like it better.

And Lady Vivian. In the far distant. Across the bay. Behold! The bright grandeur of this scenery. The green water of the bay is skirting the rocks. And there remains a hidden consciousness of its silent reign. Veiling it all with perhaps an invisible vapor, but a veil that was firm upon the whole picture.

My charming Princess, tell me I prythee. What unfathomable secret doth remain sunk into these serene waters?

That I know not my dear. There is always a charm in water, be it serene, be it turbulent.

And the solemnity of this same charm fell likewise upon these fair ladies. As it doth fall upon all who become a victim to the invisible force of water.

Then they stood arm in arm before the window.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A SCULPTRESS AT WORK.

Truly spake the philosopher that the Master-piece of Art is the Apotheosis of Chivalrous passion for love!

Catherine my dear, the models are divine.

Sweetly spoken Vivian. And what say thee of my faun?

The faun. It is wonderful. The genius is surely shend in this delicate work.

Thy skillful hand hast made this Diety, dainty and gracefully picturesque. The face so classic, the slight body. The graceful arms, the rounded limbs. The slender ankles and the most perfect feet. Ah! It is indeed a rare creation.

And speaking thus Lady Catherine followed by Lady Vivian walked away that she might view it at a different angle.

Catherine that huge clinging serpent. At every twist of its supple body, how it clings to the slender figure of the Diety. As it rests its head upon the left arm. That magnificent bunch of grapes clasped in the hand. Truly thy hand strokes genius in every line. Thy touch is exquisite. It is indeed, sweet companion.

And Vivian. It is for this delicate finish that I have striven all these hours of close modeling. For the finish of a Sculptress is perfected by putting in all the shadows and in leaving all the lights.

Lady Catherine! Come quicke. An accident has happened just under the balcony.

These two ladies heard these words from an attendant who ran breathlessly into the studio.

An accident Aton? What is it? And where is it? exclaimed both the ladies in one breathe.

Lady Catherine, the accident just with out the gate. Come to the opening, the roadway is already blocked with the excitement.

The ladies followed Aton and upon reaching the balcony they saw the crowd below. A sudden rush of mad people; for the people had already gathered there because it was the day of the great chariot race. Several chariots with their horses stamping with the excitement stood near this balcony. And this roadway led to the race course but a short distance below this balcony.

As the ladies bent forward in eager excitement, they saw the crowd part. And two Courtiers came bearing the lifeless form of a slender girl. The body entirely covered was placed in an ambulance and driven slowly out through the crowded roadway. Then in this most awful anxious moment. Lady Catherine saw M. Clevelandé directing Aton. He made his way slowly in her studio. He stood before her with a tiny bundle, as it were, within his arms.

Lady Catherine eagerly approached him. A cry muffled yet distinct met her.

And she stepped backward.

M. Clevelandé stepped forward.

Catherine I prythee, thy good grace and thy pardon. It is by my directions that Aton doth fetch it here. Alack! I knew not what to do with it.

And they stood looking at this bundle.

But good friend! interrupted Lady Catherine.

I trowth Catherine it is a breach in etiquette. What was to be done at that most fearful time? The horses had stamped the girl to death. And this tiny bundle. I snatched from her arms as she fell. And well, here it is, my dear.

It is an infant babe, queried Lady Vivian, stepping closer.

It sounds very much like a babe, Vivian, responded he with a nervous laugh.

Aton, place the bundle here, and Lady Catherine made a comfortable place for it upon a divan. They uncovered it with care. It was in truth a tiny babe.

They all stood apart looking much perplexed.

The mother was stamped to her death? Asked Lady Catherine.

Stamped merciless. It was a most wicked sight, answered M. Clevelandé. And he paled as he recalled this frightful scene and this tragic death.

But, the driver of this chariot, he must have been very careless, and unobserving not to have avoided the accident, remarked Lady Vivian, piqued with a nervous sensation.

The driver? M. Clevelandé stood silent for a time. It was the chariot of Theron and Theron was the driver.

Theron's chariot, broke in both ladies.

It was. Theron had just climbed in his chariot, his horses were restless for they had been standing. And I do not know, some rumored that Theron urged his horses on as this girl attempted to speak with him.

Theron! And a cruel light come into the eyes of Lady Vivian as she continued.

M. Clevelandé who was this girl?

The girl mother was Rubyat, answered he with down cast eyes.

Rubyat! exclaimed all at the same time. Then a dreadful silence fell upon them all as they stood circled around the babe as it lay upon the divan.

Vivian, the chariots were in line to drive into the lanes. Theron had taken his reins from his driver. Rubyat forced her way through this crowd to speak with Theron. This was an immensely packed crowd of people, for the races were soon to begin.

Her same childish manner, the impulsive child, ventured Lady Vivian.

Then, he continued. Rubyat held the tiny bundle up before Theron and upon this moment it was. He lashed his horses and they dashed forward with a vicious plunge. They swerved back and forth, until Theron seemed to loose his control of them, and they dashed madly on into the lanes. The horses had stamped the girl beneath their feet and the chariot passed over her body.

Theron dashed on, seemingly unmindful of the horrible mangled body of the girl as it lay upon the roadway. Then, I gathered up the babe, which had been torn from its mother's arms.

The ladies listened. They bent over the babe and they fondled it tenderly.

M. Clevelandé turned away as Lady Vivian lifted the

babe in her arms and very pathetic were her words, which fell upon their ears. As Lady Catherine and he turned aside.

*In the world there is a heart beating
Somewhere for this babe on the homeward way
A little mother feign to have a happy meeting
In home sweet home: one little lamb cast astray!*

Burning tears fell upon the cheeks of Lady Vivian and upon this innocent little face. And Lady Catherine wept while M. Clevelandé walked away.

Sweet companion whatever shall we do with the babe asked Lady Catherine.

I shall take it with me. I must provide a home for it. Perhaps in one of the homes.

Foolish Vivian. Thou art mad. What, dost thou believe the babe's father will so willingly release it?

Whereupon Lady Vivian turned and looked seriously.

Catherine, the father of this babe will never release it. Nay. He has done more. He has already denied it.

Vivian what were thy words? Dost thou believe, stammered Lady Catherine, that Theron is the father of this infant.

I do believe it, and I am certain. No man in Cairo is more capable than he.

Theron? ventured Lady Catherine.

Catherine stupid! What man in Cairo but Theron?

She bent long in a tenderness over the babe.

Ah! Catherine. An innocent babe on its bed of roses now. Tomorrow a woman may be hurt by its thorns of sorrow!

Vivian I prythee listen to my words. Thy great and generous heart doth speak too blindly now in thy new sympathy. Think. It will be an injustice to the babe to now place it in the settlement home. I would rather advise thee. Together let us seek its father.

Catherine hast thou lost all thy senses? Thinkst thou that Theron would so desire to be burdened with it? And then she listened again to the cooing of the babe. Ah! As a flower blooming in its freshness!

Catherine I shall send Thantiere with the babe into the chapel settlement. I deem it the best for we are in a responsible position.

And not a splendid position, responded Lady Catherine. Then she turned and called the slave woman.

Thantiere, come thou here. Whereupon the black slave

woman approached and stood before Lady Vivian, with her large rolling eyes fastened upon the infant.

Thantiere, my good woman. This tiny babe. Bear it carefully into the chapel settlement. Say unto the woman in charge that Lady Vivian has directed thee. And that Lady Vivian will come presently. And Thantiere, guard this precious babe with careful hands.

Your ladyship I will guard the babe with my life, replied the slave woman.

Lady Vivian and Lady Catherine wrapped the babe snugly and placed it in the arms of the slave woman. And she departed from the Sculptor chapel bent on this kind mission of mercy.

Sweet companion come with me into my studio den. I have but a few strokes to complete my other model. I am most anxious to finish it now.

And the ladies went in a gloomy silence. They sat in nearly a sorrow.

Soon Lady Catherine put touches here and there, she finished the last touch of the *faun*.

Then she turned with a keen pride.

The faun is finished!

And very beautifully sculptored, Catherine dear.

Now, Vivian I am free. Come were we not to attend the races.

We may attend the races as well as any thing dear, answered Lady Vivian languidly, whose usual enthusiasm in chariot races was very listless.

Vivian I fear Mordane will be unable to return into Cairo for another fortnight.

What a calamity, in truth dear. But in all seriousness is not Mordane long upon that small freize?

So it seems to me Vivian. Could anything have happened to him?

Just at this moment they reached the race course and they were amazed at the throng of people gathered there to witness these races. They were escorted to their lodges which were directly in front of the course.

Scarcely had they been seated when a low conversation just behind them caused them to listen eagerly.

Yea, my friend! Every prolonged stroke of this man's chisel is but a stroke carving the goodly fortune of thy-self. Ha! Ha! and Mordane all unsuspecting.

What a dupe!

An infernal dupe answered the other gentleman.

Upon hearing these words Lady Vivian looked behind her and squarely into the face of M. Clevelandé and one of his courtiers. And suddenly upon seeing these ladies directly in front of them, they quit their conversation.

And the words made a sudden hold of the situation besieging her mind.

Every prolonged stroke of this man's chisel is but a stroke carving thy own goodly fortune!

So that is thy scheme, M. Clevelandé, thought Lady Vivian.

Evidently Lady Catherine had not caught the drift of this conversation. For she was viewing the course with her glasses. Neither had she seen these two gentlemen who were seated behind her. One of which was M. Clevelandé.

But Lady Vivian was bitter, then a happy thought came to her. She would spoil their scheme. Then her attention was given to the race course.

The music ceased and the bell was sounded. Then the race begun.

Surely. Theron was driving a handsome chariot drawn by jet black horses.

As he passed the Amphitheatre his colours purple and white were streaming from his chariot.

One Grecian Knight was driving the other chariot. His were white horses.

Both drivers had splendid horses and neither driver lashed his horses. And the race was begun, and it continued. They went on, on. The blacks passing the whites. The whites passing the blacks. The laps became interesting. The whites were in the lead and the people stood in their seats. They cheered. Then the blacks swerved past the whites coming beautifully to the front.

It was the last lap, the cheers were maddening. At this lap the anxious moment; the blacks rushed forward even more than before.

Theron had won. The splendid black horses, the blazing chariot with Theron the driver made a picture of mockery to the ladies as they sat in their lodges. For their hearts were heavy with the cry of the infant orphaned babe.

The blacks were decorated with ribbons. And Theron wore the laurel wreath upon his uncovered head.

Now Lady Vivian with Lady Catherine left their lodges in a hasty retreat.

I am grieved that he won the race, spake Lady Catherine.

It is a sad pity responded Lady Vivian. Theron seems to surpass in every event, Catherine. I marvel at his successes.

But. The greatest defeat is well upon him, Vivian.

And what defeat dear?

The election. He cannot succeed in this election.

Be not so certain Catherine. I do fear hidden strokes.

Alack! I am certain Theron will be defeated. For the King's voice has been raised against him. And once he is defeated in such an event, he stands a ruined man in Cairo.

I do know he is the most dangerous man in Cairo, Catherine. He has ruined the lives of many people. And. Now this day what worse could he have done? Than the murder of Rubyat.

To be certain a dismal misfortune. Theron makes a bold picture of victory wearing his laurels, and within wearing the stain of the murder of pretty Rubyat. But there surely will be a full measure meted to him.

He may wear his laurels all too soon!

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LOST THORN.

There is a charm of human thought found in noble charity!

Many, many weeks had passed since Lady Vivian found the aged man wounded in the public park. By a stray bullet from the coffee shop and all this time the wounded man had been nursed under the special direction of Lady Vivian.

Being a neglected man of many years he did not gain strenght sufficiently.

Neither did he grow weaker until the last week. When he contracted a slow form of fever and this overcome his strenght and he lay distractedly ill. Ill unto death it was feared by his physicians.

Upon this afternoon he turned his head upon his pillow, as he heard footsteps in his chamber, and very near to his bed couch.

Good morning, father! How is it with thee? It is such a gloriously bright day. I am certain thou art feeling stronger.

Lady Vivian walked to his bed couch. She bent over his wasted form. He smiled faintly as his eyes fell upon her radiant face beaming with freshness.

'Tis thee Lady Vivian! I might have known it. Who else ever cares to come here, to sit with me? None Lady Vivian but thee. Thou art a noble woman. Thou art most charitable. May thy gods always be good and kind to thee.

I thank thee father, for this petition. But thou art stronger? I see it in thy face. The sick man turned impatiently.

Father truly, thou wilt not wax impatient now? After all the most brave days of thy suffering? They are gone now. There are many inquiries of thee father. Too. Many would come to visit thee but upon the advice of thy physician I have requested them not to come. They may come later when thou art stronger.

Spoken only out of the kindness of thy good heart, Lady Vivian. I have neither kin nor comrade. Either in Egypt or elsewhere. Therefore there can be none who wishes to visit me.

There, there father! I have something valuable, something for thee. And she opened a small cask of copper plate of Lipâd. Me thinks I have found a quicke remedy for thee.

Lipâd! Lipâd! The sick man then fell back upon his pillow when slowly he lifted his head. There was a searching light in his eyes.

Then, I have the fever?

Yea father but it is only in a mild form and I quite readily found this wormwood. We do wish the fever to develope little more not to develope more. It is easier to prevent than to cure, responded Lady Vivian sweetly.

Then, once again! It is providence. It is providence once more that has bourne thee to me. And the suffering man turned in his anguish. Why didst thou come again to save my life? Oh! Why didst thou come?

She quietly watched him, and he was very wretched. After a few moments had passed she bent more closely over him and she saw he had sunken into a light stupor.

Lady Vivian stepped softly to the window. The sweet mercy for a life caused her to see this suffering man restored to good health, in her earnest thoughts. A vital force pushed forward in her efforts. For instantaneously she thought of the Sacred Thorn. Had it not healed the Princess of the otherwise fatal poisoning?

She decided to go at once to Canterre and noiselessly she left the chamber. Going directly to seek Canterre. Once into the office chapel of Canterre. She was announced by a Scribe, and Canterre came at once.

Vivian I greet thee! I am happy, most happy to see thee again. But. Thou art distressed, my dear what is it?

Canterre thy goodly pardon! I come perhaps on a most worthy mission. An urgent need.

And I am most happy to offer myself in any service if by such a service I may relieve thee, Vivian.

Thou may be able to relieve me Canterre. I come to seek aid for the sick Jew.

The aged man whom thou rescued in the public park?

The same. And he doth lie ill unto death with the fever. The physician gives no hope. So I come for the Lost Thorn.

Canterre started but attempted to conceal his amazement.

The Lost Thorn? Yea. My dear thou shall have it. But will he accept of it? He is of the Jews.

What significance? His religion is his divine right. And at this critical hour his life is of value.

He denies our Christ, my dear. And in this he can have no faith in this Thorn, worn by my Saviour. It coming from the Christian's Saviour's crown of Thorns means nothing to him.

But Canterre. He is now semi-conscious. Since a human life depends and. Perchance, much in this life, who can be the judge?

Volontiers! I proudly give thee the Thorn a life to save. Much there remains within the life of every human being. For life indeed is a precious gift of God.

I thank thee graciously, Canterre. Thou art of a kindly heart and of a most noble mind.

Vivian before I permit thee to go. And he gently placed his arm about her.

What is it, Canterre asked Lady Vivian demurely.

Dearest, thy promise not to credit the tales which Theron has been hurling broadcast. The tales concerning and involving the Princess and myself.

My promise Canterre. For these same gossip mongers are speaking one to the other.

Lady Vivian is in preparation to wed the Prince Governor Theron.

"Vivian"! He clasped her fondly. And with a quicke motion she disengaged herself from his embrace.

I must go Canterre and at once. The man doth lie ill unto his death and every moment brings him nearer to his death.

Whereupon Canterre instantly released her. He entered into a small chapel joining his office chapel and very shortly he returned carrying the Sacred Thorn.

It was sealed in an ivory chest.

Vivian. the Sacred Thorn! I gladly give it to thee. It is in thy trust.

I thank thee, Canterre. I shall guard it with a care.

Ah! God speed the time when this aged man will be healed. God speed the time when thou dost come again to me.

And he kissed her hand. He opened his arms for her, but she had slipped away.

Without another word Lady Vivian bearing the ivory chest left the chapel of Canterre.

She approached the sick chamber and she heard voices within. Cautiously she opened the door.

Two men were standing with their backs towards the sick man. They were in serious words. She knew not whether to enter at once. When she heard the name of the Persian Shah spoken then she slipped in and sat upon the bed-couch of the sick man.

The sick man stirred but the men believing him to be nervous from the fever, they did not even as much as glance in her direction.

She could distinguish these gentlemen plainly. They were Theron and M. Clevelandé.

Then breathlessly she listened.

M. Clevelandé I heralded the Persia Shah that his daughter was safely quartered in Cairo. That all his efforts to locate her would prove fruitless. Likewise. I made it known to him that the Princess was grieving herself into a sickness. But for no cause would I consent to her leaving the Egyptian borders until he agreed. Rather. Until he signed the commercial contract for the silken industries.

Upon me faith Theron that will serve thee naught. It will be a most easy thing for the Shah to sign this contract. He could then negotiate with the free exports committee at his will and desire. Every committee consents when a goodly reason is offered them, eh Theron? And I trowth a righteous cause will serve its pleasure.

Not so easy M. Clevelandé. The Shah is a hard parent. A most unnatural parent. He answers in these terms. And Theron read the Shah's herald.

To the Prince Governor M. Theron of Cairo, Egypt.

Thy heralder announces the herald from the Prince Governor M. Theron of Cairo. May I hereby convey my answer. In as much that I have been apprised of

knowledge of the safe keeping of my daughter. The Princess Roxana. That the Princess remains in goodly comforts, in peace of mind.

I hereby do refuse to be forced into such a compromise—that of signing against my own country. It would be but a mean treaty, since the Princess is balanced with commercial values.

Signed.

The Shah of Persia.

Of the Royal House of Persia.

Ye gods! What an answer! Doth the Shah play with thy herald or hath he been in communication with the Princess, herself?

That I do not know. His attitude however stands for our defeat. His will is like iron and his mind remains unbent. By the gods, there must be a way.

Alack! I fear that naught can move him, Theron.

Not so fast, friend. Once the Princess is safely locked within the Convent of the Christians in a disguise. Locked away from the outside world. What think ye of the Shah then?

The Princess hidden within the Convent of the Christians! What absurd notions, Theron.

Not so, for the Princess doth wish very much to be entered into this convent. Once within the shadow of those monstrous Convent walls, then it can be easily managed.

Upon me faith Theron, I can see no advantage in such a move. Doth it matter whether the Princess remains within her apartments in Cairo or whether she is hidden within this convent?

Ah! but friend. The Christian Convent is sorely pressed for funds. And well. Thou, can readily understand. All is fair to win a hard close battle. The Mother Superior will permit no communication between the Princess and the outer world. And the Persian Shah when he can hear no word of his daughter? It is easy. The game is finished. We have this powerful Ruler of Persia by the stringes of his own heart.

But will he compromise his given word even for his heart's desire, Theron?

Is then the ruler of Persia vastly different from any of us? A heart's throb has made many nations. Likewise a heart's throb has lost many a country's cause. There are

gods of highest station weak as the merest reed, bending for a woman's pair of eyes, laughed Theron.

Always a woman, Theron, and he laughed mockingly.

And true! All true noblemen are warmed by some fair vesper fire. Forbear. The platonic fools! And unto the Shah, it may be a parent's heart desire. Me thinks, I love them all, my jolly friend. I love my loves in a merry way.

And the light laughter from Theron jarred even M. Clevelandé.

Thou art to free with thy heart's love, and thy heart loves Theron.

Ah! Come friend and comrade. Thy wisdom comes from a bruised heart.

M. Clevelandé coolly interrupted Theron's light phrases.

We were discussing the Persian Shah, Theron.

Surely we were. And as I was saying, answered Theron as he glanced at M. Clevelandé pallid face. The Shah can be reached through this channel, I know it. But if not thereby. We are lost.

But what of the Princess entering this Convent? It seems impossible.

Why? Now thou may choke thy laughter, friend. I am in a position to be acquainted with the desires of the Princess. And this is one of her cherished desires. I shall gallantly assist her.

In a slight lull of this conversation, Lady Vivian stole quietly out of the sick chamber.

What a scheme Theron was party to. He had dared to operate this upon the Shah. Alas! Theron with his foul schemes would dare anything. And too. There were times when he would vomit all wickedness.

Then, Lady Vivian felt a keen sympathy for this double natured man.

At the same time she felt that much could be feared of him.

These two men continued after a dull silence.

Upon me faith, friend. That arrest upon the day of the chase, it was a most damnable affair. Yet, the court has dismissed the case and that quite readily, too.

But how was it all come about Theron?

The black slave. I proved him a spy for some one person working the opening of this commercial affair with foreign countries. Perchance. One of the silken manufactories of Egypt hoped to contain its own productions.

I am advised there is a plan among the silken manufacturers to this effect.

Is it wise though? this plan of the manufacturers?

Well, I cannot see the wisdom of such a step, myself. At any rate, the efforts of the enemy to disable me was lost.

A good point in thy goodly name in the coming election, Theron.

So it was.

Then Theron paced backward and to the window again. He was becoming much disturbed with a dark train of thoughts.

Oh, M. Clevelandé, it was a terrible disaster. That disastrous accident!

And his eyes were much blurred.

The accident? queried M. Clevelandé.

Rubyat, responded Theron and he knit his brow.

The poor child! Yea it was a tragic death for a girl responded he.

Her damned impulsive nature. That she should attempt to climb into the chariot with me, and upon such an occasion. In such a place.

There is not another person in Cairo would ever have attempted to do such a thing but Rubyat.

Poor girl! A pretty girl she was. A girl of love and insane impulses.

I ween, the bird songs babbling from the trees were never so sweet, as her pretty laughs. Her saucy lips were only silenced with thy kisses, eh Theron? And Rubies were less red than her two lips of cheeriness. Honey less sweet than the nectar from those lips. A nymph beauty clothed in Love's breathe was she. How this girl did love thee, Theron. Lucky chap thou were! I oft have seen her chubby face brighten into a smile at one word from thee. Her song the whole day long was. I love, I love thee, my love!

For God's Sake! Cease! Canst thou have no compassion upon a guilty coward. Such as I am. I can bear it no longer. Never. Never dost thou mention the girl's name in my presence again. Never!

My dear comrade, thou art the one who spake firstly of the girl.

So it is true. My good friend, thy pardon! I spoke out of a troubled soul.

Then M. Clevelandé lay his hand upon the shoulder of Theron and he gently pressed it.

I am sorry for thy sorrow, Theron.

My friend, the babe, continued Theron. The babe! Ye gods, I shall go mad. I tell thee I shall go mad; and raving thus, in this distorted phrase he rubbed his fingers through his hair. His eyes bulged in a wild stare. And he muttered like a mad man. 'Sin hath its pain'!

Great volumes of sympathy filled the heart of M. Clevelandé for Theron.

He placed his hand again upon his shoulder.

Theron, no stain rests upon thee. Accidents befall us all, alike. Come, let us go back to the green square. The Arabian Chieftians are giving an exhibition with their dancing horses. Their dances always are interesting. Let us go and at once. I shall go mad if I do not go somewhere.

And these two gentlemen left the sick chamber.

It was but a short time when Lady Vivian returned again into the sick chamber.

Father, thou hast been sleeping long, and the sleep has restored thee for thy eyes are brighter.

My dear child, I have slept and I do feel refreshed but I have a fearful headache.

Ah! but I have a remedy for thy aching head, father. That pains comes with the fever. And she drew the Sacred Thorn from the ivory chest which she carried under her cloak.

What is this remedy, Lady Vivian? Some petrified wood? Smiled the old man.

Perhaps so. I will bind it upon thy forehead. And she leaning over the man noted the pleased glance. She bound the Thorn securely upon his burning head. And she reclined herself by his side upon his bed couch.

She listened to his disconnected phrases and watched his wild gestures.

Then slowly he fell back into his stupified slumbers. And he breathed like a man troubled.

She remained very quiet by his side so as not to awaken him. And the silvery silence in the watch fell heavy upon Lady Vivian for she hoped. She feared.

Lo! The white mystery of death might be lingering near!

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SHEPHERD IN IRONS.

Lady Vivian was still sitting by the side of the sick man when loud, noisy steps aroused her. She turned and there stood Theron, with him two attendants.

Lady Greetings! Thou here? And Theron was surprised. Good day, and greetings, Theron. Is there any goodly reason why I should not be here? Queried she.

But this man is ill with the plague.

She quickly placed her finger upon her lips, as a warning. Not so loud Theron. Have mercy!

Theron laughed hoarsely. What matters if he doth hear. The man cannot live. His life is nearly spent, at its best.

Theron, cruelly spoken. Is there no humanly heart alive within thy breast.

She glanced at the attendants and Theron followed her questioning glance.

The attendants? asked she.

They come but to remove the sick man into the cell within the outer cell, answered Theron.

Theron! Thou would dare to order this sick man moved into that isolated iron cell?

My dear, I prythee do not be foolish. The man is stricken with the fever in the most violent form.

And is he not isolated here, asked she.

Not quite isolated, my dear. There is danger here.

There are many human hearts still beating in our honourable and honest gentlemen in Cairo. And for this I am thankful! remarked Lady Vivian.

A pretty compliment from Lady Vivian and well spoken, my dear. But the patient is to be removed by order of the Court. He shall receive every care in this cell, have no fear of it.

Now Vivian, thy own judgement tells thee, it is not wise to permit this case of fever here within the chapel, open to the public. Subjecting anyone. Everyone to this dreadful malady. It must not be spread over the whole of Cairo, because of this one case.

He winced under her contemptuous glance, although she accepted the wisdom of it.

Then proceed and attend to it, Theron. The man is ill and suffering. I go to make ready his bed couch.

She gently leaned over the sick man and removed the Sacred Thorn from his head. Placing it within the ivory chest, she tightly held the chest under her arm, and she left the chamber.

The sick man did not stir and Theron stood looking after Lady Vivian.

Then he glanced up and beheld the faces of the two attendants wreathed in mocking smiles. He flushed with anger.

Cease thy laughter! Didst thou behold anything curious in the affection of the King's daughter to the homeless old man? Methinks, Lady Vivian is justly right. The old man has been chilled by the world's neglect. Come here. Mark ye, bear thou this suffering man into the isolated chapel. And with greatest care.

The two attendants in silent obedience stepped forward. They wrapped the man in folds of the linen. Carefully, so carefully they lifted him and they bore him away into the much discussed isolated chapel.

After they had left the sick chamber. Theron stood in thought for he was alone in the chapel where the sick man had been. He lowered his eyes upon the floor.

A bit of papyrus folded in a square caught his eye and he gathered it up. He unfolded it. No. 586. Entitled Act of Jew. It read. "No Jew will be permitted to sit in the consistory of Cairo."

Theron read it and he re-read it. What of this?

This Jew had been too ill for weeks to have been able to secure this script copy. And it was of a past date. It was wholly incomprehensible. The Egyptian law that which had so ruled against the Jew had been set aside.

And now the Jew doth sit in the consistory of Cairo.

Who could have copied this act? Who could have carried this script to his bed couch? Has the Jew then an accomplice?

Me thinks a heated revenge doth still burn within the Jew and against the Egyptian. There may still be a danger from the Jew.

Theron tore the papyrus into pieces. He hurled the pieces out of the window and then. He went immediately nearer to the sick man. The man wrapped snugly was sleeping in a stupor.

The attendants stood without the door. And Lady Vivian came. She opened this door and stepped up to the couch.

Theron clasped her hand but she tore it from him.

Vivian thou art so impatient with me. Surely. My Sweet Vivian thou dost play hard and fast to forget me. Rather. Our friendship. I can not accept thy words spoken to me, that thou canst not love me, now. He added with a smile. I dare not bide my heart to forget thee.

Love? Pardon me Theron. I knew not this precious gift

of love when I knew thee best. When our friendship was closest. And as for thee Theron. Thy passions alone hast thou named love. For real love serves, purifies. And real love enobles, exalts one to the highest the best in life.

My sweet Vivian, truly the treble of Heaven's harmony, the richest gift of the gods is. Love.

And I prythee Theron. Do not speak of love to me again. How many times I have asked this of thee. Dost thou not know that tainted thoughts run not to pure love?

My charming Sweetheart, dost thou believe I will so willingly surrender to a foreign lover, my sweet love?

Then with a wicked gleam in his eyes, he stepped towards her. He held her fast in his arms, covering her face with kisses.

She confronted him angrily.

I prythee be gone! Otherwise I shall be obliged to leave this chamber.

My sweetheart I would not disturb thy charitable duties. I shall go myself. But remember Vivian. The victory of Canterre is not yet a floating banner. Neither is it hurling its colours.

With these words he left Lady Vivian. Then she seated herself upon the couch. One hour longer must the Lost Thorn be binded upon the sick man's head, however she began her watch. She glanced round the chamber. She could see nothing from out; the only opening was a long narrow window and this window was ironed closely.

She fell to meditating, out of which was bourne mental pictures.

The cooing of a tiny babe with its innocent stare of its baby blue eyes. Following the fresh pretty face of Rubyat with her laughing eyes! With soft tangled curls. Rubyat the favorite peasant girl of the lichen stone and moss eaved cottage near the palm groves.

Rubyat! And Lady Vivian called the name softly as if she expected the same quick response from the ghost of the girl.

The same she had always known of her while she lived.

Then she recalled the gilted lines of the reaper named Death. And the lines burned her heart and chilled her blood.

*Great Michelangelo, with age grown bleak,
And uttermost labours, having once o'er said
All grievous memories on his lonely life shed
This worst regret to one true heart could speak.*

*That when with sorrowing love and reverence meek.
 He stooped o'er sweet Colonna's dying bed
 His muse and dominant Lady, spirit—wed,—
 Her hand he Kissed, but not her brow or cheek,
 O Buonarruoti,—good at Art's fire—wheels
 To urge her chariot—Even thus the Soul
 Touching at length some sorely—chastened goal,
 Earns oftenest but a little; her appeals
 Were deep and mute,—lowly her claim. Let be!
 What hold for her Death's garner? And for Thee
 Michelangelo's Kiss—*

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

CHAPTER XXXII.

A FESTIVAL OF LANTERNS.

The real destiny of the ballon was not questioned by the spectators in Cairo.

As this painted ballon with its vivid colourings started afloat in mid-air, cheers echoed upon its natural coarse. The reed basket that which hung upon it was filled with a number of birds. The Honey Guide.

The Honey Guide was selected for the purpose of guiding this ballon into far fields, into the country. To insure success and rich fruitage for Egypt. This custom was taken from an ancient legend that these rare birds called the Honey Guide would always lead to the honey nests. This in turn meant a true guidance to the full fruitage of Egyptian industries. It meant success in all its municipal affairs.

In a literal sense. This sparkish ballon showed brilliant. With its bright paintings and with the reed cage in which the small dull plummed birds swung back and forth. Slowly it ascended higher, higher. Until it become invisible among the seemingly fleecy spots of clouds which floated lazily far into the skies.

The tradition of the Egyptian people was that the Harpies carried it away upon its mission.

The public garden was filled with throngs of moving people. Buxom and free.

Men drove their own chariots in the roadways at this gathering. Some pulled carts. Some rode donkeys. Every person could be seen within the park decked with bells. With garlands of field flowers. These garlands of field flowers showed some bay leaves.

Lingering youths carrying their lyres talked more than sung their merry verses.

Pipes and the flat drums met. They rebounded throughout the entire garden.

Maidens wearing silken shawls. Gorgeously coloured shawls and they carried goat skin bottles. Small neat were these bottles and they were filled with wine. These maidens moved lithely in and through the people. They sold their must foamed, their wine to the people.

By the soft light of these hundreds of lanterns the people jostled. Lanterns swung in their odd shapes. And these were lamps which had been filled with oil.

These lamps were burning in obedient lights upon long poles. And hanging by wires. This festival of lanterns was always one large occasion for the frolicsome and gay celebrations in Egypt. Feats of every kind were given.

Exhibition of drills. Speeches. Music and dancing. In all a festival of merry makers.

In a group of the Royal guests. Lady Vivian and Lady Catherine were standing, together. A group of young girls wearing garlands of roses. Showered Lady Vivian with roses and rose buds, as they joyously tripped passed her.

A shower of short stemmed roses was heaped upon these two ladies and they responded to this playful greeting of the maidens, so fair, so free!

The gracious smile faded upon the face of Lady Vivian as she saw Theron approaching her.

Catherine, Theron! He makes his way here. Let us turn and go. I am coming to despise Theron.

But sweet Companion, it is too late to turn away. He is here.

And the ladies were facing him. Lady Catherine greeted him and turned her head in pretense of watching an expedition drill. Lady Vivian could but meet him as the occasion demanded of her.

My dear Vivian, I am really charmed to-night to be with thee again. Thou art as lovely as, nay, thy beauty surpass'th thy former self. And to-night, thou art a lovely dream.

Theron, I bid thee happy greetings, responded she.

He kissed her extended hand, speaking laughingly for the situation pleased him.

Upon my word dearest, the colour-green doth well become thee. Thou beautiful one. Thou canst rival even the nymphs of the Nile.

I prythee, there remains other more worthy charms here

to-night; Theron. The mystic glow of the lamps and the lanterns, doth it not settle upon every place with a golden thrill?

But. There is a mightier glow that doth settle upon my heart to-night.

And she interrupted him.

Theron, I prythee, one fair question. Are we not to be friends?

I do wish it above all else, Vivian.

Then cease thy flattery compliments for I can not relish them with a goodly. Neither a kindly favour.

I beg thy gracious pardon. In truth, Vivian why dost thou bear this stubborn will towards me, remarked he as a visibly pained look came over the face of Theron and with it a resolute glance. Then in turn a smile of conceit.

Ah! But Vivian. It doth not seem fit. That I should beg a moment's conversation with thee.

I rather agree. It is not fit that the Prince Governor of Cairo should beg one moment of any lady. The pride of such a gentleman should play him better.

Theron, then in quicke turn was gracious with an assumed interest.

Vivian, how is it with thy charge, the sick Jew?

It really doth please me Theron to know that after all. A real charity doth possess thee. Sorry I am, that thou didst so proceed against this aged man.

But, my deed was not a personal affair. I acted in full obedience to the ordinance.

An ordinance? queried she with a smile.

So it was my dear. And an ordinance methinks, by which the people of our city stands well protected from the outspreading of this fatal plague. Do we as citizens desire this return of the plague?

Ah! Theron thou art a far sighted man of noble inclinations. And she laughed heartily.

His face was dark with rage as she continued in a sarcasim.

And varily do I know thy honourable methods. That thou wouldst seek to crush a zickzack and turn away from the reptile, lest thy hand should spear the reptile.

Pretty! Pretty indeed art these compliments falling from such sweet lips. I prythee dost thou speak of thy own mind? Rather dost thou borrow the well bourne sentiments of thy lover? The Man of the Hour! Canterre the Great!

And he bowed low with a cunning smile.

I prythee Vivian, dost thou really indeed hold such faith in the great man's platform? Rather. Dost thou number one of the love-lorn court beauties who have given their hearts to this gallant knight of the french colony?

She drew herself up to her utmost height and scorned him.

Thy insolence Theron! Thy conduct becomes unbearable and now I prythee, have the good sense of a noble courtier. Shall I move into the far niche of the garden? To avoid thy undesirable society?

Nay! I would not so disturb thee, my dear. I shall go myself. In going I leave the lovely darling of the gods in her watches.

Lady Vivian turned squarely around and stood. When she turned back he had left her side.

Then. So soft a voice was speaking to her. That she did not hear Princess Roxana as she approached her.

The noise of the festival had drowned the voice of the Princess. The Princess touched her arm.

Princess Roxana! I am rejoiced that thou came to-night. I am most happy to be with thee.

I thank thee Lady Vivian. It doth please me much to be one of the merry makers here at the festival; for it is good to see so many smiling faces.

Thou art in goodly health Princess?

I thank thee. I am in beautiful health and mind to-night.

Truly, the garden is it not pretty, Princess Roxana?

It doth bear the bower of the silvery touches of the fairies. I think it one beauteous picture. Not alone silvered but gilded with charmings sights.

And the ladies in admiration of this lighted garden found themselves intoxicated with its beauties. The lights. The music. The laughters of the merriest.

Looking from one side then to the other, they sought a rustic bench which had been builded against a majestic sycamore tree, near a pool in this garden.

The golden hue of the Princess's robe splendidly harmonized with the green robe of Lady Vivian and they made a picture, as they reclined themselves against the silvered sycamore tree.

Princess thou hast absented thyself too much of late. We have missed thee. 'Twas yestern-morn at the Bath. I eagerly sought thee. Both Lady Catherine and myself. The morning was a pleasant treat.

That is very sweet, Lady Vivian and it doth glad my heart to know that I was really missed. And I have always found the Bath a pleasant place.

Princess thou art truly striving, suddenly, to hide away from all thy friends.

Ah! I have learned this much. And thy friends, they want thee very much.

Friends? My good Lady Vivian would I did possess friends in Cairo.

Princess Roxana, exclaimed Lady Vivian.

All too true. The acquaintances I have cultivated in Cairo. Ah! They are but fixtures of the places wherein I met them. I tear them out of my memory, for I quit their abiding places.

Princess, Thou art in some new sorrow? Asked Lady Vivian.

Perhaps yea. Perhaps nay. At any cost, forever and forever. These acquaintances are gone. Gone. Out of my life. I do not wish to recall them. So speaking she passed her hands before her eyes.

Princess, art thou suddenly seized with a madness?

Mad? And thereupon the Princess laughed. Methinks I am mad. Nay. I will not say as much. There was a time when I was mad. It was then. When I became acquainted with thy fair city. Bohemian Cairo! Methinks a madness must have filled my whirling brain. I was intoxicated. I tell thee Lady Vivian I was drunk with the gay allurements of all that was violent and wicked in Cairo. Pleasure reached out her hand to me upon my every turn. It come to this. That extravagant play could only tempt me. And I found myself, the Persian Princess sunk into. Ye gods! What not?

She faltered, like one blinded then she continued with agitated phrases.

Lady Vivian, upon my faith. It is most easy to trip into the pit of wicked pleasures. And the unsuspecting is at all times, the greatest pleasure seeker. Innocence and ignorance. These most duped comrades. They are found leading in the young life of every girl. And she faltered again.

But Princess thou art very restless. Come. Let us join Lady Catherine. There. Thou will soon forget thy disturbed thoughts.

Really thou art very kind and indulgent, Lady Vivian. In as much as thou dost mistake. I am not restless. I am, now strong in content. I have met with a conviction true. So

deep. I have never in my life before this time been akin to reverent mind. How well thou too, canst recall it all. Always free. Passionately fond of every frivolity in life. I dwelt within the dangerous temple called. Self. It is different now.

Ah! My Princess! and Lady Vivian tossed aside her head and laughed free. Then, thou too hast fallen? Caught in the snares of Cupid?

Alack! Nay Lady Vivian. I can not find myself dangling in the links of Cupid's chain. Neither a captive in his court of Love. Cupid by chance may have entered therein, but no longer dost he linger, responded the Princess as she put her hand upon her heart.

Princess, the world. That is to say every person in this universe has been captured, likewise. It is a law of the gods!

Far, far from my words and my meaning, Lady Vivian. I speak not of the foolish love that Cupid doth embellish the great temple of Self with. I speak of one greater love.

That is impossible Princess. There can be none greater than the love of the heart for its companion, sighed Lady Vivian. And her lovely eyes gleamed with the love light of a loving companion.

The Princess smiled sweetly. She placed her hand upon Lady Vivian's arm.

Thou speakst of carnal love. Whereas I speak of divine love. There comes a time in life when carnal love becomes all weaken and worn. For it is selfish. Divine love is a more dependable force. It remains an inspiring factor in life. This divine love is that love which the Christians have taught to the heathen people of the Orient.

Princess Roxana, surely! Surely thou dost not identify thyself with these Christians? The Christians! Impossible Princess. And the Lady Vivian stood so aghast with horror that the Princess smiled.

My dear Lady Vivian I have. Become a believer and a follower of this religion. Not by one day's decision. Rather days and months have I studied their teachings. The happy day of my life was the one day when I accepted their teaching as my guide. And now. Another the happiest day of my once empty life will be upon the morrow.

Upon the morrow? asked Lady Vivian in all curiosity.

Upon the morrow I enter into the Convent of the Christians, Lady Vivian.

The Convent of the Christians? gasped Lady Vivian.

How canst thou so forget the teachings of thy people? Think of thy father, the Shah. Have the memories of his great and strong life, his tender teaching gone out from thee? And for a strange people? I tell thee Princess, these people who call themselves, Christians. They are fanatics. They have forced their false teaching upon our people, here in Cairo. Their's is but a Visionary. Come dear, I prythee consider thy deed. And think. The gods who have been worshipped by thy own people for generations. The gods who have been revered by thy kin, by thy noble father. Think Princess, thy mother passed on in this faith. Can these gods not serve thee as well? Canst thou do less than serve the same gods?

Nay! Nay! Lady Vivian I forgive thy irony words. For thou dost not understand.

The Princess did not finish for Canterre joined them at this moment.

Fair ladies! Is it quite fair, thou shouldst hide away from every one? That thou secrete thyself away within this nook? The nook is charming. I trowth the ladies are like myself enticed by its charm, but is it quite fair?

Indeed, thou art welcome Canterre.

And Canterre kissed the hand of the two ladies.

Canterre, the Princess was but telling me. Upon the morrow she enters into the Convent of the Christians.

He started with an abrupt movement and looked at Lady Vivian, then he turned to the Princess.

The Convent of the Christians! he exclaimed. Am I to understand, Princess. That thou dost enter this Convent?

And Lady Vivian was pained as she noted the glance of his eye.

The warning words of Rubyat to save the Princess from the Convent, flashed now upon Canterre.

Princess Roxana, I can not credit this statement. Surely thou dost mistake. I prythee consider this grave step. Seclusion in a Convent! It will be a most unnatural life for thee. Likewise a dangerous one. There remains others in Cairo, Who can serve this part in the Convent. Me thinks we all need thee much in our city. And thou art not needed within this small world of the Convent.

Canterre turned to Lady Vivian.

Vivian my dear, surely thou canst dissuade the Princess. She must not take this step. And Canterre's glance was firm.

I thank thee, my good friend Canterre. In truth thou are of the worth. A friend, such as I am in need of. But.

I have studied this step with greatest energy. With closest thought and my decision is made.

Canterre thought quickly.

Princess there is a rule governing this Convent. Since thou art of Persian faith, the Court of Cairo must sign their decree before thou canst be made a white Sister in the Christian Convent in Egyptian borders.

So there is Canterre. And Theron has kindly aided me. With his assistance the court decreed my admission into the Convent. And my name has been entered in the register of the Convent, already.

Theron! muttered Canterre between his closed teeth. An angry scowl upon his face made him not kindly to look upon.

Then. Thou will enter in the Convent? Asked Canterre in a constrained voice.

I shall Canterre. With the most joyous conviction that which has ever come upon me, answered she with a glad ring in her voice.

Gods! he exclaimed, as he clinched his hands together. Then, little Rubyat had spoken the truth. Theron was playing this game with the Princess.

The blacken scoundrel, muttered Canterre.

Now Lady Vivian was a keen observer of his every look, his movements. Her heart sunk in pain. Then she mastered her emotions and said.

Princess may we not go to Lady Catherine? The last night thou art free. I prythee, join us.

It gives me great pleasure, Lady Vivian; and she turned to Canterre.

Canterre we shall be pleased and most happy for thee to join us.

And the party of three approached the rustic lodge, that of the King. The King sat in this lodge and by his side was seated Lady Catherine. Lovely and radiant.

The rustic lodge was quaint with its leopard skins roughly laid upon the floor. The oddly designed benches were suitable for this styled lodge. The blue lanterns burned in clearest tints veiled only by an occasional flare of a passing lantern, set to flying in mid-air. This mid-night darkness was rich. The flaming colour of the crimson velvet cloak, so richly embroidered in jewels, hanging upon the shoulders of the King. The searching colour of Lady Catherine's blue velvet robe set in bands of gold cloth and jewels. All stood out against this rich darkness of the lodge. The gay laugh-

ters and the pretty smiles of Lady Catherine fell upon the King like dancing sunbeams upon waters.

The King bent his head and he laughed too. In the spirit of this merriment that crowned the people with gladness.

Your Majesty, there! Lady Vivian, the Princess and Canterre doth approach us, exclaimed Lady Catherine, pointing her finger to this party as they made their way towards the King's lodge. And she waved her scarf to them.

Ah! Father it is a jolly good night, this festival night.

Come hither, daughter mine. And the Princess and Canterre. Indeed I am highly pleased to greet thee. Come one and all.

The lodge of the King was well filled with this royal party; each being pleasantly seated.

The King turned to the Princess. Where is Theron, my dear?

Whereupon a slight flush spread upon the face of the Princess even to the tips of her pretty shell like ears. And then a sullen smile fell upon her countenance.

Your Majesty. I have not had the pleasure of greeting Theron to-night. If he be here, I have not met with him, she responded with downcast glance.

Nor I have not seen him, my Princess, answered the King. And a momentary silence fell upon the party.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VESPERS.

The vespers bell was pealing forth in soft chimes. For it was eventide in the Convent of The Christians.

A sweetly solemn atmosphere of peace fell. Every hall within the Convent was resting in shadow of this divine peace.

A woman came from within one of the side halls. Softly treaded she. The chain of her many keys which she wore fastened around her waist, announced her coming. She knelt before an altar. She arose going directly across the long hall way. There she opened a large carved door and a number of women came out. They followed her with the same soft tread and in silence.

In the midst of these Sisters there walked one woman. Tall, well poised. She bowed her head reverently.

This woman was The Persian Princess of the Royal House of Persia.

Princess Roxana had become of the Convent. Now, after a few moments these young women had left this sacred al-

tar, and just as Lady Vivian had been admitted into the Convent. Coming from the main entrance.

Mother, greetings unto thy Saintly Soul! And Lady Vivian bowed.

Greetings, O daughter to the King! I bid thee a welcome in our Lord's name, responded the Mother with down cast eyes.

Mother, I beg an audience of thee, began Lady Vivian.

With all pleasure, I serve thee, O daughter to the King, replied the Mother. Pointing to a large chair which rested against the barren wall.

I thank thee good Mother. Are we alone?

Entirely so. For the good women are all at their duties.

Then I shall speak freely.

The Mother bowed her consent and Lady Vivian began and at the same time she marveled at the beautiful serenity of the Mother's face.

Mother I come to seek, perhaps too boldly one duty of thee.

O, daughter to the King fear not to ask of me. Neither of this Convent. We stand ready in the name of our Lord to serve Him. His will.

Lady Vivian moved uneasily.

Mother. Many weeks ago, a young mother met a most tragic death in the roadway leading into the lanes of the Race Course. Chariots were gathered making ready to enter the Arena for the race. This girl evidently become confused and she ran directly into one of the chariots. And this chariot was drawn by fiery horses. She was knocked down and stamped to her death by these spirited horses. Her body was mangled by the wheels of the heavy chariot passing over her. Within her arms she clasped a tiny babe. In the midst of this confusion one brave youth snatched the babe from her arms. Had he not done so, the babe would have been crushed to death like its mother.

Here she hesitated, as she noted an unfriendly light upon the face of the Mother.

And this child, where is it? Cooly asked the Mother.

Mother I took it directly into the settlement home.

And the child's father?

That, I am wholly unprepared to answer. I can learn no trace of the child's father.

Then, canst thee not learn of the girl's parents?

I have sought all too vainly, Mother. The girl's mother

has been gone many years. Since the early childhood days of the girl. Rubyat for that was her name was a daughter of the pigeon fancier living alone with her father.

They resided in a humble little home in the outlying district of the city. The father is kindly but a man of very low caste. So I have learned.

Ah! My good Mother. Canst thou not understand? It is the same story. Many times told. Mother!

Lady Vivian ran forward and bent over the form of the woman. For the Mother had swooned. Slowly she regained her composure. It is nothing daughter. I pray continue thy story, and she sat upright.

The face of the Mother wore lines of sorrow. Her heart was burdened with heavier lines of sorrow and grief. And Lady Vivian continued.

The girl's father is much broken in sorrow and he continually cries for his Sunbeam, for that was his name for his pretty daughter. He brokenly related to me how she was the one bright spot in his declining years. How they lived together and how happy they were. Ah! A pretty child was Rubyat.

A rose-bud, exclaimed the Mother.

Then, thou too didst know Rubyat? asked she in surprise.

Nay. I drew from thy picture, my daughter responded the Mother in smuggled sighs. And Lady Vivian continued.

The one thing now, I come to ask of thee, to arrange to place the babe in the convent.

A babe here in the Convent? And the Mother lifted her hands in a terrified suggestion.

My child herein these walls, where a stain has never fallen?

But, my good Mother. Know well, there is no mystery shrouding this babe. Every one in Cairo knows of the tragic death of Rubyat. And of this her, orphaned babe.

The Mother sat disquieted.

Mother, the King suggested that I place the babe here, with thee.

And the Mother raised her quiet face, a look of unhappy love shown for the first time upon it.

The King? answered she in subdued tones?

Yea, Mother. The King commands thee to this duty.

Then, in the name of the King. The child will be received in the Convent. We have no children in the Convent. And Christ said "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Thou mayst bear the infant at once.

Mother, I thank thee. I am most gratified at thy great and thy large goodness. Mayst the richest of thy Angels ever bless thee. Thy goodness doth shine, bright. To banish this gloomy sorrow.

I beg of thee, speak not of reward. I serve in the name of my Lord.

Mother thou knowst well. No money shall be spared for this infant.

Money! Nay we do not accept of money.

Then in the name of the King, the Convent shall receive a goodly endowment.

And she arose to go. She took the hand of the Mother and pressed it gently.

Mother, I will not detain thee longer from thy duties. Upon the morrow I shall come with the infant.

As the two women stood face to face within the shadow of the wooden doors, Lady Vivian stooped to kiss the Mother. Whereupon the Mother quickly withdrew. She stepped aside from the touch of Lady Vivian's lips.

And most meekly she spake lifting her hand.

Not my will but thine O Lord!

Then, good bye, my good Mother.

I bid thee farewell O daughter to the King! replied she with bowed head.

And Lady Vivian slipped quickly out of this hall. She heard the heavy wooden doors swing shut in their lock. As she walked away she could hear the low, distinct chimes of the vespers bell.

She stopped and listened. She too felt this expression of peace and good-will. It was divinely beautiful!

And just on beyond. In front of Lady Vivian, a number of children were skipping in their childish glee. They were holding hands, skipping, laughing and singing.

They soon come upon Lady Vivian, and they passed her. On they ran. The steps of these little feet, their soft childish voices, their happy laughing faces all bore the sweetest sentiment upon the heavy heart of Lady Vivian, as she turned watching them as they ran on out of her sight.

Beautiful children! Sighed she. And then, the beautiful memory of providing a home for the orphan babe of Rubyat casts its reflection upon her.

And Lady Vivian walked on towards her own palatial home. Touched by the tangible. A memory.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SEVEN WHISTLERS.
AND THE GOLDEN CALF.

The following day. Early in the calm of the morning Lady Vivian with one attendant bore the orphaned babe into the Convent of The Christians.

She met with no one but the Mother and this Mother greeted her with a face bright with smiles. And it delighted the heart of Lady Vivian.

The babe was bourne into a neat, clean but small chamber. A little crib filled with snowy white linens and downy pillows was in readiness for the babe, and as it was placed snugly within these linens; and with its little face upon the pillows. Lady Vivian leaned over it and covered its *petit* face with kisses. Then she turned to follow the Mother who stood in waiting at the door.

Lady Vivian I want thee to feel assured that the child will be cared for. And properly. It will be nurtured tenderly and with a Christian love. Thou mayst come at any time to see the little one.

Gracious mother, how I do thank thee. Thy bountiful goodness doth show itself in this most charitable act. If this be the love of the Christian; I honour the Christian. And Mother, I shall come again upon the morrow.

Then she left the Mother in this unexpected manner. And the Mother knelt beside the crib. She looked long upon this silent small babe, for it had fallen into sleep. Then. Great drops of tears trickled down her face and she buried her face in her hands.

Rubyat, my child! Were the indistinct words of the sorrowing Mother.

And Lady Vivian after leaving the convent walked slowly in the shadow of the tall sycamore hedge. She was in deep study and her heart was filled with sorrow. She did not notice the form of a man who was before her. It was M. Clevelandé.

M. Clevelandé I am quite gladly surprised to meet thee. And here.

Greetings Vivian. This is a rare surprise.

But M. Clevelandé what would thou here in the shadow of the convent?

By chance the kindred spirit of love doth lead me, like thy charitable self, Vivian.

She smiled. She felt there could be not another purport in

the whole of Cairo like the worthy purport that which bore her hence. And he read this inward joy and satisfaction in her face.

Thy purport is of the Royal Court Vivian?

Nay. But friend is not the Cabinet sitting this morning in the hearing of Theron?

And as he looked perplexed she continued.

I speak of Theron's arrest at the chase dinner.

There is to be no hearing, Vivian.

What strange news? There is to be no hearing? Then the arrest of Theron upon the night of the chase dinner—has it been released?

Vivian, this arrest of Theron was but a vile attempt. A measure executed at the expense of Theron's goodly name.

Truly, M. Clevelandé. Dost thou expect me to believe this tale?

Believe it Vivian? All to certain. Was this arrest false. Political friends are much given to such tricks. It was of mere worth.

Methinks that is a light and a malicious statement. I know politics do lead many divers ways. This was then, indeed a black lead if such be true.

Not so wicked Vivian. The political machine doth turn its wheel into many lanes. Both good and bad. But withal, as a well versed politician I can truly say, the wheels turn many ways. Ultimately good. Its strokes are advantageously given.

And M. Clevelandé smiled while Lady Vivian felt a mistrust.

My good friend, may we leave the political problems. I will not tarry longer with thee. I would not intrude. Perchance. A white Sister awaits thee within the shadow of the sycamore hedge. But have a care, for mark ye, the Saintly Mother has a pair of eyes like the Eagle.

Baffle! Vivian, he responded with a snap of his fingers.

Ah! But different, strangely different are the ways of the lover. And the loyal sycamore lends a wonderous enchanting retreat to the loving hearts. For the shadows fall in mighty gestures like an inviting inspiration, laughed she freely.

I jolly well agree with thee Vivian. But it is not at all times love, that which sendth us forth upon our mission. There are other purports to commission us.

Quite nobly spoken, friend. But now I needs must bid

thee a happy good day. For I have duties elsewhere, and so speaking she gave him her hand.

Then, a happy good-day unto thee, Vivian if thou indeed, must go. With a light smile he kissed her hand and she was gone.

He watched her as she turned, disappearing in the thick sycamore hedge. Then he mused over her words. "Too keep tryst with my loved one." And a white Sister.

He tossed his head backward with a laugh, then with a slow step he entered the Convent gate. He was admitted. He was met with the same gracious mother who had but the hour past spoken with Lady Vivian.

Greetings Mother! A fair day unto thee. I come in the name of the Prince Governor.

Thou art indeed welcome, gentle sir. Prythee recline thyself with comfort.

She pointed to a large oddly shaped chair made of the wood of the walnut. Without cushion or stool. He reclined himself beside this good Mother.

Mother the Prince Governor M. Theron has just heralded me hence. He would know of the white Sister. The Princess of the Royal House of Persia.

Ah, goodly sir, prythee do not speak the name so recklessly. One sister unto another in the Convent dost remain alike. Thou wouldst know tidings of the new White Sister, then?

That is my mission, Mother.

Then gentle sir. Beareth thou correctly this herald back to the Prince Governor.

The White Sister, *Esther*, for we have christened her Esther. She rests well, she dost incline herself to obedience. Likewise to content. Her new duties are upon her and she walks in the blessed light of the work for her Master. Obedience, love and peace radiantly abide with her.

These words thou mayst deliver unto the Prince Governor. That Esther doth honour the convent with the divine light of her presence. Rare buds are unfolding daily in the field of Divine Love. A gentleness submerges from her Soul. An inspiration from her free smiles. She has learned to say and to know the meaning of this phrase.

"Teach me to know thy Will, O Father!" And she sat with downcast eyes.

M. Clevelandé marveled at this Mother's faith.

My good Mother, the Prince Governor will be greatly

pleased to hear such goodly greetings from the Princess. From Esther, responded he.

Yea. Gentle Sir bear him more. That Esther in her confession doth hold no cherished memories. Neither wordly friendships. Her life she has devoutly consecrated unto her Master and her Lord.

These words I shall bear unto the Prince Governor, Mother.

And before he was aware, the Mother arose in quicke motion. She opened the doors and bowed. Then M. Clevelandé walked out of the Convent.

As Lady Vivian leaving the Convent, returned in the King's chapel, her light step, her bright smile was banished. She entered into a chapel and therein were assembled a number of gentlemen who were in discussion.

She droëpped into a chair and gave her ear to their words.

The Golden Calf was made by Al Samiri. And Allah stopped the putting to death of him, by Moses. And it is not traditional but historical that ever since Samiri's life was spared him by Allah, Samiri has liken some wild beast roamed throughout the world. Shunned by every one. Every man purifies the ground upon which his feet have stood. Likewise he himself, whenever he approaches man, exclaims, "Touch me not"!

Lady Vivian moved in her chair and Theron who was one of the speakers, smiled.

True, spake another gentleman. And are not the Seven Whistlers; plovers or wild geese sometimes only Jews who have been transformed? Because they had assisted in the crucifixion of Christ. And farther, added he, we all are witness to the fact that to see or to hear these birds, is regarded as omens of disaster. This we all know.

At this point Lady Vivian arose and drew her velvet mantle aside.

Gentle Sirs, I, why this continued and violent words against the Jews? This great greed filling thy bosoms for fabulous traditions and all too notoriously vile. And unjust. They were of our fore fathers. Come I prythee. Of the present day, can man do less than stand for a fair justness to all mankind alike? Be not bigoted hard ruling men. Lift thy voices in a more worthy cause. Canst thou do as much as I have done for one of the Jew? For I have striven hard to aid an aged Jew, who lays at the mercy of the people. In not too good a name.

Gentlemen, I went into the vale, and there I gathered the petrified wood from the Red Mountains. I bound it upon the sick man's head. And many. Things I have done for him. More than this.

And of thy remedy given out of the fullness of the great heart of Canterre, the man of the hour? queried Theron with a smile.

And this remedy too, Theron. If thou, good gentlemen dost pardon my words. I bound the Sacred Thorn upon the sick man's head. And of this Thorn. It comes from the Crown of Thorns worn by the Saviour of the Christian people.

But, my dear Lady Vivian, responded one. The Jew dost know naught of this Christ who wore this Crown of Thorns. Therefore the so named. Sacred Thorn. It will prove of no value to the sick man.

This statement pleased Theron and he laughed.

At the sound of his voice, she turned.

I prythee, thou dost laugh in thy mockery of the Jew, and of these Christians. It ill becomes a citizen of even the Orient to decry any man's religion. Thy cause is lost sirs. Absolutely lost.

A cynical smile passed over the faces of all the men present. But this captious grin did not cause Lady Vivian to falter in her words. She continued.

The law which seated the Jew in the Consistory and making the Jew a part of Cairo. It shall stand. I well remember. The body of this bill, which has become a law, was attempted to be amended to its failure. I rejoice that it stands a law. And gentlemen, it shall expand to a larger law, for Cairo doth stand upon the threshold of a great progression. And as for the religion of the Jew. Of the Christian. As of any citizen, is protected by law. The law which reads. "No law shall control the free exercise of religious opinions." And further. There is a law that provides "that no preference whatever, shall be measured by any law to any one chosen creed or religion. Or to any certain mode of worship thereof."

Do I quote the law correctly, asked Lady Vivian.

It is correct, answered Theron with a smile.

I may presume, gentleman, that being familiar with the laws of Egypt. That it is thy will, desire and plans to legislate against these several laws in the next sitting of the Privy Council. Thou art very presumptuous, indeed!

At this moment Lady Vivian found she had ventured a great step and regaining her judgement she withdrew from their midst. Leaving the meeting in this chapel.

And they each turned one to the other. And a laughter followed the echoes of her retreating steps.

But, friends, Lady Vivian speaks with a wisdom, spake one gentleman..

Upon me faith, that the gentle tones of a beautiful woman should cause thee such an inquiring mind.

In that thou art in error. It was not the charm of the lady. And that is beautiful. It was in truth, the fact.

What fact, inquired Theron.

There may rest a wisdom in her well chosen phrases, answered he.

And the face of M. Theron paled.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SHEPHERD'S DREAM.

Blazing gaily red against a sky of purple. The sun was sinking in the far western skies. The golden streaks of sun light fell and played upon the face of the sick man as he lay in the isolated cell, ill with the fever. He fell asleep. Lulled by the soft reflection. Soon the shadows of twilight played upon him.

In the silent hours of the early night he slept. And in his prolonged slumbers a dream come upon him. We follow the torch of Morpheus as it led the sick man's thoughts in a dream.

The spacious chapel of the King. It was lighted. The King was in the hearing of the report from the commissioners whose report dwelt most forcibly with the tax commission. With a few other municipal affairs. The King was bent in keen interest. He listened to the reading of the reports. Discussions followed in rapid fire. An agitation seemed to reek the entire chapel. The reformation campaign was talked of freely. Likewise the platform of Theron. And the platform of Canterre, the man of the hour! It was all discussed upon political lines from every angle. At length, these controversies disturbed the King.

Sirs of this Court! This chapel ceases to be the chamber of commerce when thou dost pollute its very walls with hard controversy. With bitter accusations. It is most irksome to be audience to such bickerings. The tax commission has

given its report. The civic affairs have been reported upon. Therefore we may adjourn.

The Councillors being dismissed, knew they had displeased the King, and they left the chapel immediately.

Now. The King meditating as he quietly watched his attendants standing beside his chair.

They were engaged in a light conversation. It was unoffensive to the King.

At this moment the heavy brass trimmed doors swung open on its heavy but silent hinges. And Canterre was announced.

Greetings, your Majesty! And Canterre kissed the hand of the King.

Fair morning, Canterre. Mine eyes feast in pleasure upon thee again, my youth. Thou dost come a goodly hour.

Your Majesty, I rejoice in my morning hour with thee each day. Me thinks the day would never go wary hence, if I were denied the privilege of this hour with thee. In seeking thee, O King. Thy council doth lend colour to my ambition. Most vivid colours. And it fires my ambition to its greatest extent.

My noble youth, thy pleasant compliments do much to cheer an old man's heart.

Nay, Your Majesty! I call thee not an old man. I pry-thee every person in Cairo doth well know thee to be young in heart and spirit.

Nay! Hold youth, not so fast. Not such flaming colouring for thy words. Thou wouldst flatter the King. But I like thee much, my youth, for thou hast found thy way to my heart. The whole of Egypt come before me in loyalty. But. Canterre, but few come to me in love.

Ah! Your Majesty, how well I feel this truth—that even the King hungers for love.

Canterre, little dost thou know of the banished hopes of a life nearly spent.

Neither dost thou know of the lonely heart aches of an old man. Those aches which can come alone, silently treading in the shadow of age.

O Your Majesty, I beseech thee. Count not thyself an aged man. Before thee doth lie many duties. There are many hours of the most pleasant hope.

In that thou hast spoken the naked truth. True! True! It was but the tongue of the fool. He who hath spoken of the

ashes of a spent life as scattered in hopelessness into the garden of blazed despair.

The King threw up his arms in wild gestures. Leaning back against his chair he dropped them limply at his sides. His head rested against the chair. And a silence fell upon them.

Whereupon Canterre knelt beside the King. He spake gently into his ear. Then in the few moments that followed neither, the King nor Canterre heard the door swing open admitting Lady Vivian.

She alarmed at this sight, reached her father's side with rapid strides. In a distracted manner she leaned over the King. Kissing him.

The King started. He opened his eyes staring at his daughter.

Father mine, thou art ill? she quickly asked of the King.

Fair daughter mine, nay. Be not alarmed. Merciful gods! Thou art welcome little one. Recline upon my knee.

And Lady Vivian slipped upon the knee of the King. For the first time she turned to Canterre.

Greetings, Vivian and Canterre kissed her hand. Then with a quicke bow he turned to leave them.

Canterre thou must not go now, spake the King. Most of all. Now since we have with us, this darling. The King caressed her and smiled with tender pride upon her, while Canterre glanced at her.

I prythee remain with us, answered Lady Vivian very softly. Alack! Canterre caught the soft words and he remained, reclining himself upon a low stool beside the King. After an awkward silence the King was the first to speak.

Canterre what of the people upon this reform platform?

Your Majesty I have every hope that it will be established. The people wax mad with the most eager interest. The districts outlying are strong for the reformation. They declare themselves outdone with the government of the present platform. An oppression lays heavy against the open Council.

And this Council is necessary for the growth. For the developement commercially of Egypt. We all agree that Egypt must not remain bound behind closed doors, for Egypt alone.

Then, thou art speaking of commercial enterprises with Persia, Canterre?

Not entirely alone. I speak also of the Jew Colonies. It has been outlined. The commercial value of the Jewish Colonies.

Well done! The present platform has just seated the Jew in the Privy Council. Yea. And much distressed are a fraction of our people. Rest assured, Canterre. The Jew by Act No. 586 is entitled to sit in the Consistory.

Your Highness, but the people seek to overthrow, to legislate against the act.

But, the King has decreed the order, broke in the voice of Lady Vivian.

Daughter dost speak correctly. The right to decide for the Consistory, its laws, has been at all times, conferred upon the King.

For a few moments the three sat in mute silence.

Daughter, Canterre. Come both and sit beside me. I wouldst speak of important things. Now.

The tapers burned in the urns just without the chapel. The incense wafted over the King's chair. The dull redden light of a low burning fire with its cheery glow shone through black iron bars. Casting a reflection of harmony upon this small group. At length the King spake.

Daughter, I wish thee to know a secret. One which I have kept locked within my soul and mind for months. I now unlock my secret, for our opportunity is well shaped for it now. In faith it doth touch upon both thyself and Canterre.

She glanced at Canterre. Canterre glanced at her, and they both moved with an uneasiness.

My children, the King began. Many years ago. During a war. Perhaps the Persians call it a light skirmish. The King of France was imprisoned. He was subjected to horrible torture in this prison. The Bastille. And the Persian Shah directing his powerful forces, interfering in this war. Captured the old French King.

Now with this French King there was an infant daughter. I am informed that soon after his delivery from this prison, the French King passed away. The Persian Shah taking the orphan daughter into his palace, making her one of his household. He cared for her as his own flesh and blood.

And none knew. Time changed this child into a woman.
A most beautiful woman.

At this point the King faltered.

The Princess Roxana is this young woman. Our Princess Roxana who hast come into Cairo.

Father, cried Lady Vivian clutching the arm of the King
There must be a mistake.

Nay, daughter. I mistake not. The Princess Roxana is
daughter to a French King.

Canterre jumped upon his feet. He was pallid and much
excited. He lifted his hand far above his head. And with
a fierceness, his voice was pitched high. "My Vow be ful-
filled." Oh! My God! And he paced up and down in the
chamber.

The King turned and looked upon him, while Lady Vi-
vian looked at him, with a wounded love.

O King! I prythee, I crave thy goodly pardon. Thy keen
judgment can but show thee, that I am much distracted by
this news. It doth not dispair me, for it pleasth me much,
your Majesty.

The King remained silently wondering at this attitude as-
sumed by Canterre.

And Lady Vivian felt a keen pain of doubt for she held
a slight suspicion that Canterre might be sheltering a hid-
den love for the Princess.

Canterre, gentle youth, began the King with trembling
words. I prythee recline thyself. Thy audience, that I
may finish this tale.

Whereupon Canterre reclined himself once more upon
the stool of horn.

The King continued.

The French King passed away, the daughter was taken
into the Persian Palace. She was made daughter to the
Shah. At the same time and with this daughter. There was an
attendant. A Jewish man who had been sold into this Noble
French House. And he too had been thrown into the Bas-
tille, the french prison.

As the little French daughter grew into womanhood the
services of this old man, now of many years, was sudden-
ly dismissed. He was not desired in the Persian House.
And so he was sent adrift, out of the Persian Palace. Ap-
parently all trace of him had been lost. The Shah would
not seek to bother himself concerning his whereabouts.

My children, me thinks I have identified this faithful old slave of the French King. As the King faltered his eyes were riveted upon Canterre.

Father, it is not. It can not be the sick jew? exclaimed Lady Vivian.

The same. Daughter mine. Exactly the aged Jew for whom thou hast cared for so charitably. All these months.

Father! Can there be any doubt of this being true?

Daughter heed thou my words. Go thou hence unto the sick man. Look. Look carefully upon the forehead of this man. If there upon thy eyes do behold a dull red mark. Shaping a cross. Which he doth seek to conceal with possibly a cluster of hair. Then 'tis he. Solas!

She stood aghast at her father.

A red cross upon the forehead? Nay. Father mine, the cross is not upon his forehead. Had there been any such a mark there, I would have seen it before. When I binded the Sacred Thorn upon his head. And. When I binded the petrified wood upon his head. I do not believe these markings are upon him.

Vivian, interrupted Canterre, I prythee grant thou me this privilege. That I mayst go with thee. To search the markings of this cross.

Daughter. Go thou with Canterre. And go immediately. I shall await thee here. Rather. I shall await thy coming within my own chamber.

And then upon hearing these words from the King Lady Vivian and Canterre obediently quickened their steps.

From the hall door Lady Vivian slipped back. She leaned over the King's chair and she kissed him upon the cheek. Before the King could turn around she stole away and he saw the heavy ormolu door swing shut. And while the King sat thus alone. Canterre and Lady Vivian went with hasty steps to the sick man's chamber.

In the darkened chamber the sleeping man was aroused by fever pains in his head. He tossed upon his bed couch, he glanced around him, his eyes piercing the intense and lonely darkness. Then. He knew he had been bourne away. Away in a dream. Only a dream. This dream bore fast memories of the days long gone. Of the time when he served his master, the French King. The time when he watched over the little daughter to the King.

Solas!

He surely heard his name spoken. He moved uneasily, then closed his eyes once more. It was a voice. Nothing more. And then.

The trembling strings of Orpheus's harp played in rapture with the sweet notes of a philomela. And the philomel sang as it sat perched upon the shrubbery hedge of the garden below his window.

In the stillness of the night. Its rotund song was melodious and it fell with a wonderful sweetness upon the suffering man.

It was an orison breathing companionship in the awful cold lonesomeness of the dismal night.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DREAM INTERPRETED BY THE SOOTH SAYER.

A magic mirror for divination of dreams was let down into Joseph's Well, by a long reed cord, being allowed to hang there seven minutes, it was drawn up and a face was found upon it!

This magic mirror was kept in a temple, secretly. A magnificently heavy molten brass cross upon which was resting an oddly shaped mirror unframed, was held by black clasps to the top of the Cross.

Upon the back of this mirror were Egyptian cyphers supposedly purporting the magical power of the mirror.

Now this sick Jew much perplexed by his dream implored Lady Vivian. That a sooth sayer be told of his dream, that he might interpret it for him.

Lady Vivian moved by her usual sweet mercy consented and she heralded one Sooth Sayer. Not into the sick chamber for that was forbidden, but into another chapel. At a very short interval of time, an aged man bent and leaning upon a carved Ivory stick entered into this chapel.

By his face distinctly, a scholar. His long white hair, his white beard added much to his bearing as a man of wisdom with and among the Egyptians. His gray eyes pierced the chapel. He walked directly to Lady Vivian. She frankly took his hand.

Father thy coming is timely. Rest thyself upon this bench. And she placed a bench before the Sooth Sayer.

I thank thee, O daughter to the King! And he reclined himself upon the bench.

She reclining herself directly in front of him, related the dream of the sick man.

Then having ended it, she said. Father this aged man is much agitated by his dream. In compassion I have heralded thee.

The Sooth Sayer listened to her words and then he arose, answering her.

My mission shall be to interpret the dream. Upon the morrow I shall return, O Daughter to the King! And he bowed low.

I thank thee much, good and kind Father. She put a handful of rings into his hands, and he clasped them with trembling fingers. Then he was gone.

This sooth sayer. Seer that he was. He returned into his own temple which stood very far distant and near the Nile course.

Kneeling before a cross in this temple he arose, lighted the obscure little chapel with a number of white candles. He treaded with slow measured steps.

Suddenly. There was a distinctly mightier light upon his face. Now. By chance there was a magical power of discernment that which actuated this confidence. He unclasped the mirror from its fastenings. In tender clasp he bore it out of the chapel.

The art of the Sooth sayer directed his thoughts to the danger of crossing the desert across the Nile River in the valley below. He walked to a vault within he fondled a fabulous monster. The Magic Cockatrice! This cockatrice is known to all Egyptian scholars. It is part bird. It is part serpent and it was held in deadly awe by the people of Egypt.

The Sooth sayer asserts himself. Being protected. Being directed by this monster. In so much as can be credited, he possessed the most deadly power. That the hardiest plants would wither at its blow. Animals were believed to die from the poison extracted from its look.

The weird legend of the fabulous cockatrice had it. This monster was produced from a cock's egg. It was hatched by a serpent. That no living thing could kill it. Neither could its power be overcome, other than the cock. And even the sound of the crowing of the cock killed it.

This cockatrice was used as a guide by the soothsayer in his mystic researches.

However many brave huntsmen who had been Knighted by their King were known to have been guided across the plains of Egypt by it. And now. The Sooth Sayer with

this magic mirror concealed beneath his long full grey robe, led by the Cockatrice entered upon his mission. Crossing the Nile far into a secluded spot he came. He halted in the shadow of the Citadel named. El-Kalah.

The mosque of Oriental Alabaster fashioned after Egypt's most unique structures. This Citadel stood wrapt in mystic. Everywhere round it were a deadly silence. Such a solitude that the breezes seemed in fear to stir the luxurious border of sycamore trees which grew of unusual size. And which formed a retreat for this mosque with its graceful silver and brown branches so thickly clustered with green and white foilage.

The figure of the man disappeared within the low opening of this mosque.

Still another mysticism hung upon everywhere in this mosque.

The unique rock ornaments. The mist as if arising from water, the deadly solitude of this mosque perpetuated a dismal chill of something akin to a grim dread to the most casual observer.

Alack! Unlike the Sooth-sayer. To him this mysticism lowering everywhere. Stimulated him. It invigorated. It overpowered him and promoted his greatest confidence in his magical hidden art.

Within this mosque, the Cockatrice rested itself in a pronounced satisfaction, in one corner of this silent retreat. Perchance with a morbid fatigue.

Albeit. This superstitious sooth-sayer believed him to be directed by the art of a magic. The much reputed magic mirror stood in its place. And near to it stood a hazel rod. Within a rock hewn pillow. In the exact center of this place is what the Egyptians called Joseph's Well. Sunken within solid rock to the level of the Nile River. It reputed to be walled by a natural rock base. Upon this base the prophet lighted a censer containing incense. The intense blackness of this walled mosque was relieved by a few streaks of light only. This light may have been directed from the Sun's glow upon the Sandstone Mountains. It covered all with out with its reflected bright yellow sand in drifts. And Mounds.

The soothsayer hidden within his curtained niche denies all right of man's privilege to probe his magic work of art. The result alone will he, ever consent to give out to the in-

quiring mind. And it was this sense he gave out.

I behold the severe visitation of the gods' power upon all peoples. Not alone in Egypt. Likewise every people. Even unto the Jew. For mine eyes behold the gods' breathe in the wiley wandering clouds. In the peaceful towering majestic mountains' peaks. Within the serene shadowy vales and utmost in the real life of every people. Mine ears do hear this silent breathe in the turbulent winds. In the misty rainfall. In the fickle sunbeams. I hearth this breathe of the gods within the heart of every place. Man is born free. Brothers all. He who hath belief in mystic art hath equal share with he who hath more belief in worldly dominions. There is a merciful wideness in the gods' wisdom.

Let man's dream belong to the dreamer, that his Soul may bathe in the balm of inspiring hope. That his Soul may go forth with the assurance of his crowning success.

Judas fulfilled a most fearful dream of his Mother before his birth. That of throwing him into the sea to kill his father and sell his God.

The Jew hath spoken of Christ as the "Nazarene the hung."

Jesus hath spoken unto the Jew, "I will stand here and rest, but thou shalt go on until the last day."

From the Mounts of Onion. Rather. The Mound of the Jewess to witch Sabbaths, being from the most hight to the lowest; the Jew shall be counted one of God's children.

The Wandering Jew. Called unclean shall be called pure. The wanderer become despised by all peoples shall become brother unto every man. The tread of a dawn of civilization beckons the reasoning power of intelligence to become more civilized in broader culture. To forever banish the satire. The naked prejudice of the dark ages, that which remains a barrier between the Jew and all peoples.

The Jew no longer shall be tortured by strange peoples. The strange peoples shall no more be scorned by the Jew. Henceforth the restoration of brotherly love. The kindred spirit of fellow confidence between the Jew and the peoples will be accorded.

This is the concise interpretation of the dream. The Egyptian cyphers employed by the soothsayer divined this meaning. He sat digesting his own phrases. And the Cock-

atrice lay motionless. Near the Sunken Well. The magic mirror hung upon the hazel rod.

Let vespers be sung. The heart is full. Vows are made.

One sweet immortal kiss upon thy brother's lips!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A MISUSED DIVINATION.

Conceptions all turn awry!

As Lady Vivian and Canterre leaned over the form of the sick Jew, Lady Vivian gently bushed aside his long hair. Lo! There in a *petite* but dull red marking was a distinct design of what could be traced. A Cross. There was the cross.

Faint. She turned and walked across the cell. She stood before the iron barred window. Canterre leaning closer over the man detected the mark at once. With a sweeping glance. Closer he bent near the man. He implored him to tell him of his life. Canterre feared the intelligence of the man might be stained with fever.

My good man, I am Canterre. I am thy friend. Speak to me, art thou not Solas? And he leaned in a moment of suspense.

The man opened his eyes with a threatened wildness. He clutched at his throat, and nervously at the covering on his bed couch.

Who? Who spake my name? he muttered brokenly.

Then thou art Solas replied Canterre. Speak man. Thou art Solas?

The man turned his head upon his pillow. He gasped. "I am Solas."

And he attempted to raise himself upon his elbow to look about him.

Canterre walked over to Lady Vivian. He is Solas, Vivian.

Yea. I heard his words, Canterre.

Then Canterre returned to the bed couch.

Thank gods! I have found thee before it is too late. Solas canst thou recall the French King Lewis? Thy old Master?

With a restless excitement the man cried.

Louis the King of France! My Master!

Yea. Solas thou dost recall thy Master?

Aye! I do. But he has gone these many years. My most noble King and Master.

Solas, think hard. Was there a little daughter? A wee tiny girl whom thy Master called daughter?

Aye! Friend. A rose pretty little girl of five years was she.

And dost thou recall her?

The sick man smiled. 'Twas Roxana. Little Roxana. My friend a sweeter, a prettier little rose never bloomed than was our little Roxana.

Ah! I wonder what ever has befallen her? Asked Canterre leaning over the man.

The old man faltered and there were two large tears glistening in his eyes.

Thou canst clearly recall the King called his daughter by the name, Roxana?

Yea. Roxana, we called her.

Now Solas. Thou canst recall where little Roxana was taken when her father. The French King passed away?

Now Canterre was breathless.

Slowly the man answered him. I can recall it all, sir. The Persian Shah having taken the King, my master from his dungeon in. The Bastille. In France. Bore the King together with little Roxana into Persia.

Please, I prythee do not falter cried Canterre, as the man's voice fell into almost a whisper. And Canterre dropped upon his knees beside the bed couch. The man continued after a moment's rest.

The Persian Shah, left the King's body to be sunken within the tombs just without his home province. Not one person knew this body was the body of the aged French King.

Solas! cried Canterre burying his face in both his hands. And did Canterre this great man sob?

The old man continued.

The Persian Shah bore our little beauty, Roxana and myself within his own palace in Persia. Many. Many were the years we remained in the Shah's home. When the break came at last. Our little Roxana had grown to be a woman. And the Shah delivered me into strange lands. In that terrible fear that I might reveal unto little Roxana, her real identity. And I have wandered. I have traveled in and through strange places ever since that day. At last. I entered into Cairo, and I was planning to go out of this city. Then thou dost know the rest of my tale. How I was wounded in the public park. How the beautiful Lady Vivian found me. And this sweet angel of mercy hast cared for me since that time. With the tenderness of a daughter. And now, the old man closed his eyes. Exhausted.

Lady Vivian walked away from the window and she approached Canterre. Who was still kneeling and shaking with violent sobs. Gently she rested her hand upon his arm.

Canterre. The same Roxana? Our Princess Roxana? Is it the same girl?

He answered her without raising his head from his hands. The same Vivian.

Tragic were the tones of his words and she stood and looked upon him in his grief. How he loves the Princess!

And with a faint heart she noislessly slipped from the cell. Canterre did not as much as hear her leave the cell.

She hastened into the King's chamber and entering the crimson curtained chamber, she ran to the gold leaf fauteuil of the King.

Father! Father! 'Tis he! 'Tis Solas!

She threw her arms around the aged King. She sobbed and most tenderly the King caressed her.

Daughter mine! Thou dost find the cross upon the forehead of the man?

Yea. He related with a clear distinctness the story of his past life. And of the life of the Princess Roxana. Father. The story is true.

Come daughter mine! I would know of this man.

Lady Vivian sitting upon a stool before the King's fauteuil rested her elbow upon the knee of the King. She began in a languor.

Father. The Jew recalled many years past, that the King Louis of France with an infant daughter was rescued from a dungeon prison in France. It was The Bastille. By the forces of the Persian Shah. By a mere accident.

By providence, daughter mine, spake the King as he lifted his hand.

Then in accurate words she related the whole story as she had heard it from the lips of the sick man. Having finished the story the daughter remained pensive.

A presumption that the Shah acted in this manner. A wise step. That this orphan girl might be protected. Then there is no mistake, asked the King?

There can be no mistake father mine. This man is Solas.

Then of this Roxana, daughter? What of her family? She then, is of the Noble House of France. But, I shall go myself to the man, daughter. It would indeed be a pernicious act not to investigate this old man's story. Upon the morrow I shall go.

Father, spake she after a brief silence. The Princess has entered the convent of the Christians.

What is this? Princess Roxana is in the Convent? Impossible! Of all the nonsense. Fie upon these Christians. Bother their Convent. But of all the persons in the whole of Cairo. Princess Roxana a white sister! My daughter dear. It is preposterous! This most irrational step.

But father mine, it is true.

Well ye gods! The whims of a woman's mind. How long has the Princess been in this Convent? It doth seem but a few days. A very few days. That I spake with her at the Bath.

Time dost speed, dear father for the Princess has already been in the Convent nearly a fortnight by now.

What news! Strange I had not heard of this wild caper of hers. She deems it an idle fancy. Soon we shall see the beautiful Princess among the gayest of Cairo. This idol of the temples. Upon me faith, daughter. Dost Canterre know of this fancy of the Princess?

She remained silent then she started with a slight blush. The King turned and looked at his daughter. Putting his hand under her chin he raised her face squarely before his eyes.

Then, daughter. Is it such a burning passion?

She could restrain the two tears no longer that trickled down her lovely face. Come sweet daughter mine. Save thy precious tears for a more virtuous cause. Is it so? That my little one is so madly in love with Canterre?

Still she did not answer her father.

Daughter, play thou fair. I seek to advise thee unto thy own goodly name.

Whereupon she slowly raised her face towards the King.

Father thou art greatly in error. Canterre doth well know the Princess hast entered into the Convent, responded she.

Upon me faith, there doth lie a different meaning upon the whole affair. So! Canterre hath made a sweet choice. Thou art indeed fortunate for thou hast won the love of this gallant youth.

But father, she interrupted.

Nay! I know of what I speak. Naught but spurned love ever prepares a woman's heart and mind for the Convent. This religious conviction—baffle! I do not sit idly by and having eyes to see. Do not see. Me thinks, I might be

capped a fool were I not to see it all. The interest that which thou hast shown in Canterre. In his reform platform, in the election. Surely, thou art seeking to decieve thy own father. From the first time these pretty two eyes of thine fell upon Canterre. As he stood a captive clad in brown linen and saffron. When thy pleadings defied my very judgement. In truth from the first hour thou hast planned to steal his heart's love. And to me. There is not a more noble youth in all Cairo than he. I have pledged my word to my best judgement. Canterre is the incoming Prince Governor of Cairo.

Father! she cried kissing him fervently. Thou art indeed friendly to Canterre.

Be it so, daughter. I remain loyal to the best there is in the noble youth. Alack! He hath found a place in an old man's heart and life. In an old man's hungry heart. Has this honest and noble youth.

O Father! I thank thee much. Then quite of a sudden she drew back and was silent.

Daughter be not ashamed of the love of thy own heart. Thou art the brightest star in my Kingdom's Crown. And yet there remains a keen desire for the love and companionship of a courageous son. Such as Canterre!

Ye gods! For a son such as Canterre. The King passed his hand over his eyes, holding them there for several minutes.

A dimly silent moment settled upon both the King and his daughter.

Then the King moved.

Embrace me, daughter mine. There! Thy sweet kisses are jewels. Now go to thy studies. I have much to attend to the remainder of these short hours. Come to me later.

And Lady Vivian being to much overcome, turned and kissed the King and hastily departed from the chamber.

Disconsolated with a longing for a touch. A word from Canterre!

Even the joy of the King's jests did not fall in with her mood.

She retired into her own chamber. She threw herself upon a blue brocaded divan. She buried her face mid the blue cushions.

She could see only Canterre.

Canterre as she had first known him. And as she had grown to know him day by day.

Canterre the conspicuous ornament in the reformation.

The highest esteemed scholar in the polite society of Cairo and the men of letters.

Canterre the noble, the kind.

And she loved him.

Ah: Canterre! Doth this same glow fall upon thy Soul?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE TORTUE OF THE SHEPHERD.

Solas. Closely verse thy memories. Speakst thou the little Roxana doth now abide within Persia with the Persian Shah?

Roxana, sir? Roxana she was taken there. Believe my word good sir. For therein the magnificent palace of the Shah did I serve her well, until she grew to be older. Then the Shah delivered me out of Persia.

And the father to little Roxana? Thou art certain of his passing away? The French King, thy master?

Canterre bent over the man closely with abated breath.

The French King? Yea. I am certain, sir. I served my master upon the long journey from France into Persia responded the sick man as he lay back upon his pillow. And at this moment the door swung open for the Egyptian King was escorted in.

Canterre stepped forward to meet the King.

Greetings, Your Majesty!

Greetings, Canterre responded the King as Canterre kissed his hand.

The King! Cried the sick man with an excited move he lifted himself upon his elbow. He gazed at the King for his drift in a misty way was to hail his old master. The French King.

Oh! The Egyptian King. A dismal light then crept in his eyes.

Greetings, Your Majesty! He faintly exclaimed.

And the Egyptian King stepped across up to the bed couch. He gently took the trembling hand of the sick man.

Solas thou art comfortable? I notice thou art alert to thy surroundings.

I thank thee, O King. Pardon an old man's wandering mind. At the first moment of thy coming I believed thee to be my old master, the French King.

My good man. This tale? That which the Lady Vivian hast related to me. It is an accurate story? Do not fear my good man. I am thy friend.

Then Canterre spake gently. Solas, do not fear it is the Egyptian King who doth greet thee.

Lady Vivian? Your Highness. I spake not to she.

Whereupon Canterre lifted his hand to the King in a gesture of silence.

Then Solas. The French King, thy master was rescued from his prison dungeon within France?

My master was delivered out of the Bastille and the Persian Shah bore him into Persia. And with him little Roxana.

The King bent over the man. He brushed aside his curly hair and looking upon the markings of a shaped cross bourn upon the forehead. He turned slowly with a satisfaction.

That is all Solas, my good man rest thyself. And the King turned to Canterre saying.

The story is worthy of credence. Then without another word he departed from the chamber. He went directly into his own chapel. He summoned his cabinet for a meeting.

The Prince Governor M. Theron by occasional accident followed the cabinet into the King chapel upon this very hour.

He learned the sense of the cabinet meeting. That their meeting had been a decision of the King to establish the reform policies in all institutions of learning in the city. Such as temperance. The discipline of white morals.

Now. Be it known that Theron under the futherance of his own party had licensed the larger institutions in the city to remain free.

Likewise he had pressed down the free educational mosque into a mere school becoming insignificant. The day schools, the charitable institutions were neither of them scarcely open. They showed themselves to be unfit for a clear schooling and for an advanced learning.

Now the King keenly observed how the people were disturbed over the present conditions of these schools and institutions of learning. It was a virtuous cause for disturbance.

These conditions could not be changed, otherwise than by a change of government in Cairo.

And Canterre's reform platform covered these conditional changes minutely. And thoroughly.

Theron heard the King's decision. And by virtue of law, the King's order was authority.

His suspicions up to this hour made him fear this action from the King. And now it has been measured. And in a defeated hope. He recalled the effect of the reform upon the public works. Upon the agriculture, the commerce as

well as the Public Instruction. And all subdepartments of the Customs. Upon the post offices, which would be governed thereby. The Privy Council. Rather. The Cabinet had now adjourned and Theron consulted the King, in an interview.

Your Majesty, thou art in favour of this new reform platform, asked Theron.

Upon my word, Theron. Justified in an open statement. Decidedly. I am in favour of it.

A mean cowering look covered Theron's face.

The King continued. Cairo stands in dark shadows of a loose discriminately loose government. Verily do I hold the opinion. That it is due time. It is befitting of the King to remain loyal to the goodly cause of his people. In as much as his people stand helpless. Sinking. In the grip of poluted political government.

Theron was startled at these plain spoken words coming from the King, whereupon. Heretofor it was impossible to obtain an interview with the King.

The King noted his resenting glance. Then he continued with even more forceful words.

The Prince Governor is appointed by virtue of his rank to give the best to his people. Likewise the gift of every citizen is employed for the common good of all Cairo.

Your Highness. Pardon my inquiry. Dost thou hold that I have failed in the duties of this office to the people?

Ruthlessly so! I speak plainly Theron. It is my mind to speak so.

Your Highness I prythee dost thou believe the people have all given me their best support in all important affairs of the city?

I virtually believe Theron. Hadst thou been more uplifting in thy policies. More loyal in clean principles. The people might have felt justified in supporting thy platform. As it stands at this hour, their minds rest upon a reformation. Neither do thy principles find favour with me. Theron thou hast fallen filthily. Thy moves tread towards the obscene. And they serve to weaken our city.

The King lifted his restless eye to the opening of his chapel when a crash startled both the King and Theron.

Lady Vivian with Lady Catherine was entering the chapel. They carried a fancy petted pigeon. The pigeon had fluttered out of Lady Vivian's hands. It fell upon the floor but

instantly it flew again across the chapel. Soaring around and about the chapel.

Daughters mine! Exclaimed the astonished King. Welcome, and what manœuvres! Vivian thy childish play with a pigeon—may I send thee back to thy nursery again?

Greetings! Spake Theron kissing the hand of both the ladies.

The pigeon father is it not a beautiful one? queried Lady Vivian.

Before the King could answer the pigeon flew against a statue in one corner, and fluttered for a hold. At last settling upon a chest nearby.

All eyes were upon the frightened pigeon. And Theron looked too. At this splendid pigeon in its graceful ease now. Suddenly his eyes became blurred and his face blanched. A look that was frightful came upon him. He shrugged his broad shoulders. He knit his brow, then he put his hands over his eyes and exclaimed in alarm.

Take it away! The pigeon! Gods be merciful. Take the pigeon away! And with a mighty stroke of his arm he struck at this pretty pigeon. But the pigeon soared gracefully and easily to the other side of the chapel where it perched itself upon a statue. And it stood in a survey of all its surrounding, in a most satisfying way.

While Theron like a haunted man swung himself out of the chapel. Going into the long court without. He cared not where it led him. But to go away from it all.

Father, Theron is possessed of some sudden madness! What is it?

And the ladies ran to the door to look after him.

It remains a trick perchance, answered the King. He is much troubled. Rather. Is he tainted with foul trickery. What matters, daughters mine? He is gone. He hath done well in absenting himself.

Now tell me. What news of the sick man, Vivian.

Father mine, Solas has just passed away.

Solas passed away! repeated the King. Alas! Another weary Soul gone to tread the mysterious paths of the gods into the unknown lands.

There was a momentary gloom. Not a regret, neither a grief. Settling upon these three people. In this silent moment.

And Lady Vivian taking the hand of her companion left the chamber. While the King sat alone.

The martial. The independent spirit of the King was mellowed as he looked at the pigeon still perched upon the statue in his easy position. Now it did not flutter in fright. It turned its shapely little head as if to look into the face of the King. It might have wished to speak. O King, there is a protection in solitude!

But the pretty pigeon knew not what ghosts threatened the King in his lonely vigil. For there were many floating before his eyes.

Then the lovely face of Lady Vivian fell upon his wondering eyes. It was but a vision. Her face lined with shadows of sorrow were deepening. She seemed liken some tender blue bell in the shady vale. She was neglecting the exercise of happiness. She was drooping in some sorrow. This. Such a state of her condition must not remain so. If there be a weight of some secret sorrow he would lift the sorrow. And. At once.

My daughter! My own little Vivian, it is breaking my heart to see thee in this sadness. And as he buried his face in his hands.

A musical silence echoed his words. They fell upon him with a start.

And then. Speechless he sat and pale.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE BLUE MUSE.

The sculptor court of Lady Catherine was open to the polite society of Cairo. An exhibition was being held of her sculptor work. Her court was pronouncedly an elegance of execution. And grace. A beauty akin to great divine ideals. Her characteristic was that she worked the style, the models of Classicism. For she was an artist for true love of Art. Her models were created from a fantastic world. One in which the Sculptor dreamer rambles. Indulging in caprice.

In one corner of her studio chapel. A number of people were gathered. A rare bit of modeling held their greatest admiration. It was that of the Blue Muse. Carved from the finest marble, shadowed in mid-night blue with touches of daring orange yellow. Upon the shapely tapering finger of this Muse sat perched a cockatoo. Sculptored and made of the most vivid colour green.

This. Lady Catherine had fashioned after the Muse. And of the Ancient Legend of the Blue Muse.

M. Clevelandé was one of the number of guests who lingered near this statue of the Muse.

It is marvelously sculptored, Catherine. Thou canst always find a thrilling, a thorough enthusiasm for the Ancients, my dear. And thy models do proud to thy genius. Really, they one and all do shed such delicious light. Behold! What dreams are life and love!

I thank thee M. Clevelandé. And the dreams of an Artist. They are bourne of. Almost the highest, the most sublime desires of the human heart. It is impossible for even a genius to mould, to clothe his dream, responded the Sculptoress.

Catherine, cried M. Clevelandé as he took a step forward. Whereas she scarcely stirred. For she had ceased to tremble at the sound of his voice.

But a sudden impulse, a sudden dream came upon him and he continued.

My dear, I have seen the relief. The one which thou didst sculptor for the singing galleries over the sacristy in the Cathedral. I think it most wonderful.

Many thanks, my friend. Hast thou not seen, the Dance of The Shadows? And the Chariot Race? she asked with alert tones.

Both have I had the great pleasure to look upon dear. The Dance of the Shadows in the Institute. I adore that one.

Yea, the Dance of The Shadows is my really first lay picture, answered she with a growing interest.

And its rare intrinsic beauty commands the highest admiration too. Catherine, from even an uncultured mind, such as mine. And Catherine, yestern morning I visited the Palace of Perfume. From a retreat therein I viewed the relief there, also. The honey comb tracery in thy sculptoring of the sighing wind is magnificent. Truly it is of a natural art. One could but catch the mournful sounds of the winds as they pass over this bed of graceful and slender reeds.

And that model, friend I have donned—The Breathe of Sorrow.

Why, Catherine dost thou attempt to fashion after Sorrow? With thy care free nature! And thy happy life! As he spake these words he glanced about him.

He took advantage of the moment for the guests were examining the Blue Muse.

He then leaned over the Sculptoress and in low voice he whispered.

Sorrow! So it is. Sorrow is the end of Love's sweetest

fable. The dreamer best dreams when shaken with the ghosts of Sorrow. Catherine, thou art my life. And I love thee! Canst thou not understand?

The delicate Jessamine perfume. The dainty beauty of the lovely sculptoress took a new possession of M. Clevelandé. And he stole her hand, smothering it with kisses. Ah! My sweet Catherine, the velvet paw of the panther steals goodly graces from its own destination, he continued.

I prythee, thy words do labour in strange misapprehension for I know not of what thou dost speak. Neither. Have I inclination to learn thereof. And so speaking thou dost speak not again of any favour, she replied as she drew away from him.

Too distinctly, Catherine thou canst divine the meaning of my words. Canst thou then, bear no compassion for me?

Friend, I like not such tangled phrases. Thy actions do become most intrusive. I prythee, I would not incline my ear farther to such words. Come let us join the people.

But he stepped closer to her. He rudely snatched her hand as a wicked gleam came into his eyes. And his lips sconded.

Then. Then my dear since my words remain fruitless. Wouldst thou prefer me to speak of thy lover? This would please thee more, I ween. I know tidings of Mordane would charm thee. Wouldst thou like to know tidings of Mordane? Well then. Mordane doth reside within Alexandria in sweetest recline, For Macchantia hast joined him, there.

Macchantia? gasped she, caught by this unexpected malicious intention of M. Clevelandé. Macchantia of the date grove?

The same, my dear. The beautiful daughter of the immensely rich date grower. And a fortunate youth is Mordane. Ah! Macchantia is a charming creature. An enchantress! And divinely fair! Wicked some have called her while I would not call her so. Only when Macchantia loves? Beware of her passion.

Lady Catherine faced him with indignant pride.

That. Is a lie clumsily versed!

Upon me faith Catherine, thy attitude is immensely convincing of my most dreaded conviction. I was fearfully hoping that I might have been in error,

And, man that thou art M. Clevelandé. Likewise the mocking birds do rehearse their songs. As she answered him,

the blood tinged his cheeks as her stinging words fell upon him. Then assuming a smile he said.

Like, so like the tender vine. Clinging to the grand oak. Thy passion of love bespeak thy love for this gentleman. My Sweet Catherine.

And friend. With it all. A myriad winged shaped thing reveal much of the memories of the faith a maiden fair, once bore thee. All too falsely. Why even the dumb sand mounds beyond the Nile hint memories of this fateful past.

Thou speak of Rachina of the gondola port?

And he laughed, snapping his fingers as to make jolly sport of such light memories. Of past fancies.

Thou mayst strive to put aside the mad love of Rachina, friend. How loyally once didst thou relish this girl's love. And how unfair didst thou play what thou shaped, gallantly. To win the free love of this girl.

Catherine, time hast so surely cheated thee, for Rachina has been wedded many weeks to Ondilath. Thy memory my dear doth not play thee, fair.

Ondilath the proud youth of the gondola port? This is indeed a bit of most happy news. I rejoice in Rachina's goodly choice for Ondilath is a most noble youth. Cairo doth bear none better. And Rachina is a lovely maiden.

At this moment they were interrupted. A youth was passing among the guests. He was swinging a hand censer by a chain, in which the scent of aloe wood served to refresh them. The stifling heat of the chapel was oppressing but it was quite overcome by the aloe wood.

M. Clevelandé turning allowed his eyes to follow the careless youth as he passed on and among the guests. And the guests were examining the decorative richness of the Sculptor chapel. They marveled at the imaginative splendeur of every model. The sweetness. The harmony of the models. From these spectators Lady Vivian with Canterre approached the corner wherein Lady Catherine and M. Clevelandé were standing.

Greetings Canterre. I am pleased thou hast come with Vivian.

I trowth Catherine, thy charming pleasures doth possess me most. Thy works they rival any that I have seen in the City. And with no mean flattery I speak more. There remains no models in Cairo. Neither in France like thy work.

Have a care Canterre for thy extravagance is not so wisely lavish. I may be sunk in such compliments.

Not in the least do I fear such a misfortune, Catherine for a true genius is at no time flattered into a silly conceit.

Indeed I do thank thee much, Canterre.

As Canterre glanced about him, he noted that M. Clevelandé had left the party. And sullenly. He was making his way among the guests within the chapel.

Catherine, I have some pleasing news for thee. Some news that I believe most concerns thee, spake Canterre in a lower voice.

News? Queried she. I prythee what news? Has any thing happened to Mordane?

Canterre smiled at this first thought of Lady Catherine.

While she sighed a smothered tearful spell. And in her mind. Hushed. Into the distance reaching only between she and Mordane. A picture. Yestern day. A withered picture. To-day a wish blown from the Aurora. And it was that her Soul was lulled. Not by the poppies scent. By the bliss of Love's deep devotion.

Catherine, Mordane has been commissioned to return at once into Cairo. The gallery in the north colonnade of the Bath has been ruined by water.

Mordane! Exclaimed Lady Catherine. The gallery in the Bath! I am sorry the gallery of the Bath is damaged, but isn't it glorious? Vivian dost thou not hear? Mordane is to come back. At once.

And Lady Catherine pressed her hands together tightly in a moment of her new happiness. Her lips parted in rippling laughter.

Lady Vivian as she watched her, shook her head slowly. Then turning to Canterre she said. Inconstant! Constant!

Such happiness served finely to beautify Lady Catherine's face.

She turned to Canterre.

Now I have an excellent report to please thee, my friend. A report for me, Catherine?

Yea. A very important report. It is this. I heard the King, after having conferred with the Privy Council, speaking with some court members. Yestern day it was.

The King?

The King spake thus. The reform platform must be established. For a safeguard for the people. It remains true that the destruction of Cairo is yawning in the clutches of time. The present time. This deplorable condition challenges comparison of its record with those of its former ad-

ministration, which was more clean than it shows itself at the present day to be. The only medium by which a change of government may be brought about is the great reformation.

Catherine, the King he doth come this way. Whereupon they all turned and the King was upon them.

Vivian my daughter, here thou hast hidden thyself; and he embraced her.

And Catherine I greet thee fairest daughter. I am moved with the same enthusiasm, that which has filled the minds of all these guests for thy beautifully appointed Sculptor court. And I wanted very much to view the Blue Muse. In the new lights.

I thank thee, Your Excellency. Thy interest doth charm me much!

Ah! Canterre, replied the King. Fair greetings unto thee my youth.

Greetings, Your Majesty, and he kissed the hand of the King.

The King then turned again to Lady Catherine.

Now, my dear I would deem it the highest favour. I pry-thee escort me to The Blue Muse.

I am indeed flattered, responded Lady Catherine with a coquettish bow of her pretty head. And leaning upon the arm of the King. She led him before the Blue Muse.

She drew aside a pair of heavy richest blue velvet curtains. Of the true. Oriental blue colour.

And the Blue Muse stood exposed. Artistically posed within this gold trimmed canopy. The dull lanterns of the conventional Egyptian design were melting in jacinth tints. And the Muse stood there in brightest tranquility.

The King. Alike the guests marveled at the passionate setting of this model.

Gorgeous! Gorgeous, my daughter. All descriptions of it only fail in its warm colour, exclaimed the King as he stood with his eyes fastened upon this exquisite Muse.

Truly your Majesty! For words can not become strokes of the chisel. That is impossible.

Dearest Catherine, the chapel doth greatly. An honour to the labours of a genius.

Ah! Come, may I not escort thee into the far niche in the opposite corner. I have assembled a collection of the Nymphs. I love them to a distraction.

And she closed the heavy blue velvet curtains upon this

statue. And as they turned to go. The guests made way for their King. As Lady Catherine led him into this garden of nymphs. Wherein her pride was much given.

A collection of Nymphs. My darlings! exclaimed she as she stood in admiration of this fancy view of the gathering together of these Nymphean Creatures.

Beautiful, Catherine. My sweet daughter with the dreamer's web of fanciful ideals upon her. And herein, my dear. A garden of love tales! All showed with fragrant sentiments and garnished with sweetest whispers. Likewise passions deep. For deep are the flaming passions in the pit of human love.

Ye gods! Under such a canopy of the gods Charity! What wouldst I for a bench within this garden? And reclining upon the bench become insensible to all else. But the touches of these nymph's sweet lips.

Lady Catherine unnoticed the intent of the King's words. Still he continued. And she believed him to be enamoured of the charming vapor of these visionary creatures, for they were of these capricious designs.

Catherine the fling of Cupid doth enthrall. And now. A hidden pain doth lie within its gilded net. Ah! But Cupid's nest is soften. Sweet is repose thereupon. But! Caught in its meshes. A struggle is faint. So faint. And then the fall is content. What wonder the stars do softly shine!

And the King raised his hand in a gesture.

Impulsively she layed her hand upon the King's arm. She was so happy!

Your Majesty! Mordane returns at once from Alexandria. Canterre just now has acquainted me with this glad news. The frieze in the Bath has been ruined by water. Most certainly, Your Majesty. Mordane remains the one. The only Sculptor in all Cairo whose genius can chisel another such a frieze.

The King leaned closer. His eyes penetrated the happy lit face of Lady Catherine. This moment then. He understood. And with a pained heart he turned aside. He gently patted the lily white hand of the Sculptoress as it lay so willingly upon his trembling arm.

And the tapers in the chapel twinkled liken white stars do in the serene heavens. Just like the soft light of the red Arcturas, the vapors from the burning aloe wood scented everywhere.

The pulsing silent beauty. Of the lover's dream. The joy

in a sphere of love and exquisite harmonies. So near. A lilt of heart's love!

Upon this moment. The King with the Sculptoress, all unsuspecting, still leaning upon his arm turned away:

Wine was poured. The music of the harp. Soft and low. And the guests were departing from the Sculptor chapel.

The King took his departure likewise. With a silent tongue. With an aching heart. And she was left alone.

Wearied she reclined herself upon a marble bench. This bench stood directly in front of the garden of Nymphs. Seemingly these fanciful creations soothed her.

Lo! The sheaves of her work. The struggles. The joy and lastly. The pain of a truly great genius. A heart's inward, most divine passion of talented art lighted her face. And her hair so charmingly arranged, framed her lovely face into an exquisite picture.

The contrast of her blackest robe set in brilliant topaz. With ermine bands of fur. As she leaned against the crimson velvet drapery lying across the marble bench upon which she was seated.

This picture was a silent echo of the gods' proclaim!

Enshaded in a divine forgetfulness, the golden haired sculptoress reclined. Twilight hours lightly. And free were fast stealing into the chapel. And she was alone. And happy.

The doors swung open, the heavy curtains parted. Then Mordane entered with a hasty step. With an imposing move, he gained the side of Lady Catherine. He tossed his velvet and linen turban thereby upon a something. Some place.

The fairest of flowers! My Catherine, cried Mordane embracing her. And she remained in amazed startle. Then. In this all powerful silent gaze. A passionate love beamed forth. She looked once. Then again. And then Mordane felt the touch of a velvety cheek against his own. He felt a hot burning kiss upon his lips.

Mordane, whispered the Sculptoress as she pillowed her head upon his manly breast.

Sweetheart! Behold the night is gone, answered Mordane.

CHAPTER XL.

CHLORIS GODDESS OF FLOWERS.

*Say, why are Beauties praised and honoured most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?*

Canto V.—The Rape of the Lock.

Pope.

Be merry! The wedlock of lovers twain!

The marriage of Lady Catherine and Mordane took place upon the first hour of the Eventide. Of a certain day in early Summer.

Lady Catherine was a lovely bride in whiten satin and matchless lavish pearls. And Mordane stood a proud bridegroom. He had opened his heart wide for his bewitching and blushing bride.

The bride had only one attendant in her bridal train, and that was Lady Vivian.

Lady Vivian too. This beloved daughter of the people was entrancingly beautiful in filmy whiten satin and brocade. And Canterre bore a bridegroom's fullest desire and this he did with a pride and a secret joy.

A most notable marriage in the city was the marriage of Lady Catherine and the gentleman, Mordane.

The King sat among the guests. All the nobility of Cairo as well. A splendid and worthy feast was served to these guests of nobility. The feasting table stood within the open court of the palatial apartments. Wherein the marriage had been solemnized.

The misty skies, the silvery moon light poured from above falling over the sparkling fount in this Court. It made a clear setting in a beautiful garden and this garden led into the feasting court.

Brilliant showers of light from the lanterns glowed down upon the feast. A most charming picture was this gathering of the Royalty. The love feast of a divinely blissful wedded pair! A more splendid display of gold cloth could not be rivaled in Egyptian Society.

And elegantly the marriage feast was served.

The attendants clad in whiten satin wearing boots of scarlet. These attendants bathed their hands with the paste of the sweeten odorous frankincense. The singers sang softly to the music of their lyres. There were youths who carried the dignified laurel branch. There were maidens who held graceful wiley garlands of the lotus bud in artistic pose. All were clad in whiten and the maidens wore no boots.

Attendants. Many there were who swung the golden ore censers of burning vapors.

Athwart the upper end of the Court two court dancers wearing whiten veils. And bands of black tulle encrusted with brilliant topaz upon their arms. Upon the slender left ankle of each they wore a broad garter of the stones. Ru-

bies. They danced in fantastic, in pretty steps, and they charmed the eye. And this is to speak in lightest compliment of these court dancers.

In another corner of the court in a huge case of glossy blackest reeds sat perched a cockatoo of swany white. Its crest of scarlet. This contrasted with a natural, a novel charm. Then. Far in the front corner of the court stood a marbled statue of the flower goddess. Chloris.

This statue was conventionally encased within a bevelled glass case, which had its sections formed of art Squares in gold lines. And this case stood artistically laden with garlands of choicest roses. Of every hue.

Following the Egyptian custom. The wedded pair knelt before the goddess, Chloris. Each guest followed likewise. For the sweeten sentiments with the tender compliments of Chloris bathed her guests with a vapor of delights. With the smile of love's adoration. This smile that was everlasting upon the delicately carved lips of Chloris, seemed but now upon this occasion to part in motion. And to speak a divine blessing upon the wedded pair. A blessing. That which metered alone for the constant lover's heart.

Amid the gay and notable gathering there were two guests who were not present. These were the Princess Roxana and M. Clevelandé.

Tales upon the lips of the guests caused them to turn one to the other in rumors.

It was now known that the Princess was in the convent. But why did not M. Clevelande attend this feast and marriage.

And many were the whispers. Of the most violent love, and the insane passion that which M. Clevelandé held for Lady Catherine.

Among the notable guests an imposing figure. M. Theron sat in their midst.

The feast being done. Later in the night M. Theron found an occasion fitting for a revenge upon Lady Vivian. And who among these guests was possessed of a better nature not to deny this piercing opportunity? Than he—Theron?

Lady Vivian overcome by this marriage felt a grasping desire to be away from the confusion of the guests.

She slipped away into the spacious garden of this court. And finding there a low comfortable bench that stood against a graceful palm. Here. She reclined herself. Unseen and unheard by any of the guests. Even now upon this hour

most slow of all was she to fully realize this marriage of her sweet companion to Mordane.

Upon this same moment Theron had entered this garden with the most attractive lady and a lovely companion. In whose society Theron seemed most happy.

This beautifully gowned lady was leaning quite lovingly upon the arm of Theron. And. Upon entering this garden his ever ready eye detected the form of Lady Vivian as she reclined all but hidden beneath the green fan like leaves of this magnificent palm. Theron smiled.

He sought a bench very close to Lady Vivian. The bench he selected stood beneath a large climbing rose harbor which was a profusion of blossoms. And near. Very near to the bench upon which Lady Vivian reclined.

Ah! Marietta, what a superb rose! Exclaimed he as his eyes fell upon a full blown rich rose of the colour red. His companion turned in admiration of the rose.

Beautiful, Theron. And so perfect are its pedals, she responded.

Then Theron reaching high plucked the rose and presented it to Marietta.

The lady lifted her coquettish eyes to him. She smiled. I thank thee Theron. It is a perfect bloom. And she pinned the rose at her throat. And the rose, this captive, nestled against the beautiful white throat of Marietta.

At the sound of these two voices. Lady Vivian sat upright for she recognized both the voices. She felt hopeless as she knew she would be compelled to remain there until they chose to leave the garden. And their conversation fell audibly upon her ear.

Marietta, spake Theron. Thy unrivaled beauty wreaths this entire garden with perfect adornment. While the rose is but a dull light in the welkin of thy adorable charms.

Theron, graciously I thank thee. But me thinks, I have been warned against thy flattering tongue. Thou dost know I, already know much of thy ways of flattering the fair sex with too ready compliments.

My dear fair lady, doth not flattery bear gently upon every lady?

I trowth it doth play gently upon the heart of the fair sex, And as she spake thus, he leaned over her.

Perchance so! It hath its delightful charm. Upon my faith Theron. It should bear harshly upon the dignity of the Prince Governor.

She glanced at Theron and she raised her eyes with a fickleness, then lowered them again, with a vain smile. But her eyes were lovely, her smile was sweet.

Marietta, I speak no flattery. Mine eye doth fall in fancy upon thy adorable charms. And what lady would desire a gentleman to become stolid. So stolid as not to admire her cultured beauties.

Believe me, thy resplendent eyes do light the garden with all brightness. With a most alluring adornment.

A sweeping surge, a giddy feeling possessed Theron at this minute and he held this vain and flirting coquette in his arms. Showering kisses upon her.

Not well done Theron answered Marietta, pushing him aside with dignity.

Now. Really thou hast wafted into the wanton spirit of the occasion. For all is love here tonight. Joy is soaring far and near. Flattery descends from even the fragrance of the roses. The world is but one day, to night. For the world dost always drink to a blushing bride. To a happy bridegroom.

It is not a wonder that this atmosphere doth capture the inmost fancies in beautiful ideals. It doth open some secret spring within the hidden Soul.

Fanciful! laughed Theron as he threw back his head. His laugh being not becoming and his teeth showed niggardly. He continued.

The Muses in the heavens above Egypt do breathe not a more divinely picture.

This is in truth Love's hour in the Muse's bower. And naught else dare venture for a kiss, and so saying he caught her in his arms again and kissed her, as he whispered into her ear. I am the bee, thou art the Jessamine flower! One more kiss. Still another, a thousand kisses of bliss.

And once. Twice. Then again. And many times he kissed the pretty mouth of the fair Marietta.

She drew away from him, and she laughed.

Theron, let us go back to the guests, she replied lightly.

My dear Marietta, as she bowed a curtsey before him. Is it necessary that we go back into the crowded court? Then, the most usual of all events, even at a marriage feast is a little pleasure. Then a shadow.

Theron what has caused a shadow?

My mind this moment dwelt upon my comrade M. Cleveland. For he remained away from the feast tonight.

A shadow caused the lady to pout her pretty lips.
Then, doth he bear his sorrow in lonely solitude?
Perchance. And he is much disconsolated.

And the Princess Roxana. We all miss her I am sure of it. How is it with thee Theron? And she raised her eyes in questioning glance.

Nonsense, Marietta. This question is upon the lips of the gossip.

The Princess. I like her. Yea! I love her. Nay!

The coquette drew closer to him.

It doth seem to be the selected privilege of man to toy with the pretty fancies of a woman. Just as thou hast toyed with the Princess!

He moved uneasily.

And that accusation is but violent scandal, my dear. I might trace this bit of scandal to the jealous mind of some of the fair sex. Why dost thou not know. That Canterre, the man of the hour is the sworn lover of the Princess?

Theron spake distinctly, keeping his head turned in the direction of the Lady Vivian.

A sudden stir from behind the rose harbor caused them both to glance around.

It is nothing, my dear. A gentle breeze stirring the leaves of the bush.

And then they continued their conversation.

Lady Marietta's eyes become animated as she listened to this scandal.

Marietta as I was returning from the Convent last week. Who dost thou think I met just as I was departing from the Convent?

I could never. Never guess Theron. Who?

Canterre! Then I turned back again in a moment, after having met him without. And I come suddenly upon him again. This time he stood with a wee babe nestling in his arms. And by his side stood the Princess. Rather. The White Sister Esther.

Theron hesitated with a satisfaction while she was startled by this scandal which told much.

Theron, but thou must be cautious with this tale upon thy lips. For thou may be in error.

Nay! I remained wholly unnoticed near the chamber in the Convent where they stood. I could plainly see that Canterre clasped this babe with a fondness. He caressed it with

a pride and the Princess who stood beside him. Her face was flushed with joy. And she smiled with a happy smile.

Now as he related this malicious scandal in lie, to his lovely companion, he laughed. But she looked aghast.

Theron, what a bit of gossip. I prythee do not carry this tale farther. Certainly, after all. One can never be too cautious even in the society of the court ladies. Thinkst thou Theron?

Quite true, Marietta. But what are the guests departing? Is it really so late an hour? Upon me faith, thy charming society hath challenged the hours of the night. For mark ye, the hour is past mid-night.

True, Theron the gong doth strike the early morning. Then we too must go.

I trowth, the memories of this hour in this beautiful garden will forever remain a sweet memory, my dear Marietta spake Theron as they passed on. Out of the garden into the Courts.

Any further conversation was lost to Lady Vivian. She plainly saw the face of Theron as he passed so close to where she was reclined, and he wore the tint of a flaming revenge upon his countenance. But. Within he wore a guilt. One which Lady Vivian could not see. Neither could she hear its words. Fool! Thou art flirting with thy own damnation.

She arose indignantly and sped swiftly away.

Upon this night. Far upon the bay, out into the silvery moonlight. When the palace was abounding in brilliant pleasures. There sat a man with bowed head. He sat within a gondola and by his side. Near to his bent form was a beautiful creature. And she was called. Macchantia.

Luxurious Macchantia with her olive skin, her black hair and with two large eyes that sparkled brighter than two stars in a mid-night blue sky.

Macchantia the divine enchantress! And daughter of the extensive, the powerful date grove owner. And this girl was known to every person in Cairo. Her beauty was praised. Her weakness was favoured.

Upon this night in the rays of the moon's direct soft light, she made a beautiful picture. A picture that would have thrilled a gentleman with a fire. But. M. Clevelandé, who sat by her side. Was indifferent. His eyes were lifted above this pretty face and her low voice waned in its otherwise charm.

M. Clevelandé, my gallant hero of my dreams of love. My

most extravagant love dreams. O gods in the heavens above us! My heart doth throb with such a vicious love for thee. And for thee alone, my beloved. I love thee. And in my love. So different from that of any girl in Cairo. Be she of Royal birth, be she of the peasant's cottage house. In my heart's love there lingers a danger. At times my brain is fired with a madness. Jealousy? Perhaps so. And in this madness I could kill thee. And call thee still mine own in death. Ah! My beloved kiss me. Hold me close within thy arms.

And the girl flung herself into the languid arms of her companion.

She kissed his eyes. She soothed his knitted brow. And cried in wildest tones. My beloved. Mine! For the gods have given thee for mine own pleasure. And. I defy the whole of this Orient to claim thee from me.

And the gondola lazily cruised upon the downward course of the rippling waters. The music grew faint. More faint.

Lo! It had ceased in its harmonious tones.

The youths who were seated in this gondola, with M. Clevelandé and Macchantia, layed their instruments to their sides.

They whispered to one another. Who could but shend a pity with disgust as well?

It is the opium! Poor victims both! And they lowered their voices to a whisper. But the stupified pair dreamed on.

Gorgeously their dreams. And beautiful. For they dwelt within a fairy bower of love. With Macchantia the Queen who knighted M. Clevelandé her King!

And the moonlit gondola with its red and green lanterns hanging in the stripped awning canopy floated silently. Distantly picturesque!

CHAPTER XLI.

THE SPEECH OF BIRDS.

The picturesque cliffs of the Mountains of Birds is a part of the great slope of the eastern range of Mountains which lies beyond the river Nile. And upon the summit of this mountain is a Coptic Convent called the Convent of the Virgin. The mysticism of this mountain of Birds is centered in the belief. That there are seven ways leading from it into the eternal life. That is in brief. The seven valleys through which the birds travel on their way to the fabulous phoenix, literally, thirty birds in which all except thirty succumb, are the seven stations of the mystic road. That leads from earthly troubles into the much coveted Nirvana. This temple,

low and plain was decorated with carvings of the numerous designs. The most conspicuous design was the papyrus flower and the bud of the lotus.

And these were carved in wood and severely they bordered the interior of the temple in a conventional line. A huge image of the Hoopoe was perched over the low door-way. Numerous weird objects in such queer oriental designs were upon the walls. And verses. Oracles' verses. Some in Egyptian cypher and a few in script were inscribed upon the tinted walls.

One of these verses found there was the following.

The lights in the skies wilt guide thee!

In another remote corner, taken from the legend of Jason and Medea. Was a flaming scene painted in brilliant colours. The Sun. The ram with the golden fleece flying through the air to the land of once setting and of rising sun. There he is painted sacrificed on the shore in the flaming fire of sunset. His skin is hung upon the tree of the nightly heavens and guarded by the envious power of the dragon.

Over the doorway of the temple was inscribed another verse motto. And. It read.

The morning sun never lasts a day!

Then there was the horse shoe arch decorated and conventionalized in foilage. Which was finished with exquisite patterns in the decoration of the Oriental florid qualities predominating.

Now. A caste of people were assembled there in prayer.

Within one corner, in the niche decorated for prayer and worship. In the direct center of this niche was a formation for ablutions. Surmounted by a dome and near unto it was a pulpit, before which a wooden desk for readers was builded. Worshippers came and went to and from this temple. In great numbers upon this day.

Now it was that Lady Vivian was passing this mountain slope. Upon a morning following a sleepless night.

She reclined herself. Languidly. Upon a rustic bench just within a thick cactus hedge. She sat watching these faithful religious people. In their devout worship. And her mind being dull she fell into a reverie.

From the distant. Though miles away she could hear the bells of the Convent of the Christians. Ringing in their distinct and clear peals. Low and soft they rang. And she thought of the Princess Roxana. And too. There was something in the echoes of these bells that drooped Lady

Vivian into a silent wretchedness. Sitting there. She traced in the white sands beneath her dainty booted feet. An outline of her sentiments. And the sentiments given expression to by Socrates. That. "Love is a madness, but it is a noble madness as is shown by the Sooth Sayer."

Her mind dwelt upon the worth of this phrase as she remained in this languishment of retreat. Undisturbed. Abruptly she looked up and in the distant she beheld a monk robed in brown woolen stuff with white cord and tassel.

And his feet were in brown sandals. Upon his head he wore a brown cap.

This monk come from the temple. He slowly climbed down the steep face of the mountain by a ragged dizzy path. And diving into the waters of a stream. Which coursed in an irregular stream below, he swam to a canoe bearing several men. Of these men he appeared to be begging alms.

Lady Vivian marveled at the fidelity of these monks in their life of seclusion and denial.

She turned and looked about her, as if to banish the sight of this queer individual.

Linnets sang clearly. In a mangled clump of sweet egal-tine. She heard the melodious song of the pretty lark. Far in a distant mountainside on beyond. She could see the peasants toiling in their little plots of land. One peasant was hoeing the ground. Another followed this one peasant closely for he was sowing the seed. And after these two followed another. He drove goats, with long white hair. These goats were driven over the fields to trod down this seed. At the end of each row in the field she could distinguish each *fellah* halted and stooping to the ground, lifted a goat skin bottle and what could be its contents but somna?

Each guest drank ravishingly of the somna. Guests of the fields—these *fellahs*.

Lady Vivian rested herself by leaning back against the old wooden bench. A imperturbable serenity stilled the surroundings quite suddenly, and thus she drunk in the glories of the rural fields.

The radiant sun. The scented zephyrs capering from the blossomed poppy fields. And the song birds all. It seemed that was perfume. That floated round her, and she passed into the spirit of Nature's touch as the all chanting carols lulled her to a fancy idyl.

The time wore on. And after a slight repose. She arose, leaving this picturesque garden of the convent and she

walked briskly. Choosing the pathway shortest that which led back into the City. Only once did she stop. And then. She come upon a garden in which a part of it was a blooming mass of lilacs. These hardy bushes were heavy with darkest green foilage. And laden with beautiful. In delicate and in darkest shades of the purple lilac. She stood looking at these tall and short bushes. Burying her face in a cluster here, admiring a blossom there. Then she gathered a large armful of the clusters. In gathering these blossoms she suffered the bushes to a loss.

But, how she loved the heavy clusters of the pretty flowers! And as they lay in her arms, their richly scented perfume filled her with a delightful sensation.

She walked briskly on into the city and a picture for the artists brush was she.

The artist would have painted a lady with a scarlet robe and a lovely face peering from an armful of purple and lavender lilacs.

While the poet would have penned.

Beauty, Hope, Love, Life and bright gladness—'Tis
Venus running away!

And in her path, a perfume reeked the woolands for in
her arms—The lilacs lay!

Upon this morning Theron was much perplexed. He read again. He discussed with his courtiers the herald which the Persian Shah had delivered unto him. That the bonds of the Irrigation Squares could not be disposed of in Persia.

This concise herald coming from the Shah measured failure to Theron's party. It capped the failure for him and likewise a victory for the reformation.

And more. The treaty of commerce between Persia and Egypt; that which he had planned to make. By virtue of threat. That of holding the Princess Roxana from Persia. This was a second failure.

This. The largest hope of his party. The scheme whereby they could call in this greatly enormous sum of money. It was lost. And their machine had worked to this end. But it was a fruitless and a false stroke.

Inwardly. Theron now nutured only a hope. A small hope that his party could win. While Canterre was moving slowly. Steadily to success. He had rapidly gathered a brilliant cortege of public spirited men of both the commercial world, and the great scholars, including astronomers. And these astronomers were held in the greatest reput in

Egypt. From the field of numerous controversies these astronomers were called with their science to sustain or to refute nearly all great movements. In the affairs of the learned people of Cairo.

As Theron sat with his brow knitted in this consternation, Lady Vivian entered this chapel, wherein he sat.

A thought. Perhaps far from the natural conscience of Lady Vivian, prompted her to approach him.

Love bearing the theme of golden dreams? she exclaimed in a cheerful voice.

Theron turned in surprise.

Ah! Vivian, 'tis thee! I am pleased to greet thee, my dear. And to what am I grateful for this visit, my sweet Vivian. And he stood before her admiring her as she stood with her arms filled with lilacs.

Gods! What a picture! Where didst thou gather those beautiful flowers?

And speaking thus. He leaned over her, and buried his face in the fragrant lilacs.

Are they not pretty, Theron? I was returning from a morning walk. The air is most invigorating this morning. And I felt the charm of the crisp fresh air.

Then, my dear, thou hast visited the Convent of the Christians?

A peculiar gleam in his eye disquieted her. But she answered him frankly.

Quite true Theron. I did visit the Convent, but it was the Convent on the Mountain of Birds.

That Convent? he exclaimed. What a fancy! To tread those ragged mounts in that forsaken and most hidden part of the country. I ween it a most silly notion, my dear. What was thy pleasure in going there?

In that thou art much mistaken Theron. There are many beauties in the wilds of that rural country. And hidden—only, perhaps from the vulgar tread of commercial life. But in the lap of Nature. With Nature's greetings in such natural elegance upon every side of the paths.

As she spoke her words and manner charmed Theron. Both her blandly polite manner and her pleasant words.

But why didst thou choose than Convent, dear Vivian? Then has the Convent of the Christians lost all favour with thee? And Theron smiled while she thought it a mean smile. She flushed hotly and scorned him with a severe glance.

Theron thou art in not all too goodly spirits this cheery day. Is there anything unusual in my going into that part of the country? The country site of the Convent on the Mountain of Birds?

Perchance not so! answered Theron. I just now passed the way of the Convent of the Christians, and I was strangely suspicious as I met Canterre upon his way to the Convent. He was bent towards the Convent and his step was brisk. In truth, what strange inclination to wish to visit these dull and lifeless places.

Now as Theron hesitated and laughed curtly. She straightened herself before him but remained silent.

Vivian my dear, I trowth Canterre must be strangely intoxicated with a desire for the serious life. And when? I ween it is not of long standing that he come so suddenly into this broad charity. Upon me faith I never knew him to be so inclined. I was astonished to learn too. That our beautiful Princess Roxana had become one of these white Sisters. Can ever such an act explain itself to thy mind?

Lady Vivian remained sullenly quiet and he attempted to persuade her more with his words.

The Princess, the spoiled beauty and the luxurious lady of the Orient. The rose lady of the court to be a white sister. I trowth there is a hidden meaning in it all. For it doth not sound well. The Princess hath surely changed her robe of gold cloth and the crimson for a gown of somber shade.

Whereupon Theron flung his head back and laughed.

Vivian, when I questioned her, her only answer was this. "My heart is full. Vows were made to me."

Enough Theron. Thy words become ill, a gentleman. Thou settest out badly as the Prince Governor of Cairo. Surely. Thy unclean morals have rocked thee into an insensability of an honourable citizen. And thy attack upon the religious sentiment of any people or peoples remains an atrocious attack.

I beg thy goodly pardon, Vivian I spake in truth of my thoughts.

Then thou dost seek to avenge thyself with the goodly name of the Princess.

Baffle! The goodly name of the Princess! As for it all. Were it truly a religious belief that led the Princess into this isolated life? Preposterous.

In truth, it might serve well, a balm for her bruised heart and a tonic for her love sick Soul.

Lady Vivian glanced upon the insignificant face of the speaker. A look nearly akin to pity swept over her face. And then all words sunk in silent contempt.

I trowth, my dear. Thou knowst I am learning the game. I have come to know. Politics. And love. Are sworn enemies. The meanest enemies.

What an expression, Theron.

Surely. Thou hast become my enemy. Thy love is the hardest enmity that which works against my success.

Theron thou art but a coxcomb, she replied putting up her hand in an indifferent gesture.

Rather speaking dear. Thy judgement keenly determined. I believe we were speaking of the Princess.

Thou wouldst act in goodly wisdom. Were we to discontinue this topic, Theron.

But he would not so easily dismiss the topic and in a curious way he tossed his head. He smiled a contemptuous smile. And he began in cutting words.

The love between the Princess and Canterre can not be acknowledged. Thou may be prone to accept this fact but it remains true, my dear Vivian. And he was bending forward.

The King doth favour Canterre's platform. Likewise Canterre dare not refuse the hand of the lovely daughter to the King. Canterre, the man of the hour is a diplomat! Ah! My dear, many. And curious tales are upon the lips of all Cairo. Ye gods! How ill it doth become Canterre. O, take fast hold, my dear. For this scandal is everywhere.

And Vivian, it is only thy faith alone that is fixed upon the man.

She turned upon him.

Theron I should not have come here this morning. It remains that only the noble hearted can be a friend. The mean can never know the value of friendship. Such friendship as is vested in this friendship existing between Canterre and the Princess. And the Princess contains a thankful heart.

Now a piercing pain thrilled Theron. Whereupon he answered her.

The fatal shadows walk by the side of Canterre still. He forgets because he would. And the world remembers because it will. For the evil man does lives with him. And after him.

And too Theron. I prythee do not forget. The good man

does rises with the morning Sun. It labours with him, while the Sun is done. And after. For the moon lights the heavens while the gods gaze and chant his reward! And thus, she left Theron standing alone.

CHAPTER XLII.

A NEW GOVERNMENT.

Cairo was keenly astir in this political hour. It was election day in the city. Excitement, enthusiasm and interest fired every person.

The Prince Governor M. Theron sat in his office chapel. And Canterre sat in his office chapel.

The precincts had nearly all been heard from.

Canterre's managers read with dismal dread, the returns. They learned the defeat of their machine might come about. As the heavy vote counted heaviest up to this time for Theron.

And Theron's manager naturally felt gloriously gratified as they received the returns. They would have felt a certain victory. Had it not been for the fact. That the King had declared himself for the reform platform. This alone would win the election for Canterre. And this. Theron's managers knew well.

The hours drew on and the critical hour was upon them. A herald swung into Theron's private chapel.

A report from all the outlying districts had been heard. And in this report from these committeemen came Theron's defeat.

Theron sat there with stony stare. He brushed his hair away from his forehead. He run his fingers through his hair. This a favoured gesture of Theron when disturbed. His eyes become blurred and nearly inflammed with excitement. Now his hopes like his ambitions lulled sunk. And he paced the floor turning from side to side in his office. Much did he resemble a mad man.

He would admit no one into his private office where he sat alone for nearly an hour. One long hour filled to its capacity with disappointment. And with the fallen hope of a defeated candidate.

Then. The nauseating duty by the hand of fellow courtesy! He. Theron must scribe the congratulatory herald unto Canterre. The in-coming Prince-Governor of their city.

Damnation defeat! Cried Theron as he whirled around

in his swinging chair at his desk. And the bitterness of his heart swelled and his hand trembled.

He scribed then the congratulatory herald. This he having done, he commissioned a scribe to deliver the missive into the hands of Canterre.

The cunning fingers of Theron would scribe more. Had he dared. Restlessly. He opened the jug of wine which stood locked within the cabinet nearest to the wall. And he partook of a full goblet of the somna, and in another following moment. In a fit of agitation he lighted the bowl of his pipe. He smoked. Puffing viciously. And he sat buried in this smoke. He clenched his fists in disappointed madness. And he uttered vulgar oaths as he sat alone.

Upon this same hour. Canterre within his office was surrounded by friends. He received countless congratulatory heralds. Among the first was the one scribed by the hand of the King. It bore the royal seal.

Canterre himself constrained, with his usual calmness sat at his desk. His one hope realized. Cairo was to have the reform platform.

He had won and as he sat there, from without he could catch the noise and confusion of the city in her new ambition.

Upon this night of the same day. The demonstration in the town districts, the street parades of the red fire and the music was lively. The people thronged all the streets and upon every corner stood groups of merry makers.

At every flash of Canterre's picture upon the canvass. The noisy cheers were most deafening. In all. This was a truly coloured political demonstration. Such as Cairo had not witnessed for many years.

All Cairo was wild and she was gripped in the grasp of rejoicings!

The reform platform was established at last.

Another heart rejoicing upon this night was that of Lady Vivian. She had anxiously watched the election returns from the chapel of the King's Court.

For therein the returns were received by special communication to the King and his cabinet.

When the final returns came to the King's Court chapel, declaring Canterre's victory. It was then. She slipped quietly away. Into her own chamber. And there she threw herself upon a cushioned divan and buried her face in both her hands. She wept. For an inmost delightful sensation filled her and thrilled her with happy thoughts.

And she sobbed. For her Soul was touched by the answer of her heart's desire. She lifted her face. And this lovely face was stained and still wet with tears. She lifted her face for it seemed there was an inhaling strenght breathing over her. Every breathe seemed soft blown from her stirred soul within. A tender love poised in hauteur still clinging to warm her bitter word.

Theron was no more! His power in Cairo was done!

And the laughters from the lips of Lady Vivian were spasmodic.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PICTURE WRITING. A PICTURE WITH A MORAL.

"If when the Prophetie begins to look like truth

You will adhere to me, it shall make honour for you."

Macbeth. Act II.

Now is the time, Princess Roxana. I could no longer constrain myself. It was the rich voice of Canterre.

Canterre what news? What mission hast fetched thee hence in such haste?

The Princess scanned the strong face of Canterre as she spake.

There was something wonderful there. And she saw it. She laid her hand upon his strong arm.

Then Canterre it is of the election? Thou art the newly made Prince Governor of Cairo for I see it in thy face. It can be no other way.

And Canterre smiled triumphantly. So it is Princess. Yestern day was the election day, And. I am upon the morrow the newly elected Prince Governor.

My congratulations, Canterre. This doth please me much.

I trowth it doth please me more than any person in Cairo.

Yea. I thank thee Princess. I have some other news for thee Princess, and I must speak with thee, alone.

As he glanced about them, she lifted her eyes in a questioning glance.

There is no one to disturb us Canterre. We are quite alone.

He took her hand and led her to a wooden bench.

This bench represented the only comfort in this cold barren chamber. As it were. And little comfort did it afford. The statues, the verse mottoes hanging upon the walls were the only ornaments, and they charmed not the eye of the casual visitor. Candle holders holding white candles.

Plainly constructed book cases filled with serious reading, were the only fixtures within sight of the eye.

As they were reclined upon this bench. Canterre shuddered as he looked about in this comfortless hard chamber.

Roxana thou knowst little of the childhood days of thy early youth, faltered he looking anxiously at her.

She started a hot flush followed by a pale o'erspread her face and neck.

She answered him slowly and in doubt.

What is it, thou would know of my youth Canterre? Of my youth. There was naught to relate. It was free. *Peut-être*, thou dost speak of my life just past and here in Cairo?

Whereupon a pained look shadowed her face while he grasped the meaning of her slowly spoken words. And in a sullen fit of inward anger he clinched his fists. She understood his movement. Then with compressed lips he answered her.

Of thy life in Cairo? Nay. Speak of the days of thy early youth. Of thy life in Persia.

How can I remember much of my early childhood days? As a child I recall. I spent with my father, the Persian Shah. We resided within his large palace.

Thy father?

My father Canterre. With my father alone. My mother left me in my infancy. I knew no other companion but he. Ah! a princely companion too.

A tear stole down the cheek of the Princess and she brushed it away quickly. She looked up through her tears.

Thou knew no other companion?

None. I wished for none. My father was my world. And the child's world is a large world too! In my world of hundreds of Kings, Princes and Knights. My father was always my princely companion. We traveled, played. We rejoiced. We dined, we resided together.

The return of a childish smile as it played upon her face struck the heart of Canterre.

And there was none other?

A shadow quickly chased away the innocent smile of childish memories.

But, why dost thou ask such a question of me?

Upon this Canterre was pleased and he thought, a lover by chance. But he said nothing.

Why Canterre?

Didst thou not have an aged servant. Who watched over thee in thy youth? The same as a father could have done?

She bent her head in study, then suddenly she lifted it.

Solas! But it has been years since I have had news of him. Indeed. Faithful and true was this aged servant. And a Jew.

Canterre staggered upon his feet. And pressing the palm of his hands over his eyes. He stood speechless.

Canterre, she cried. Thou art ill? The warm air in the hall dost stifle thee!

Nay, Princess. And he dropped upon the bench once more.

'Twas nothing. I prythee continue.

Then she continued. Solas! I wonder what has befallen him. He was faithful.

Princess I have learned that this aged Jew. The one for whom Lady Vivian tendered such care. It was Solas.

The Princess white and trembling looked strangely upon Canterre's face.

Solas? This sick Jew? The same? It is impossible. But Canterre how can this be true and who related this story to thee?

It was Solas. By his own lips he hath revealed his identity unto me.

Canterre I prythee. Go thou at once. Fetch him here, she exclaimed.

Too late Princess. Solas passed away. Several days ago.

Had I but known it, exclaimed the Princess with tears trickling down her face.

Princess. And more too he related. For he recalled there was an old French King who was captive in a foreign dungeon. Nearly ill unto death. The officers of the Persian Shah rescued this King in a nearly dying condition. With this King was an infant daughter. A mere child. And the Shah by virtue of some boyhood bonds of friendship saved the French King. He delivered this King, with the child into Persia. They began this long journey. Just before this Shah's train reached the province of the Shah. The French King passed away. His body was sunken into the tombs and the Shah bore the orphan child with him. This little girl he grew very fond of. He nurtured her in every extravagance and in many luxuries. She soon become the petted beauty of the Persian Court.

And there was a servant called Solas. But he drifted away.

Solas! The Persian Shah? And the Princess stood breathless.

This orphan child is the Princess Roxana of the Royal House of Persia.

Canterre, then I am not daughter to the Shah? I am daughter to this French King?

All true Princess.

Then this French King? And the Queen, my mother?

They have both passed away.

Now a deadly silence fell upon them.

Princess. There was a brother. And he smiled as he heard a long breathe.

A brother Canterre? Speak thou quicke. That I may go to him. This brother dost he live? Dost he reside in France? Thank the gods! A brother. Then I shall go to him at once. But nay. Not that either.

And a shadow passed over her bright face.

Nay Canterre. Not that. I can not leave the Convent. I prythee, Reach my brother and fetch him here to me.

A brother! And I have been so much alone in this large world. My heart has been hungry for a brother. And I knew it not. Ah! Canterre I thank thee. I thank thee.

Roxana. Behold thy brother.

Thou? Canterre my brother? And a multitude of words choked the Princess. She stared blankly into his face and he opened his arms to her.

She went to him and he held her fast in a tender embrace. Then. Slowly she released herself from his embrace and she looked into his earnest eyes. Long. Then a smile fell upon her face.

Roxana my little Sister. Now thou dost know all.

And it is most meet. I should know. To find myself in the fond possession of one of the most precious of earthly gifts. I. So much alone in the world.

And now Roxana we can not possibly remain longer in Cairo.

Canterre!

Nay Sister. I entered Cairo en route to Persia to find thee. And by providence I have halted here. I have had the goodly fortune to find thee here. And my little Sister. A finely found treasure. It doth glad my seeking heart.

Brother mine, thou wouldst not leave Cairo now? For thou art the Prince Governor of Cairo. And I too. Must re-

main in Cairo. My life belongs to the Convent. I have sworn my vows unto my God.

Not so, Sister. We needs must return into France. Immediately.

France? exclaimed the Princess.

Quite truly. And rightly. Much depends upon my returning there. Much more depends upon thy restoration in France.

But Canterre. I can not leave this convent, insisted the Princess.

An heiress to the French Crown can not leave the isolated Convent of the Christians in Egypt? Foolish! I say Roxana.

An heiress, Canterre?

Thou art indeed an heiress. Heir to thy father's crown. We. Thee and me. Have also an elder brother who is now the reigning King in France.

Another brother? Oh! Glorious inheritance!

One other brother Louis. He is ill. Ill unto his death. He is stricken. And can not long survive the fatal malady that which is upon him now.

Thou Roxana will be the next heir. His surviving heir. Therefore. Behold in the Princess Roxana. We pay homage to the future Queen of France.

And he bowed before her, while she threw her arms around his neck.

My vows are made to consecrate my life to my Master, she replied revently.

Those vows must thou sever, Sister. A Crown. The Crown of France awaits thy coming. Makst thou ready. For we return into France within a fortnight. And Canterre forced a ready response from her.

I can not, meekly answered the Princess.

Thou must do it. Foolishly stubborn woman! Thinkst thou of thy own father's people! The people are now calling thee. Their Queen.

Thinkst thou of thy father who doth lie deep within the tombs in Persia lands.

What me thinks. Wouldst thou cause him to lift his finger in disappointed scorn to a faithless daughter? Thou wouldst be traitoress against thy own people? And for a strange people! Couldst thou rest content in such disloyalty?

Fie! Sister the great French blood surging thy veins. It doth speak. It must speak and move thee forward.

These words of Canterre fired her. For coming from the

heart it went to the heart. And as Bernice's locks! A radiant light haloed upon the heads of brother and sister, as they stood thus.

It was the golden mean of loyalty!

Princess Roxana held the hand of Canterre in a firm hand clasp.

She threw back her head proudly. She lifted her face to him and looking into his earnest eyes she said.

Welcome my brother. Welcome, my Countryman! Welcome! I go into France, I come to answer thy call.

And the ambition of a deeply agitated life echoed in sorrow and submission!

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE COUNCIL CONVENES.

The council chamber was filled, every bench being occupied in the event of the inaugural ceremonies of the Prince Governor of the City. A great mass of people surged to and from the chapel. Wherein the inauguration took place.

A band which played popular music was in place near the platform. The platform was decorated with yellow and green flags. At the appointed time. Canterre was escorted through this crowd of people and led to the platform. Cheers mid cheers greeted him as he stood upon the platform and took the oath of office.

Canterre delivered his speech. A speech full of striking imagery and striking eloquence.

At the conclusion of the short ceremonies the band played Oriental music as Canterre was retiring from the platform, going into his own office chapel. The throng of people dispersed and the streets were clearing.

Upon this same hour. Lady Vivian who remained within her own chamber was greatly rejoicing. She was reclining upon a divan with her face bent with her gaze upon the leopard skin upon which her dainty feet rested. She sat silent. Her lips parted in slow motion and in low toned words.

Canterre! Canterre has won! Ah! The days. The hours I have petitioned the gods for this victory. And now? Thou Canterre who belongs to me hast given thyself to my people. Didst not Heaven give thee for me? And in this great hour see how my people rejoice in their claiming thee.

She put her hands over her eyes.

Gods, what have I done? I have prayed for thy success. The people, they claim thee now and dost not thy Soul be-

long to me? It is mine. Ah! I love thee, my dear Canterre. I love thee! And. I desire thee. Come!

She slipped upon the leopard skin at her feet. Her face lifted up above everything. And she prayed. A prayer. Such a prayer is sealed for the gods, alone. Then she smiled. The suffering heart makst the Soul great.

Suddenly she was startled for surely a rustle. A noise fell upon her ears.

A stir. A light quicke footstep. The heavy velvet carpet muffled the step. But her ever ready ear heard its echo. She slowly looked about her. Fearing to open her eyes in wide gaze.

Canterre! I knew not thou were here! Thou art welcome. Most welcome! And she arose, extended her hand to him rather shyly.

And Canterre. He clasped her slender little hand. He touched her soft glossy hair with a light kiss. Then. Trembling with blindest emotion he enfolded her within his arms. Then as if in conviction. Suddenly. He released her. Quite abruptly.

Vivian my dear. I did not meet with Mauros, therefore I dared to enter unannounced. I prythee forgive my hasty steps which may be seemingly bold.

Nay Canterre. I am greatly delighted to welcome thee, here. Thy successes do glad my heart. Thy noble work will proud the whole of Cairo. The gods be praised!

Vivian dearest thou art so serious in thy manner. Me thinks such seriousness is not so well from thy sweet and natural self.

And Canterre bent close over her. She attempted to laugh lightly and answered him.

Me thinks Canterre, thou canst at all times resist sorrow. For thy Soul is great. Thou art of the greatest. I prythee thy pardon for a woman's weakness. For indeed. I am weak.

My dear Vivian, givth thy ear. True. I have made glorious strides. I have won my laurels and they are mighty and splendid. And I pray now, that with the reform platform established in thy fair city. Cairo will surely issue forth, in progressive strides. And her people will be unbridled by immoral principles.

Alack! The shadow in the mind of Lady Vivian constantly dwelt with her.

She was weak and she lowered her eyes before him.

Come dearest. I have grave news for thee.

News for me Canterre? Father?

Nay not of the King, he responded as he led her to a divan. The silence which followed was only broken by the soft songs of the song birds from the court. For the curtained window was opened wide. This silence come as a benediction.

He took her hand in his. *Enfin* it was he spake. And in speaking he related the whole story of his identity. Of the Princess, his sister.

When he had finished he fastened his searching eyes upon the face of Lady Vivian.

She sat unmoved. Silenced and stunned by this sudden news. Words failed her and she lifted her dark eyes to him but was speechless.

Vivian, he continued. I entered into Cairo. A stranger. Deceiving thy father, the King and assembling friends of thy people in a most deceitful method. And. The most fatal wrong. I have deceived thee. The fairest of all flowers! Thou recallst my arrest my confinement within the Saffron prison cell and dungeon? My trial and then my release?

I do Canterre, she answered with slow words and downcast eyes.

And now Vivian. My mission is fulfilled and my purport being done. And goodly too. I go to my people.

She clutched his arm impulsively.

Surely! Surely thou art now the Prince Governor and it will be impossible for thee to go, Canterre.

Yea. It is possible. It must be possible, my dear. I resign all for my own people are calling me upon this very hour. It is my duty to go back into France.

Canterre! Do not go. Do not leave me, I prythee for I cannot live without thee. My heart will be broken.

And she gave vent to a most fearful rage of sentiment. She sobbed without speaking. While he leaning over her prostrate form gently lifted her into his arms and he held her in a passionate embrace. Pouring forth a volley of words; such only comes from the lover.

My darling! Behold it is fate. We. Thee and me, remain powerless against fate. Our God hath given to the Soul of man. The promise of the land of the beautiful. And this land of beauties, the garden of love. I have entered therein. My Soul hast bathed in the nectar of this treasured love. O God! I can not go without thee Vivian.

He faltered as he pressed her to him as if a spasm choked his whole being.

Canterre! she whispered as she pillowed her head upon his breast.

My dear Vivian, thinkst thou I can loose thee? Just as I have found thee? My heart's desire? In finding thee my Soul doth rest in its most precious desire. And I will not go without thee.

My father, the King, Canterre. I must not go. I prythee, let me do nobly my best. My father is aged and alone. I must not go with thee and leave him alone at the end of his life, with no one to comfort him in his lonely hours.

Vivian knowing full well. Life's deepest meaning, knowing life's sweetest song of the faithful heart? Then canst thou willingly resign both. Thy heart and my heart's desire to this seperation?

I prythee Canterre. Be silent. I can not hear these words. Canst thou not understand? My heart is breaking. Even with thee by my side.

Ah! my precious gift from the gods! Thou art mine and I do not intend to leave thee. Come give me thy promise. Thou will surely go with me, thy promise?

Thou will not resign our happiness?

And the pleading eyes of Canterre pulsated her and it bore her off. Who could question what her answer was?

One hour later Canterre was obliged to leave; as much as he was loth to do so. He must go into his newly court chapel.

Scarcely had he left her chamber when she was in all readiness to go to the Convent of the Christians for now she had the wildest desire to speak with the Princess. As she fastened her turbaned hat upon her head and adjusted her face veil closely over her face. She wrapped her long mantle snugly round her slender figure. Taking her gloves in one hand, her walking stick in the other. She tripped gayly into the court garden when she was met face to face with Theron.

She halted with a glance at him. And Theron stood with a low bow before her and with a broad smile.

Greetings! Vivian my dear. Ah! I am delighted to be with thee for always the brightness of thy cheery face sheds a warm cheer over my dull soul. And, the glances falling from those pretty eyes—they descend like the dew, softly. Upon thy lips? Joyous songs must be confessed. In faith thou art errand bound. I can note it in thy rapid step.

Come, I join thee. For who is he, who would not have a sweet lady of his choice garnish his pathway with her fascinating smiles?

Lady Vivian stood listening to these utterances from him. And he drew nearer. But she stood apart from him. In her eyes there blazed a dangerous fire. And steadily it increased with a blackness.

Theron, thy unwisdom can be forgotten only in thy absence. I prythee. Permit me to pass.

And if I refuse thee my absence, my dear? he answered as a contemptuous smile parted his senuous lips.

I vow that Canterre hast been the herald of my news, for I came to bear the news of the election. Upon me faith my footsteps have tarried already too long.

Theron such unwise deeds and acts as thou hast employed is the cause of thy defeat.

Oh! My lovely lady. Bear more gently with me. For now I have another bit of interesting news for thee.

And if I tell thee. This news, and any news from thy lips is disinteresting?

I grant thee Vivian I will tell thee, at any lenght. It is this. The Princess has been permitted to leave the Convent. And after having taken her vows too. Methinks this is most extraordinary. It must have been some sly coax coming from the cunning mind of Canterre. For who in Cairo would so desire to deliver the Princess out of the Convent? The Prince Governor is endowed with a ruling power now and the very desire of his heart remains a sealed order. He doth act in wisdom. A large full beginning I trowth. That upon the pearly bay of love he drops an anchor. And that from the pomegranite's fields nearest the quaint home of the Christian's Convent. For within this Convent surrounded by the pomegranite fields. There doth reside a beautiful Princess. One vision of love portrayed in a woman's form and face, thrust from the weaver's hand of passion designing. The gods have breathed this flower encrusted in the web of man's life. In truth. This flower has blown into the heart and soul of Canterre. For Canterre remains in the fortunate ruling of the gods. The Princess is a golden treasure with a heart that is pulsating to love. To love. Swift to passion and passions violent.

Now Theron faltered and Lady Vivian was too full to answer him.

Then as the real truth of the situation. That of the bond

of kinship between the Princess and Canterre came into her mind. She threw back her head and the laughter that rippled from her lips sunk upon Theron's heart.

He leaned forward, and scanned her laughing face. And then slowly his face paled.

Then indeed! In failing to scorn me, thou dost ridicule me, Vivian.

Seekest thou to deceive me? Then thy laughter doth but serve better to conceal thy jealousy.

Theron! Broke from Lady Vivian. Thou art a fool with a fool's ready tongue. Sweet. Bitter. Then in a ready consent. I prythee thy passion doth not purify this court one whit.

She drew away from his touch haughtily and he noted her manner of recoiling from his hand's touch.

My father, doth walk in the garden. Behold he beckons me. Permit me to pass, Theron.

He turned and saw the King in the far court.

The King! His Majesty! Pardon my stupidity Vivian. But to-night, thou must meet me here. Nay. Nearest the Bath gardens.

Theron I have neither desire nor will to be with thee more. Therefore I shall not meet thee tonight.

Rudely he grasped her arm. It will be wise for thee to come. And. Unwisely foolish to remain away. It might be a virtuous meeting. Refuse and I will dare to spare thee nothing.

Release my hand, Theron. Thou wouldst dare anything.

And she looked at him and he looked most wicked.

Give me thy promise, Then. If thou dare to refuse. Then thou dost embellish the gossip monger with much. For I will spread the gossip far and near. All throughout Cairo. Behold! O thou of Cairo. Thy King! And who is there among the citizens who would dare to raise their voice in honest denial, thereof?

Theron! Not that? I beg of thee. Thou would never dare to raise thy voice against the King. It would mean thy life. Have a caution lest thou inflict miseries upon thy own head.

Baffle! I know all, scoffed Theron with a merciless laugh.

She become faint as a helplessness was upon her. Her colour came. It went. She breathed painfully and irregularly. She looked at Theron; and his eyes knew this haughty beauty had transformed into a withered pride.

Then. I shall meet thee Theron. In the garden of the Bath at twilight.

He released her hand and with a low bow he was gone.

He saw her last, leaning upon the arm of the King. As they walked without the court.

Theron laughed a brutish laugh and went his way. Winding in and around the court hedges, he disappeared among the huge lime-trees which towered over the roadway just without.

And Lady Vivian suffered nurtured miseries. And only the hour before she had been radiant with joy. When her soul had spoken. Of the promised land of beauty and kisses! The coming evening hour, what did it conceal?

CHAPTER XLV.

A PROCLAMATION.

I wish to speak with Canterre, spake a low voice.

And who shall I announce your ladyship? And the attendant stood before the lady in courteous bow.

Say unto Canterre. Macchantia daughter of the date grower doth wish an interview with him. And that she doth bear a goodly herald for him.

The office attendant announced Macchantia to Canterre.

A lady awaits thee within the chapel your lordship.

A lady wishes to speak with me? Asked Canterre.

Macchantia daughter of the date grower.

Macchantia? Exclaimed Canterre. And he knitted his brow as he remained seated at his desk.

She doth bear thee a herald, were her words your lordship, continued the Scribe.

She may enter!

And the visitor walked into the chapel. And Canterre looked up from his desk for he was amazed.

The tall willowy form of the young woman was gracefully poised. Her dark red coloured cloak hung open and a robe of shimmering green showed in bright colour. Her dark glossy hair hung long in two silken braids. She flashed her bright eyes upon Canterre as he arose to greet her.

Greeting your ladyship, Macchantia! I prythee recline thyself upon this bench. And he made a movement to relieve her of her dainty sun-shade.

I thank thee, Canterre. Thy graciousness doth bear a mighty pleasing welcome. I trowth I do just now. Not interrupt thee?

I am at thy pleasure Macchantia. May I offer my self in a service to thee?

Macchantia smiled. And this languid smile of the beautiful girl which was always met with admiration, was not attractive to Canterre. As he sat studying her little mannerisms.

She arose and approached him, boldly resting her hand upon his broad shoulder. And there she stood smiling down upon him.

While he not too gently withdrew from her touch and at the same time studying her beautiful but sensual face. Her large eyes were very bright as they rested upon him in a coquettish glance. But. This type of beauty Canterre revolted against, tremendously.

I am ready to hear thy herald, Macchantia in rather quick tones which startled her.

Ah! The herald. Upon my faith Canterre thy pardon for in thy presence my mind hath stored this herald nearly beyond all recall.

Then, there is no herald? Abruptly asked Canterre.

But there is a herald, she responded laughingly. A most important herald. But I am weary, for this day has been filled with wild adventures. Sport of every kind hath been the great temptor this day. A cruise upon the bay. The afternoon in the concubine temple.

He interrupted her. Macchantia I wish to hear thy herald, since thou art good enough to bear one such to me.

Then she stole slyly to his side.

Canterre I am weary, I may recline upon thy arm?

More quicke was he. For when she cunningly gained his side, he turned hastily away from her.

Now the girl stood in this somewhat new position for Macchantia the spoiled beauty. She laughed at the situation, with the most vexatious laughter.

Canterre thou art indeed a gentleman of knightly manners not to bid me leave this chapel. In this thou dost well, most gallant sir.

And she laughed again in a haunting laughter. While he stood impatiently.

My herald, Macchantia?

Then Canterre give me thy ear. Tonight at twilight, I prythee. Come thou into the garden of the Bath. For thy friend and beloved Lady Vivian doth there hold a secret meeting with her lover. And the girl laughed with a vulgar

impudence; he stood staring at her. The look which settled upon his face pleased her, much.

Canterre, time strikes the hour upon a golden gong. Come. At twilight into the garden.

Macchantia stepped closer to him and she patted his cheek with her hand. Then with the clinging stride of a tigress she sped out of the chapel. At the opening she stopped, and she snapped her fingers as she tossed her head and the merriest laughter broke from her lips. A wicked laughter. Then she was gone.

Canterre stood with his eyes riveted upon the floor. Impatient gestures with a most dreaded fear caused him to pace up and down the chapel.

At last he lifted his face.

A falsehood! Macchantia was but well indulged in opium again. And this is her mad fancy, bourne of the dreams of opium. I will think no more of the whole affair.

And as he spoke he returned to his desk, resuming his work.

Now in the first shades of evening a figure. The figure of a woman entered the gate of the garden of the Bath.

The huge lantern lighted hanging from the gateway lighted the face of this figure and it was Lady Vivian.

She came with a cautious step as she entered the gate and looked in all directions. And seeing no one she reclined herself upon or against a bushy hedge. She preferred standing.

Within she was conscious of a heaviness, and would Theron never come?

Surely the hour was growing very late and it was long past the appointed time.

Could Lady Vivian have seen that upon this same hour. Theron with M. Clevelandé and the girl Macchantia sat within the handsome lodge of Theron in the Concubine Temple.

And Theron did not come into the garden of the Bath. He was planning to build a temple. Magnificent and grand with the choicest marble; white and wonderous rare. Great and strong would be this temple and life within it one glad song, where smiles were but moments. And Love the golden hours. There would be no aching hearts. Ah! Sorrow would be one forbidden guest. All will be extravagant desires and he. Theron would be the King with Lady Vivian by his side. His Queen.

And this castle Theron planned as he was reclined within

the lodge of the Concubine temple and upon the same hour in which Lady Vivian awaited him in the garden.

And there were Macchantia with M. Clevelandé seated by his side.

Ah! Comrades let dull cares, dark sorrow fall vanished. Come make merry thy hearts for we live in a glorious world.

These words of Theron floated merrily from his lips and then in a lull. These three companions sunk into the misty vapor of long sweeten dreams. While Lady Vivian stood waiting in the garden of the Bath and she waited there for an hour when she slowly retraced her steps. Gladly, yet with a peculiar apprehension. As she recalled how Theron had threatened her. Why did he do it?

And now why did he not come? Surely there was a trickery hidden.

Once within her own chapel, she felt a tremor of sadness. And too. A safeness and a freedom. Her luxurious and dainty appointed chamber so distinctive was a sanctum. And the dismal loneliness of the silent gardens with their towering posts of glittering marble. Their low hedges of bushy shrubbery intercrossed by huge palms. The magnificent yet cold fountain and the nearly shrill song of the night birds as they hovered in clusters within the tall sycamores. The lonely watch within these surroundings. It was overshadowed in this splendid moment.

Long into the hours of the night she lay restless upon the pillow of her bed couch.

When. The curtained canopy of the bed couch silently moved. Lo! The superb trumpet of Morpheus blew its signal. The fair lady slumbered. And the silvery brilliant rays of the moon descended upon the royal castle, they peeped into the window of this fair lady's abode.

Her face, the fairness of the lily. Her cheeks the blushes of the rose. And the angels in the everywhere, gathered around this fair lady and she smiled in her dreams.

The following day was an important day in the city of Cairo. A custom in Cairo had been established. That a newly appointed Prince Governor must send a plaque containing an announcement. To the King and his Privy Council. The plaque was a script table of ivory with raised rims inside, where wax was spread over their surface. It being made to fold together and the exterior richly ornamented with carvings. Upon the cover of this plaque the newly ap-

pointed Prince Governor wearing his official cloak was carved in distinct outlines.

Canterre heralded his plaque unto the King.

Upon the receipt of this plaque, the King issued a proclamation which in part read.

'The declaration of the reform platform is made. It being duly established under the government of Canterre. Canterre the Prince Governor of Cairo!'

The King sat in his court surrounded by the members of his cabinet. And a satisfaction glowed upon the face of the King. He sat attended on either side by his royal scribes.

Upon this morning Lady Vivian was in the literary Congress where she was delving into some volumns of history. She was interrupted by M. Clevelandé, who wholly unnoticed by she, approached her.

Vivian, thou art very diligent in thy studies!

Greetings friend. Yea I am delighted to see thee. Diligent? Not so for one whose knowledge is limited. I needs must seek labourous study to receive any degree of enlightenment.

Me thinks thou art in error, Vivian. All Cairo doth bear that Lady Vivian stands a most brilliant scholar in their midst.

Good friend. Thy compliments are most flattering.

I swear by the gods, Vivian. The polite society of Cairo doth call thee scholarly. And a polished and finished, finely scholar. It is a decree to boast of. Me thinks.

She glanced at the face of M. Clevelandé, then she answered him.

Thou art in cheery spirits this pretty day? I ween thou art, and hast thou come from a Bacchanalia? Rather. Dost thou hail from the land of wilder dreams? Wherein. Honey and flowers are bound in every man's bower? And the red rose of love blooms with the blue forget-me-not in thy heart's arbour?

M. Clevelandé understood her meaning. She spake of the opium vapor.

Who doth not know Vivian? I may be a votary of Bacchus. I may again be a dreamer of fancy dreams. What matters all?

I am a wanton beggar of time, I seek not study. Neither do I wish to labour. I am in close study and search of a thing. Filled with keen fresh pleasures. For with this so-

lution? Ha! Ha! I may commune hourly in the race with hoary Father time.

He laughed hoarsely. And a pity crept into the eyes of Lady Vivian as she looked upon his lined face.

My good friend, then if such thou dost seek—I prythee find these things in the greatest of all balms. Work. Masterful work!

Ye gods! Work? Thy words do not prattle much pleasure. Upon me faith, I seek. I covet pleasures and not this dreadful thing called work.

This is my course in life.

Work? Baffle! Scientists, philosophers and dreamers may all dream of ideals. Inspired by work. In faith I will possess neither contain the will for it. It fascinates me not a little. The thongs of toil, the fetters of work!

My Soul is not in tune with it. I go only to find pleasure. And Ah! The good and the obliging fairies fetch thou the beauties of lavish pleasures. Of rare delights. Then and only then. I shall dream. Dream on forever and a long lived day. The gods have whispered these secrets into my ear; and as he finished these words he waved his hands carelessly.

Good friend thy rambling words do sorely perplex me. Thou indeed art a sorely traveled man. I beg of thee go thou out into this great large universe. Go thou out among the busy throng of the people. For mark ye, there is. There must be a place waiting for thee among them. Go thou. I prythee and take thy place in the world. Forget thy hurt. Go. Credit thyself as a splendid citizen of Cairo for the city stands in need of great strong men. I beg of thee, friend.

But he laughed more. In laughing he turned his head and he beheld Lady Catherine approaching them. And in her arms she was bearing the little Rubyat.

Catherine, he cried as he stepped forth to meet her. I am greatly pleased—nay, do not recoil from my hand's touch, he continued as he stood apart from the ladies.

The ladies embraced and the little Rubyat gurgled as she was swathed in this effusively sentimental atmosphere.

Catherine please? And taking little Rubyat from the arms of her sheltering love she snugly placed her in the arms of Lady Vivian who walked to the far end of the congress chapel.

An estranged feeling held both Lady Catherine and M. Clevelandé in a dull silence for they were left alone.

Catherine, I have heard. Pardon thou me. The rumors are being spread, but he faltered as she flushing hotly raised her hand.

I do not wish to hear thy gossip, thou art bearing a hasty, a false sentiment against me. I know of what thou dost speak.

Catherine do not be unkind. I who love thee. I would not bear a false neither an unjust sentiment for thee. But the people everywhere. As I attend the games, the races, the festivals. When I may go into the temples and everywhere, I hear the same. That the King is thy slave!

M. Clevelandé thy accusations are bold, and I can no longer stay to hear them. So saying she walked to the far end of the Congress Chapel and joined Lady Vivian while M. Clevelandé with a restless step left the Congress.

Vivian, my sweet companion I did surprise thee? I tired of my art chapel, I felt surged with a restlessness. The morning was so roseate, its cheer bade me out into the free and the boundless atmosphere. Then once away from my modeling, as usual, my mind bent upon thee, dear. I slipped away going to the Convent and bore little Ruby that she might bear us a mind of good will and charity. I knew I should trace thee here, at thy study.

And a glad surprise, sweet Catherine, she responded as she tossed the babe in her arms. A thousand times yea, Catherine.

Vivian, the same charm that which inspired me. The dreams which were breathed unto me from the walls of my art chapel. Alack! I find but it all a vast emptiness. I felt I must leave it all, behind me. I wanted to run away. Fast. Faster, for I felt I was mad.

Mad I tell thee Vivian.

Catherine thy pretty blue eyes are in tears. Tell me, art thou in sorrow?

Nay, my dear. I am but over fatigued. My work has been close. Close and difficult.

But, my Sweet Catherine. I never heard thee speak of thy work as fatiguing thee! Thou must be ill.

Peut être! And the weather. The sun so bright without it made my chapel so dark and cold within. And this loneliness chilled me.

I prythee, Catherine, not another word. I shall not question thee. But I do feel I know thy habits and knowing

them. I fear for thee. Come let us go into the open court. There the sun shines in warm glow.

Then they left the literary court chapel. Going directly into a grove nearby. To bask in the golden touches of the delightfully warm sunshine. And they went farther.

Out into the open fields; in a nook they found a rustic bench fastened around the trunk of a majestic tree. And they reclined themselves upon this bench.

The fields are beautiful, the day is wonderously bright. In the blue skies Catherine behold! There, the gods didst find thy pretty blue eyes. And thy smiles they took from the Sun's rays. And from the sullen skies of the thunderous heavens, I ween thou hast snatched thy shadowed face, in the lines which it doth bear to-day. Come Catherine, be merry of heart.

Indeed, pretty are thy words dear Vivian. The fields are bright but. This glorious sun dost not shine indoors.

The portals of thy Soul are too thicken Catherine. This beautiful outdoors its breezes so balmy, the gentle glow of the masterful Sun and the soft tones of the field larks and the linnets, enrapture the heart and the mind.

A lull silenced their conversation and these two companions sat in admiration of their surroundings.

Little Rubyat was crawling near the outer grove. Prattling and pulling the flowers which nodded their pretty open faces towards her.

Vivian dost thou believe in the wisdom of the soothsayer? That the awful doom of Life is written in the stars?

Verily, I do Catherine. It is a science and there doth seem to be a destiny hanging over life that we can not dispel. Neither can we shape.

My dear, was it not Socrates who gave to the world this rich gem.

"That the soul of man partakes of the divine and while the gods alone know what is for man's benefit. We should pray. Not for particular goods, but only for that which is good."

I tell thee Catherine, I rarely do believe the sentiment of this able thinker. That although our fate is known by the gods, we ourselves must pray. Pray that we may be able to accept and to live nobly, thereby.

To pray Vivian would never shape my destiny. If so true. It remains already written in the stars.

Be that true. But we must meet this destiny in a brave manner. And we can only do this by prayer alone.

Upon my faith Vivian. The power of prayer! Can it be then so wonderfully beneficial?

Ah! Prayer is more than that. A prayer issued from the closed portals of one's own soul. A prayer. Unheard by any except by the gods. Will so surely lead thy mind into a greater understanding. And this understanding will widely clutch the inspiration that comes from hope. And hope, it doth bear the charm and the balm. My sweet companion there is much truth. Likewise greater power in prayer. For prayer is the bread of life. Without it no truly great man is ever able to meet life bravely and firmly. The prayer of the Soul doth fall upon the gods and from their throne within the courts of justice. They answer in compassion.

Vivian, where is Rubyat? She is not here. A moment they stared into each others eyes. Then with a bounding leap they ran into the grove. For the fields were open and she was not there.

They had gone but a few rods to their right. There beside a slender hawthorne tree they found her. They called to her. The babe was asleep and they leaned over her. Nay. She did not breathe. Breathlessly they stared. Then in haste they lifted the little chubby form from this grassy spot. The little body was lifeless. And cold.

What should they do next?

A wretched fright together with a heart's grief overcome them both. And they placed the rigid body upon the bench. Then. They searched the grass where the little one had been found.

It was only logic. A snake had bitten the babe. A diligent search followed and neither of them spake a word.

Suddenly. Lady Vivian exclaimed in alarm for she had found a ring.

They examined it with greatest care and they found it to be the poison ring.

Catherine, the poison ring!

But Vivian. How? Why is this ring here?

I do not know dear. Perchance dropped by some one passing this place. But it is quite strange. Then upon examining the ring again. They found a hollow bezel and a hollow point which worked with a concealed spring, and this cavity contained the poison.

Strange! Strange indeed!

The babe had found this ring snugly hidden in the blades of the grass. Where she had played. Doubtless she had crushed the ill setted gem of the ring in her little mouth. For Rubyat had just reached the age when all objects obtainable were shaped for her only, two little teeth. And for her irritating gums. Nearby lay a wooden fan handle. Showing holes for feathers which were not in evidence. And near this fan. They also found a horse hair umbrella. Which was the attribute of royalty.

Lady Vivian turned to her companion.

Theron!

Theron? But Vivian he would not have left the fan. The umbrella. Whereby he could be traced so easily.

Doubtless he has forgotten them. For Catherine there is never a bold stroke but there remains a shadow thereof.

CHAPTER XLVI.

AN EMPTY PRISON.

Bridle thy pretty laughter for the Egyptian ladies value etiquette more than Nature!

Maidens wrapped their gauze veiling covering their faces completely.

Only a pair of laughing eyes, and two love locks. Upon either cheek could be distinguished.

The ripples of laughter of the merry maidens were scarcely hushed. Loud laughters filled the air in hoarse voices coming from the roadways where the youths were in groups. Gay in their merriment. For a constant vapor o'er the city was flying. This day. Cairo was wearing a gladsome smile. The smile of kindred humanity. For the day was the time when the prisons were empty. The citizens all seemed propelled with new energies.

Lady Vivian stood within the chapel of the Prison Court. Her full eloquent mouth supported her long slender throat. It smiled in mercy upon the liberated slaves. Who one by one were released by order of the King. They marched out into the highway. Free.

The drooping heads of the slaves were then raised and they saluted the Lady Vivian as they passed the long court channel leading out of the Prison Court. This channel led close to where she stood. And she who most gracious with men of letters. Of science. Responded with a beautiful smile to the salutations of these liberated slaves. Her free and natural ease of cheery manner fell upon them with a gladness. Soon. The slaves were out of the channel. Gone

out into the city. Back to a home. With honest men. There in homes with tender greetings where a loved one had waited patiently for his return.

Hearts joined to hearts. Eyes too full of tears to see—the past.

Hark! There is music where sweetest chords never were struck. And mourning? Nay! No mourning their dead joys and their dead hopes. For the Soul is no longer dazed. Neither mad. There is an awakening!

Now the last slave in the line being out of the channel. Lady Vivian returned into the King's chapel.

There in a stately gold fauteuil sat the King. His crimson mantle held about his shoulders with an elaborate jeweled clasp of many jewels.

Ah! Daughter mine. Come rest thyself upon my knee. And the King's face light with a bright joy as he held out his arms to his daughter Vivian.

She playfully caressed him and reclined herself upon his knee.

The King fondly patted her cheek with the tenderness of a father, as he studied her face.

Daughter thou art a comfort to thy father.

She looked up at him wistfully.

Father dear, thou art weary. For thou speakst so, and a weariness doth show itself upon thy face in lines. There, dear father rest thy head against the back of the fauteuil and close thy eyes. Calm thyself in thy restlessness.

And she drew the head of the King back against the fauteuil, closing his eyes with her hands. For the King in truth was wearied, not alone by the duties. But the extreme excitement of the day.

Sitting very quietly, she lifted her eyes again. Yea. The King had fallen into a light sleep. Then noiselessly she slipped away from the chapel, while the attendants remained near the King's fauteuil as he slept.

Scarcely. Had she reached the outer garden when a familiar figure, swinging his lithe body in quicke steps approached her. The dignity of Canterre drew from her a feeling of pride and Canterre's face lighted with a glow as their eyes met.

Vivian I am delighted. I was but seeking thee in the King's chamber.

Greetings Canterre. Thou art in glad spirits and it is a goodly fortune. For this is a gladsome day in the city. The

Slaves. Thou didst witness their lines of marching out of the prisons?

I did, and I am enthralled with many. Many. Newer glories dearest. It doth rejoice my heart to see thee in such excellent spirits.

And Canterre I am in excellent spirits. I am just now leaving the King and he is resting in *un petit sommeil*. He is fatigued from the festivities of the week. And with the jolification of the day. Just the hour past, the prisoners were liberated. And a leathern coat was given each slave in exchange for his coarse woolen coat. And the gift of exchange, it served to intoxicate them.

Who would not be pleased Vivian to have a leathern coat and his citizenship restored upon him in place of the woolen coat and an imprisonment?

They passed through the long channel for I was there, Canterre.

A true monitor upon the sea of troubled life my dearest, Vivian.

Ah, but Canterre my heart was full. I wish I might possess a world of power to impart a new spirit. And more, unto these poor unfortunates. But this happiness of their going out to-day please me much. Out into their own world of free life. They go. They sit and they sip with the honest man once more.

And there is a mighty God above us, Vivian who doth ever bless thy saintly mercy.

I thank thee Canterre. I like thy frank sentiment, but I cherish not thy flattery. So have a care, she answered laughingly.

In truth! My words are from my heart. The tender emotions of goodness, of mercy. Have they not tendered a persuasion? The King to make this day. The prison day? It shall go down in the history of Cairo.

And, responded she with a restful breathe, my heart is glad. I do rejoice with them. Their freedom, their liberation. Both of the dungeons and of the galley. And the Council having restored the Jew to an equality, making him citizen in Cairo, this I am thankful for. Now Cairo can be praised as she marches in the line of progression.

Vivian thou accord the justice in man for man alike! I honour the sentiment. And it is the outcome of a broad wisdom.

Wouldst thou believe it should be otherwise Canterre?

I must be honest dear. I am not so sweetly sympathetic as thee.

Then, thou dost not approve with much favour the passing of the Act of the Jew?

I beg of thee, dearest. Do not misunderstand my intent. In fact this is a just act. A good commercial and necessary move. True thy wide charity doth mantle all mankind alike. Thy power of discernment is keen. It is justice! Justice that which speakth in this act. And Justice choked in the throats of man will always find a voice. Thy goodness Vivian. I trowth fallth upon every one. As the dew that which dewes the early blossoms of the dawn. And liken the famed coloured Aurora awakens this oriental Egypt land. The power of thy act awakens the best and the noblest in the human Soul. And my dear. Is there not then, some great hidden and powerful force working through thy goodly efforts? Thou art led into such wide paths, unto such mighty moves.

Thy compliments are graceful, Canterre. But. If Egypt has at last been awakened. It is not by any power of my individual work. It is through thy goodly work that it is all come about by the intellect of the people. Somnambulistaly moving upon a progressive wave. And this moral wave.

Canterre took her hand and smiled as a sudden desire seized upon hom.

Come Vivian. May we retire into the rose garden?

Then the topic of civil affairs of their city was discontinued and without a word more, the pair walked into the beautiful rose garden. Walled with its climbing roses and dotted with clusters of dainty roses. And with a few plants of the blooming lavender orchid which were placed in and through the dainty Japanese Maple slight trees. And the colour of the orchid so soft in lavender shades blended with beauty and it showed itself through the palest green and the white of the Maple tree.

In one corner of the garden was a tea house. Rustic vine-clad and slightly hidden by a conventional row of these artistic Japanese Maples. Lady Vivian reclined herself upon a reed bench, while Canterre sat beside her. Her robe of tawny yellow contrasted with the masses of softly hued roses, overhanging this pretty quaint house. And she wore a spray of the baby rose at her throat.

Lavishly Canterre's mind did cherish this picture of feminine beauty.

Dearest I treasure thee! he exclaimed as he suddenly caught her shapely hands, covering them with kisses; and he smiled as he looked upon her lovely blushing face.

The darling of the gods! In truth, a treasure from the gods' greatest gift shop. Woman! Vivian with thy own lips speak to me. Thou dost love me?

She looked into his eyes. A most pleasing and a delicate finely sentiment betook her, and she softly put her arms around his neck.

Canterre, I love thee!

He gathered her in his arms and held her fondly. Passionate love enthralled him and he trembled with its delight.

My darling! O winds give vent to thy gentle breezes. O Hours lend thy charm. O Graces infest this rose garden of warm love with thy pink graces. Descend to warm the heart of my darling with the amorous kisses of thy love. For she is of my rarest possessions.

Ah! I thank thee! O Gods of Love. Even now the roses do lend their fragrance bent to blend their sweetness with the lovely Vivian. I ween, my darling girl. All else failth. Naught compares with thy pure loveliness. Thy rare grace and thy adorable charms; they out do them all.

Lady Vivian blushing with tender sentiments drew herself from him and turned her face away.

Canterre foolish! How foolish thy words! They cease to be compliments. And yet. I love them upon thy lips, and finely words fail to shape my happy delight such as the heart is gladden of a lady when she listens to these words from her lover.

My own love! he cried do not turn thy pretty face away from me.

Then slowly she turned again to him. A silence followed. And she was the first to speak.

Canterre there is a great, a tremendous burden upon my heart to-day.

A burden upon thee, my darling?

And it is this. Thou hast deserted thy official chair. Likewise my people. And the people of my father.

Vivian?

Yea. I do not reproach thee. Neither do I blame my people in their disfavour. Methinks to abandon a much coveted office is most unnatural. And thy own people do bear a mighty weigh upon thee. Alas! I understand. Their blood is calling for their own. But my people need such a

leader as thee, Canterre. Thy platform is the one revolution which Cairo has been crying for. For she was sunken into vice and our people have cried with famished voices from their sunken mire of drunkenness and lustful crime, naked with the blackness of the purest lives that might have been. Here.

Our best citizens who might have been. Now, behold! Them scrambling in the pit falls of the drunkard's tomb. Pitiful wretches! And now, the strongest have fathered the weak. And our city has Temperance. The naked will be clothed, the wretched made happy. The Unclean. Clean. The weak will be strong and the strong will be greater. And our Cairo? She will move forward in the greatest strides ever recorded in all Egyptian history. For there is a secret greatness hidden in the Soul of all mankind and there needs but an incentive to open this spring of noble, pulsing ambition, which being open once. Humanity will tread the highest mount of mortal greatness.

Canterre Cairo has found this incentive. A clean mind!

My dear Vivian. True, I agree with great favour with thy sentiments. A strong country is fashioned by the saving. The developement of the individual.

Now. Cairo has her new platform and she stands revolutionized. There can be one leader from among her great men chosen to the office of the Prince Governor. It remains not necessary for Cairo. That one individual lead. And in France my people need me much. My duty to my people is that I return with their lost Queen. Or with the news thereof. I needs must go immediately. I am of the French and unto the French I must return.

Canterre paled as he noted a look of pain upon her face and as she put her hands over her eyes.

Gently he took her hands away from her tear stained face and holding them firmly. He look earnestly into her eyes.

My darling! I am not leaving thee.

Then like a flash from the thunder gods he embraced her tightly with a mighty feeling of possession.

I am taking thee with me for I can not go without thee. Gods! What a dismal tread without thee. I can not neither will I go without thee.

But Canterre. I fear the King, he is alone!

The King will be comforted, my dearest. It is now too late. There remains but the one open road for thee and for

me. And that is the sublime road to Love's Throne. Thou must go with me!

Lady Vivian was sick with an inward emotion.

True Canterre. I have flung myself blind. In this sphere of happy bliss. Ere I knew it was too late. But it is for my father I do grieve. For my duty dost speak above my love.

Ah! My dearest, my eyes that lit at thy lightest breathe. Thinkst thou I can go on? Days and months. Without the sight of thee? In the silent streets of every where. The streets even in France will be silent without thee. Forever and always, I would wander searching for thee. My dearest with love's own trembling lips, I bid thee come. My path is thine. Thy path is mine! Do not deny me the right of my Soul.

But the King, my father?

The King shall be comforted by the tender mercies of Catherine, thy sweet companion.

She drew back from him. Theron, thou too dost know?

Whereupon he smiled. As all Cairo doth know, my dearest one, he responded as he clasped her in his arms and brushed her dark hair gently. Then he looked long into her eyes kissing her with a lover's kiss.

Darling! Let us await the murmur of the gods.

So slyly she slipped from his embrace and fled. Leaving him standing alone in the beautiful rose garden. And these nodding roses smiled to him in the garden of sweetest memories.

And the sweet lute player from the festive Court came, danced and played round Canterre.

Lady Vivian as she left Canterre in his memories. A vast desire overcome her and she was making her way to Lady Catherine's chapel.

So intent upon her desire that she failed to notice the form of a girl coming towards her.

She came to a sudden stop for the girl stood directly in her path.

Greetings this good day, Lady Vivian.

Greetings! Ah, 'tis Macchantia. I prythee how is it with thee to-day, my friend? Responded she with a glad voice.

In wonderful spirits, your ladyship. I am happy because I am leaving Cairo to-night.

Thou leaving Cairo to-night Macchantia? Whither art thou bound for? May I make bold to inquire.

I leave Cairo tonight. Where? Ah! On into Alexandria, the city of free pleasures.

Alack! Macchantia I am indeed grieved to learn this. I had hoped, I did cherish a hope for thee. But. Do not mistake my words, for thy welfare, I did wish much. Now of all times my dear girl. Cairo should be thy abiding place. I wish thee to reconsider thy plans and do not leave Cairo. Stay!

And why such interest in the welfare of such as me? asked the bold girl.

The dearest hope of my life, Macchantia. That thou among the countless number of Cairo, both the young men and the young women, may live a clean pure life. A life. The one thy good parents have planned for thee. A life free from taint of lust and crime. A virtuous life.

Why speakst thou of virtue to me? sneered the girl.

Why? My dear good girl. Because virtue belongs to thee. As it does to every girl.

And a clean life? Scorned the girl.

Macchantia, because thou art better given to clean than to wicked morals.

Ah! Do not deceive thyself. For the virtue of thy goodly qualities doth stand forth in thy inmost desires. It can not be otherwise Macchantia.

Why? Why Lady Vivian take it into thy pretty head to decry my mode of living when I am satisfied? I was content until now for my life was bound in pleasures. Bah! This infernal reformation! The people do rave like mad maniacs. To what end do they rave over this so called white moral wave? A reform? Ha! Ha! A reform! I tell thee my dear lady, all of Cairo is mad.

Blessed hour when upon this night I take my departure and go into Alexandria. Gods in the heavens! It will be like a dark night turned into brightest dawn. There in this city of gilded pleasures. Where there is none of this infernal. I call it. This white moral Cairo calls it.

Now Lady Vivian put her hand upon the shoulder of the girl.

Macchantia. As a deep wish from the heart of the daughter to thy King. Promise me this.

The girl looked up at her and a slow questioning light filled her sleepy eyes.

And that wish Lady Vivian?

Remain in Cairo for just one fortnight. And then my dear

girl, I would not cause thee fury; but let me speak my mind. I love thee as one of the great children of Cairo. Then. Perchance the drug of the opium will have become loathsome, and the habit. Thy unshadowed intellect will reason far better for thy own good. More eloquently. Than my slow words. And once free from the taints of this dreaded drug. Thy goodly, the best within thee, will tell thee more than my words can shape for thee.

And there are so many goodly virtues within thee. Just waiting. Only waiting for their opportunity. Come, Macchantia think. Cairo now stands thy mother. She is pure and clean. Under the shadow of her masterful love thou mayst have no fear of another such evil spell. Her ever ready discipline remains thy guardian Angel. Prepares thee against such vile temptation. Thou art but one of the countless number of girls who by weak environments have sunk into shameful degradation. That was when Cairo was wicked. But now. All remains so different. Thy life will be engirded with vastly different lights.

Come, thy promise? Just for one fortnight Macchantia, and at the conclusion of this fortnight. Alack! if thy mind remains discontent—then will be the proper hour for thee to leave here. I beg of thee Macchantia!

The girl put her hands upon her hips. She threw back her head rudely and with a vulgarness she laughed. She all but screamed in a high pitch of voice. A laughter of contemptuous scorn.

Thou, the daughter to the King! What knost thee of the temptations of the world! Thy world has been not outside the King's palace. Thou who hast always been nurtured from the cradle on the pillow of clean parental love. Who has always been guarded thy whole life through. Day by day with a careful training and surrounded by every luxury. Riches untold. And a life of pure pleasures.

Whilst I? Macchantia; yea my father counts his riches. But alack, I care not for his silver neither his gold. It can bring me no vast pleasures, now.

Pleasures? That alone can be found in the balm of indulgence. A drug?

Perchance it is a drug but I found it as a child upon my father's knee.

And now. Let me go my way. I care not to drag out a dismal day. 'Tis folly to do so. When bright and happy hours play just within my hands' touch.

Nay. I go and thou, go thy way. Upon marble streets clean, for thou art fit for them. And Macchantia hastens on her happy way. Into Alexandria which beckons for her. Let the fool tarry in Cairo!

Lady Vivian stepped aside as the girl brushed rudely past her. And the last she heard was the scornful laughter from the lips of the girl. Now drunk with opium.

What a pity, thought Lady Vivian as she continued upon her way.

The vast fortune accumulated by Macchantia's father—how had he gathered such an enormous fortune?

Had not the products of his great date groves netted him this wealth? And did not this same product. Likewise ruin countless lives? Break shamefully numerous homes?

Yea! And so all fortunes. Be it a goodly life. Be it an evil life. Its deeds ever remain a gravitation!

CHAPTER XLVII.

PLEASURES AS EVER.

All that is Earthly is subjected to sin for it is gravitation

Hugo's Fantine.

The World dominion. Justice. Famishes the Mephitis in Human Life!

The King, the Prince Governor. The Privy Council, the officials of the numerous departments of the city. Such as the Royal Controller, the Majordorio, the royal scribes, the Captain of the Calvary, the Ensign of the Navy and the Commandant of the city were under the jurisdiction of the mighty hand of Justice, now.

Enacting new laws and beginning the new enforcement of the laws of the reform platform.

Past Prince Governor M. Theron as virulent in his defeat as the newly elected Prince Governor was calm.

Upon the roadways. The outspoken expression of the platitude hurled at the reformers challenged a louder plaudit from the followers. And from the sympathizers.

Men drove their chariots. Many ladies rode in heavy cars drawn by oxen. Each lady was wearing a necklet of flowers. The men wore the lotus bud bound upon their forehead.

In the streets there was music and the most weird music of these players. Even the tones of the Cithora, blended with the gladsome spirit of this day. Of these joyful celebrations. Surely. So surely the flames of a Hell. Torched from the lanterns of the most wretched wicked in Cairo had been silently snuffed. And the torches of a Heaven's sweet mercy.

Lighted by these reformers made the city radiant with a great and cherished hope.

Flee, O thy wicked Men! Forsake the gates for thy Mar-anathas are most unfitly. Is spelled. Behold thou! Ye evil doers of the honest men in Cairo. Thine eyes behold! The scales of Justice doth weigh true in the hands of the gods.

In the brilliant sunshine of this day and in the roadways. Decorated lanterns were suspended from inlaid arches of fine art columns. The oriental beauty of the Egyptian. That which levels to strenght and harmony in contrasting repose with Nature. Made these archways richly and fantastically attractive with their gaudy tints.

Noblemen, courtiers with fellahs. Alike in agog. Par-took of the gay festivities of this occasion. The new. The glad occasion of reformation, and the true Egyptian Patriotism and excellent fellowship.

One feature of this celebration was a parade. A splendid gaudy parade. Which passed upon the streets of the center districts.

Magnificent chariots, the drawn Sedan Chair. And the harem tent so much seen in such parades in the oriental cities. This harem tent with its snugly curtained walls. All formed their part in this parade.

But this harem tent bourne upon the Camel's back now, was exposed. Its curtains were rolled back and the chair was unoccupied.

Then. There were a number of camels upon their backs rode Egyptian men. Wearing white cloaks, and whitest turbans were upon their heads.

The graceful soft tread of these camels made the casual observer blind to the seemingly awkward rider who rode upon these camels.

A few carts drawn by spotted donkeys. The brigade of street strollers. All familiar sights. And a parade in Cairo would not have been a natural parade without this variety.

And the music which followed in rapid tones. Bells were ringing with the other music. And this was a typical Egp-tian demonstration. A line of people riding, walking; some in uniform tread, some in long broken and irregular lines.

The parade was passing upon the most public street. From one balcony of a royal chapel. The King stood viewing this parade of such giddy demonstrations. Upon either side of the King stood royal attendants. Near by his side was standing Lady Vivian and Lady Catherine.

The chariots were passing. And Mordane was riding in one of these blazen chariots which was drawn by the blackest horses in tandem drive.

It was not the magnificent Chariot, it was not the splendid pair of handsome horses of such spirits. It was Mordane. He stood with a blue and gold cloak wrapped round his tall figure. Glittering bands bordered his cloak. His white turban fitted closely his raven black hair.

The sun so brilliantly strong, blazing upon the Chariot in glittering light fell upon Mordane. And the sight dazzled the eyes of all the spectators, gathered upon the balconies, the street corners and within all the buildings.

Mordane was looking up to the royal balcony where he knew Lady Catherine would be. As his eyes fell upon her, he lifted his turban in greetings. Not alone to Lady Catherine but to the King and Lady Vivian as well.

The King bowed to Mordane and both the ladies waved their scarfs to him.

The flutter of Lady Catherine's blue silken and tasseled scarf in the light breezes was the last vision of Mordane.

Upon this fatal moment. A report was heard. And Mordane fell upon his face. The horses in the tandem drive charged forward but the skillful driver brought them to a sudden standstill.

The greatest excitement followed and the parade was halted. The music was hushed. The only sound. Was the murmur of the rushing mad people. As they gathered round the chariot of Mordane. And from the round balcony. A scream was heard. A scream so light, so faint. Then Lady Catherine swooned.

She was quickly bourne away from the public gaze. While in the street below the lifeless form of Mordane was taken away.

And Mordane had passed away. Murdered by a shot from some hidden hand.

All was confusion with the people. When suddenly. The staggering figure of a man.

Ill-conditioned he stood in the midst of the people who were gathered upon this balcony. For this man had gained entrance into the balcony. His head was uncovered. His hair was disheveled and his face was not pale. It was not flushed. For the dreadful hue of a greenish yellow colour covered his face. His eyes were sunken and deep and circled

with black lines. He stood there among these people and they in turn were struck as dumb.

The man laughed. He laughed still. Looking into the faces of all the horrified people. Then drawing from his cloak a revolver. He flourished it high over his head.

Ha! The gods be praised in Cairo this day! The untimely death of a traitor is a timely gift for the tombs! They say he is not dead?

Then. They lie, they lie shamefully. Who says Mordane, husband to Lady Catherine has not been shot to death? Fetch him here. He who doth lie so infamously! 'Tis a scandal against the gods' mark.

And a shameful lie in this awful doom of Mordane to say he doth live.

Who murdered Mordane? I! Hear me. All those with ears to give. I! M. Clevelandé am his murderer!

Ha! Ha! For did he not steal the beautiful love of my heart from me? The priceless Queen of my heart?

At this moment he faltered, then he grinned wickedly in the faces of the panic stricken people and continued in his raving.

Now, O tombs of stately stone! Accept the dead body of the gentleman Artist.

Therein he shall be swathed, he shall be basted in linen folds and ointments.

Ah! Behold the black tar dripping from his ears.

And none. None I say can be defiled more by the touch of this man's hand. Not another heart can be bruised more by him. And Mordane! Husband to the lovely Lady Catherine?

No memories shall fall upon the desolated tomb. No memories. No tears. For thou art gone. I repeat thou art sunk in blackest night which doth claim all memories from the coming days.

Thou art of the yestern day. The wife of thy bosom? The sweet lady goes forth to meet the pleasures of the newly promised days of love of another man's bosom.

Ha! Ha! Sleep on. Man of blackest past.

Mordane is dead while M. Clevelandé lives! And the man reeled and. Then two officers came. They took him in their charge.

The silent group upon the balcony who had witnessed the wild bickerings of the man, they remained silent in terror while M. Clevelandé was led from the balcony.

The man tossed back his head and laughed and this wild laughter haunted these people for hours following this fateful hour.

M. Clevelandé was drunk!

It was not the demons of the realms of Bacchus for his brain was swathed with the drowsy opium.

And now. Another life goes out. Yea! There remains two worthy lives who have gone out of Cairo by this cursed drug. By the dregs of the opium.

And who should suffer in this loss, if not Cairo? There remains the consoling facts. That the end of a day in the darkest history of Cairo has come about.

And in her great loss she shall build again.

May the Sun of tomorrow's dawn wash away the stain of all crime which has blackened the goodly name of the Egyptian in this cruel past. And bask all in the clear light of a future day of sound reasoning and fair judgement. For of such crimes, Cairo shall know no more.

Now the King bent over the prostrate form of Lady Catherine several days after the murder of Mordane. Yea and more. It was weeks.

He took her slender hand in both his hands.

Catherine. The hope. This change!

Whereupon after a hesitancy he continued in endearing words.

The sullen light of the shining Sun that struck. That shut out the desire of my heart by shutting thee in among selfish desires. Shut thee away from me.

This light has leapt to brightness. Behold! When the Soul of a man is troubled, the gods of good fortune come.

O Your Majesty! What desperate forgetfulness of thy self. Thou art the mighty King of the Egyptians. And thou to speak thus to me?

Great tears glistened upon the paled cheeks of Lady Catherine as she looked upon the King.

The King smiled. My beautiful Catherine. I knew it not. Until Mordane didst bear thee away in wedlock. That it was I. Who wanted thee, most. And now. Like a fresh sunbeam casting its light upon a cheerless day. I find thee once more a jewel in my life again. Sweet Catherine, thy magnificent character doth stand with a soul. Pure and undefiled before even the gods. And I love thee. Adorable one. I love thee!

And it is I. The King who doth wish thee, more than life itself.

The King faltered with deepest emotion, and a deeper sigh heaved the bosom of Lady Catherine. She understood such love.

The heart of the King was swelling with tears that his eyes could not shed.

She put out her other hand, laying it upon his arm.

O King. A father thou hast ever been to me. And I love thee with a great reverence. Even now, in my deepest grief when others have failed and have forgotten me. Thou hast come to soothe me and I am grateful. I thank thee! And she sobbed.

The King looked at her paled face, then with a tenderness he answered her.

Ah! My child, I have been too impatient. Thy heart is sorely grieved. But. I will wait. And love thee all the days and weeks I am waiting.

I thank thee, O King. Thy soul is of great generosity and kindly sympathy.

She smiled as she closed her weary eyes.

And who could know the mission of the coming days?

Not many days after the murder of Mordane. His body was put away and at an hour later upon the same day. M. Clevelandé was led into the courtyard of the cells and there he was shot to death.

Upon this following night Theron sat with some comrades. They were congregated in one small den of a building.

Speaking of a wedding? queried Theron. Then be gone, ye idlers. I tell thee, there can be no wedding for any of thee. For he who sips from Bacchus's goblet of reddest wine, with a drunkards boast and pride. He can ne'er sip nectar from the coral lips of a tender and a worthy bride.

Whereupon several nodded over their jug of wine.

And further my comrades he who doth soar in the misty vapor of the opium skies, he doth clogg and beat his wings in vain despair. And in his unsteady arms no rosy bride may recline.

Out with thy tongue's idle chatter! Better he, who leaves the old city of Cairo to enter into Alexandria's glittering gates.

Hold! Forward we all go!

And a few there were who laughed, as the opium vapor drowsed their minds.

The wine's taste stupified their wit.
And. The drunkard with the dotard sat. Comrades rejoicing!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A SPRING GARDEN.

The deserts surrounding Cairo lent their richest from their wonderful blanket of tawny sand. From the north of the city, the ancient Heliopolis, called by some City of the Sun, and it cast a reflected beauty from its solitary obelisk. From the south, the sparkling water of the Nile flowing in the aqueduct conducted a conventional stream of added beauty.

From the east, the great Red Mountain standing as a majestic pillar in its unique bed of petrified wood could be seen in its gigantic splendeur. And the small central village of El-Geezeh made the west border a picturesque land sketch of Egyptian country.

Spacious Jessamine gardens and fields of roses in the Feiyoum hurled their fragrance with a whimsical breathe.

The sweetness wafted upon the lighter breezes and intoxicated the atmosphere everywhere about the City. Occasionally the *Lawsonia Alba*. Called by some the Egyptian Privet and their flower of Paradise, could be seen nodding in pretty blossoms.

Featously all Nature was gowned in her magnificent glories. In the free woodland groves, the most beautiful of their antelope the gazelle was seen in graceful capers. Pigeons of many and all colours were flying and feeding with the fowls of the fields. The linnets. The larks with their songs of lust. The plover with their mournful wail. The beautiful Ibis there. Strutted in personal glory in a showy procession.

The purple heavens. The giddy skies. The outlines of the splendid green, trees against them. All serene. Sculptured Egypt, Nature's own.

This was a spring garden. A garden filled with flaunting beauties. With the warmth of life, with bread and sweets. And with milk and sugar.

This was the day after the marriage of Lady Vivian and Canterre had been celebrated. With brilliant ceremonies having been followed by a famous feast.

Now upon this day. The gay barge decorated with flowers and colours sailed away from Cairo.

It bore this happy wedded pair upon their journey. Away into France.

Mid music and flowers upon the quiet dignified waters. The people of Cairo waved their farewells to their once beloved Lady Vivian. And to their reformer. Canterre the political leader who had made morals the iron thimble with which the reformation was brought about in Cairo.

As the wedding barge slowly strided away upon the water. And far. Far into the distant space, the people strained their eyes to see the outlines of the Oriflamme. It hurled its tricolours. Proudly.

Now the Egyptians did not care for the Oriflamme but they did respect the inherent loyalty of Canterre.

Unto the Egyptian people, the bright colours of this Oriflamme might but capture them in an admiration of its cheerful dye. It could mean nothing more mighty than this. While to Canterre and to Princess Roxana.

Who can understand?

The banner of France! Old Glory!

This party soon were lost to the eyes of the people of Cairo. Whom they left standing upon the port gathered in little groups. Some in pairs.

And now these same people returned to their homes. Some bent in pleasure others in duty.

The Princess Roxana was of this party. For she having left the Convent of the Christians, was accompanying her brother, and they were sailing for France.

Apart from the party. Upon a certain hour after a day's sailing. The Princess was found to be aloof from the happy people. She was bound in secluded mind. Her thoughts played with the saucy ripples of the water. Which twisted and whirled as the huge barge divided them.

Her desire grew most violent with the surging waves. Her hopes would rise with the waves. Then. Fall with them. And she thought of many things that awaited her in the future. And of what the French people would demand of her.

With the greatest resistance she sullenly thought of the bohemian life she had lived in Cairo. A life of insane desires and fastidious fancies.

And truly her mind assented the words of the Scholar "that the false attracts but glares the sensitive Soul with offense."

As a panoramic view. It all passed before her eyes. Her life in the Convent. And lastly her return into the land of her birth.

And this was her right by birth!

How plainly she recalled the words of the Mother in the Convent, when she was leaving the Convent.

My child, thou dost forsake Thy Father's House. Thy Father's work!

Then the thoughts of her duty which had stamped her mind into a turbulent state. Had manifested her desires unto loyalty and then it was. She vowed her allegiance to the cause of her country men.

My law is here in my heart. My God is there in the Heaven. And forever beholdth and fearth *La Furia Francese*, he who refuses his own people.

After a time she released her mind and she sat. Idly veiled in sympathy, hope and many things of somewhat sublime fashion. And Lady Vivian was approaching her as she sat in this state of recluse. For it was a merry party upon this barge.

Roxana, my sister, I have some news. I wish thee to read this.

Speaking, she placed a rolled papyrus into the hands of the Princess. Its contents were—

To Lady Vivian—May the gods' blessing of good health and of goodly gain follow thee. And thy honourable husband. Until the end of thy days. And I pray they may be full and many.

My sweet companion. And yea. My dearest friend. Upon the morrow at mid-day. I shall become the wife of the King. Thy noble father. The mighty King of the Egyptians.

I pray thy rare blessings.

Farewell my beloved Companion.

Signed. Catherine.

Lady Vivian was leaning against the chair all the time the Princess was reading. Her eyes were following the dancing sunbeams as they played upon the glittering choppy waters. Her thoughts were a picture of the figure of a majestic ruler, clad in noble crimson velvet and ermine fur. A white haired gentleman wearing a crown of gold. Her father. Her heart was faint with a nearly sickness. Suddenly. A smile crept upon her face. She saw outlined in mental lines. The cheery face of Catherine. Her sweetest companion. And the silent voice within whispered unto her. It is well!

The Princess finished reading the herald. She arose and embraced Lady Vivian. Kissing her.

Vivian, my dear sister. Thou should be delighted. Most delighted. For now dear, thou mayst rest in sweet content. The King will not sit in loneliness. I am most happy, to hear it.

It doth please me too Roxana, she responded with her voice choked with tears. Then she glided away leaving the Princess in her own pleasure train. This cozy nook did contain a mighty view from all sides.

Lady Vivian then sought Canterre. As she approached Canterre. He leaped forward with a joyous spirit for he was happy. He embraced her.

The wife of my bosom broke from his lips and she smiled upon him.

Husband!

When he released her, they stood apart watching the scenery of distance, such as it could be divined from the barge.

Canterre suddenly lifted his cap. He waved it. One. Twice and many times crying with a large happy voice. *Dieu Merci. Enfin* we are upon French waters. Let the Marseillaise be sung.

O, Rouget de Lisle thy inspiration doth serve thy country's people well!

And the zephyrs bore the echoes far upon the water, until the water twisted.

Now back in Cairo, this same day. The people were moving in their usual custom. Industrious and idle.

There was one from Cairo's masses of people who was not in the public roadways. There. Were no open coffee shops in existence in the city. The gaming houses had been closed. And vice was no more.

The happy faces of these citizens portrayed success as they passed in the public places.

The one citizen who was unseen was Theron. Theron the past Prince Governor of Cairo.

This day he sits chained within a public mad house. And this mad house stood in a solitary spot on the outlying district of the city.

Theron caught in the deadly meshes of the tempter's snare. The snare which he flung. Bantered upon the people. Ensnaring those of the careless of the citizens. Of the weak.

And now. Theron was a hopeless. A raving mad man. The motto of the reformation!

If this wretched man. Theron. Could now read these words intelligently. The sound sense of his keen awakening would answer. Yea!

"It is a long way from a pitiless publicity to execute an ultra exclusiveness and pure clean principles in government."

O Gods! So surely the cycle in human life hast turned its wheel upon this poor wretch. For Theron is miserable.

We would petition thee to cover this weak man with thy gracious mantle of mercy.

Hold! Hark ye! The gods do resound their answer. And too in all strenght and power of warning.

"Broken lives. Ruined homes is his meat. He shall sit dumb and love-lorn. And much afflicted. Darkness! A black darkness shall follow him to the end of his earthy days. For the vow of Justice hast condemned the naked victories of his past wicked life.

Likewise. Any. All. Who boast in hard loud tones, their strenght over the weak. Who tempts man where weakest he stands. Who courts his treasury bonds fettered by blighted hopes. Stained lives. And tears of blood. Such tears that only fall from a hopeless existence.

Hold! For such as he is rightly named. The vampire-bat.

And it has always been the ruling of Justice. Such shall through eternity be the law.

Oh man! Wouldst thou live a full rich life? Giving thyself content? Then hear ye! A god-like heart. Every man thy brother.

Go thou forth seek for thy brother's welfare, that thou mayst reach thyself a goal of golden fortune. And a mutual bliss!"

Upon these phrases. The people whispered in greatest awe!

A newly appointed Prince Governor had taken his oath of office and he was now serving the people as Canterre would have served them. And Cairo was glowing in the light of the reformation.

Lady Catherine wife to the King and now. The Queen of Egypt. Was beloved by the people. Adored by the King.

Upon one certain afternoon she was reclined upon a divan of gold leaf and brocaded velvet. It was drawn before a low open window of her royal blue chamber. It had an outlook upon the court gardens surrounding the King's palace.

And. Too. Very distinctly. She could distinguish the luxurious poppy fields. Mid flare against the quiet blue skies which made it a possible and a pleasing view. And a view which never wearied the eye.

Queen Catherine lifted her lorgnon to her eyes. Each distinct blossom of the poppy seemed but at the tips of her tapering dainty fingers.

She was in wanton mood. Lasciviously she petitioned her fancies to fantastic shape.

The soft zephyrs blowing from the poppies bore a balm. This balm only intoxicated her more. And it captivated her in a fancy mood. Then it was she sunk into. Perchance. A loose train of thoughts.

"Catherine"!

As the low gentle voice spake her name. She started. She met the ardent eyes of the King, as he was bending over her.

She dropped her lorgnon. She arose from her languid position. But the King gently reclined her upon her gold divan, with a tender light in his eyes.

Precious wife of my bosom. I prythee, thou didst absent thyself for several hours. I had a dreadful misgiving here. Within my bosom. I thought. I feared. O ye gods! What did I not fear?

And the King kissed her many times, then he seated himself by her side.

He devoured her beauty with a greedy pride of possession.

Husband, I prythee. Thou art ill?

Nay! Catherine I am not ill. I still remain in this curry of furious dread. But tell me, precious wife. Art thou again sitting in one of those dreadful silent dreams?

She flushed as she looked at him. And he only smiled and took her slender hand and carried it to his lips in a kiss. Then she turned her eyes from his glance, lowering them upon the oriental rug upon the floor. She tapped the toe of her tiny gold brocaded slipper in an unsteady way.

Husband, I am not in as thou hast named it. A silent dream. And if it be a dream. It is a beautiful dream, more golden than the beauties, which fall from the Cornucopia that is swung about the neck and shoulders of the fairy Queen. Jewels and precious gems! And roses and kisses!

Husband thou hast become ill with this restless anxiety. Believe me, my good husband. I do not roam in vagaries. Neither do I sit in restless attitude. I was wrapped in si-

lent admiration of the marvelous beauty of the gardens. The mellow red poppy, reddens yon distant fields. I love them all. I adore these free beauties of Nature. From the irregular double toned leaves of the sycamore tree to the conventional lined blossom of the rich velvety poppy.

Dost thou not understand, husband mine?

Lovely wife. My heart knows naught but of its love for thee. My mind bespeaks, me thinks truly and I fear. I fear much.

Husband! And she sat forward with an alertness.

Yea darling wife. I am old and thou art in the Spring of life. Thy dainty feet must trod in many and different paths of pleasures. For it is measured so for youth. Gay, happy Youth!

Whilst I? Thy husband banded with trembling pinions must sit idly dumb by thy side. Thy heart so young, so true, doth cry for companion throb. Thy Soul doth hungry for a Soul to commune with. No power of mortal man can deny thee the divine right of thine own heart's desire. And more. Lovely wife. I know the laws of Nature. Thou beautiful one of Nature's spirit must obey.

Husband mine, I love thee very much. Why speakst thou of a newer companion for me? I would not have it so. For thou art the gentlest companion I have known. In my girlhood, in my womanhood. Thou art sweet. Thou art kindly to me.

My husband thou art a superb man among men, she answered as she fastened her eyes upon the King.

Her vivacity so spontaneous. Enamoured the King and the rippling laughter as it fell from her cherry red lips, played upon him in exquisite tones. And they served him finely. Then just at this moment. A dancing maid entered the royal chamber. For this was the hour for the Queen's amusement.

A pretty vision in silvered gauze and with feet and limbs bare.

This dancer danced with lively poses and artistic figures and her dancing was followed by a youth playing a harp.

Now the King with the Queen, was entertained for one splendid hour.

When they were served with black tea that was dressed with citron water.

Was it the melodious notes of the harp? Was it the deli-

cate incense that wrapt them in fascination sublime? Profoundly sweet?

The King become merry with a great wit. And he might have provoked the gods to a response.

Gather ye Hours! Gather ye Graces. Play well for the Muses, thy rupturous music! Lo! Love has conquered all things. To-day.

Sing. Sing more of the burning verses of the heart. Meter them well too. Knowst thou a heart that loves. Is in strong desire. And the brain of thy King is not swathed in idle prattling. When I speak.

For my Soul is hungry. And such a Soul as mine with its cherished desire for hot love! I trowth is not cured in its craving desire, not by the filmy threaded shadow of a stimulated hope. Never. But by possession.

The King bent closer and kissed Queen Catherine with a nervous laugh while she embraced him, kissing him upon the brow.

Then of the silent everywhere, a lull sprung forth. Then the King in a stern voice spake loudly and she sat upright.

Passion! Thou fool, speakst the wise men of reason. Turn thine eyes without that low open window, and there in the distant fields. It is truly there. Passion bourne of the redolence of the windows coming from yon redden languid poppy field. Behold the cunning nod of the drowsy poppy. And this delirious perfume doth harmonize in its wily way, with the fragrant spicy scented incense streaming from these golden fashioned censers. Which swing in this midnight blue harmony.

Thy Soul is but bewitched and thy mind is only intoxicated with mad fancies. And this. Thou falsely name it Love!

Queen Catherine pushed apart from the King.

Husband mine, hearst thou this judgement of the wise man's philosophy, in thine own opinion.

Ah! There is. And from whence doth it come? A mad judgement upon me. Me thinks the crimson domain of the flaming Hell can revile no more. The past? Let it remain sealed within the tombs of yesterday. And today. This day, doth fetch happiness. Likewise each day forth.

Now a solitude again not dismal. A silence steeped in drowsiness steeped in fantastic dreams was upon the King and upon the Queen.

Reclining in this quiet moment, they fell into light repose.

Soon the evening shadows were falling. These capricious shadows played upon these two forms. In light and frivolous way.

Sometime a few moments later. An attendant entered the chamber. He fastened the handsome and heavy leaded windows, lowering the rich blue velvet draperies. And lighted the exquisitely fashioned lanterns.

The dull rich glow from these blue lanterns transformed the shadowy chamber of a few moments past into a marvelous splendeur of softly hued light which settled upon every object in the chamber, making an artistic setting.

This misty blue glow must have coaxed the King. For suddenly he arose. He walked directly to a chest. Which stood upon an ivory base. He drew a plaque containing some script. In an open censer upon a molten brass plaque was a slow burning blaze. Slowly. Slowly burning.

And the vapory silence must have charmed the Queen likewise. For. Upon this moment with a stupified gesture she aroused her drowsy mind. She sat very alert.

The King was standing before the burning censer with the plaque in his fingers.

She touched the King in a somewhat hazy manner. Thou? Broke from her lips.

The King was holding the plaque over the blaze of the censer.

A mist swam before her eyes and she knew it was the memories. Nay! A diary of the past months. Gently she threw her arms round his bent form.

She stood thus until the last fragment of the script was consumed in the flame.

When the King deftly turned the plaque over emptying the ashes from it. Into a huge clay urn which was upon a table. Nearby.

And. The diary of the past was erased forever!

The fury passion of many deeds. The murder of Mor-dane. The death of M. Clevelandé. It was all sunk in oblivian.

The King then placed this plaque upon the table and turning he clasped Catherine in his arms.

Gently reclining her lovely head upon his shoulder. An obtrusive sob shook her in a little convulsion. And the King caressed her more.

Wife mayst thy heavenly bosom no such passions of regret ever know again.

Ne'er gleam there such another sorrow for thee.

My precious one. Now givth me thy gracious smile. Such a smile possessed only by thy pretty lips.

And the King placed the plaque into her hands.

She lifted her voice in measured words. This. I bequeath unto thee, O Gods!

"Ashes"! Takst thou and upon thy breathe fiercely blow them away. Scatterst them wide. Blow them far upon yesternight's sands of time.

And the King led Catherine to her gold brocaded divan. He placed her slender gold slippered feet upon a stool of blue brocade. He tenderly wrapped her blue mantle, enriched in jewel designs of ruby and sapphire, about her marble white shoulders and shapely pink arms.

He caressed her with kisses. And Catherine, his Queen. From her soul's most cherished delight. A sweet laughter fell upon him from her lips.

A laughter made to soothe a soul, to bask a faint heart.

And to lavish the imagination to sweetest delights!

Lo! And there is sweetest music all the day!

CHAPTER XLIX.

AN ORIENTAL DREAM.

*A Red Red Rose unfold'd its pedals one day
I found it steep'd in perfume and colour gay.
With an inward beauty it smiled upon me
And I paused. My heart was heavy with a memory.
The gentle Zephyrs brushed my paled cheek
Bearing a fragrance. I turned this perfume to seek
When lo! The flashing colour of this rose smiled
To me. I sigh'd with a new bourne hope. Beguil'd
By the inspiration I caught from the Red Red Rose.
Surely God is everywhere—for every care a sweet repose.
He heralds unto thee and me. Be glad. O Heart
Of mine. Cupid's messengers lead us not apart
But binds us in the perfect Garden of Sweet Love!*

Now in France. Princess Roxana had been crowned Queen, with great ceremonial celebration. The King Louis, the reigning King of France and the eldest brother to the Princess and to Canterre had passed away shortly after the coming of the Princess into France.

Glorious was the beginning of her reign and a more beau-

tiful. A more lovable Queen never lived in the hearts of the people than did Roxana.

One day many months after. Greetings were dispatched unto the Queen from the Persian Shah. He had been apprised by her own hand in communication of her newly inheritance; that of being crowned Queen of France.

Queen Roxana read the herald slowly. That she might gather the worth of each word. And having finished it a silence betook her. She sat in apparent listlessness, with her eyes riveted upon some frivolous object in her chamber. She knew not exactly what her eyes beheld. For a mist veiled her sight and before her eyes swam the dear memories of her home in Persia. Her palatial home and her childhood days, the days of her girlhood. And the last years of her free and luxurious life in sunny Persia.

And so she sat in this sickening memory.

The Queen looked a handsome picture. She was gowned in purple velvet.

About her neck was hung an ivory chain upon which was suspended a magnificent golden locket set in pearls. And Ameythysts. This locket lay open in her hands and she had lowered her eyes. They were fastened upon a face which embellished the interior of this locket and which was held in by a gold band. The band being plain and ungarnished. Her eyes gleamed with a passion, her face lighted with a love light and her round full lips opened in slow motion. And she whispered "My Heavenly Love"!

She clasped the locket, then put her hands before her eyes as if to shut out the objects which floated before her in this chamber and round her.

Oh! Gods of the Heavens! 'Tis a hungry heart calling only for its own.

She was betaken by a sudden emotion and she did not attempt to choke back the sick sobs rising in her throat. Neither. Did she attempt to suppress her true feeling and she burst into a convulsion of weeping. Slowly then she lifted her tear stained face. To what? To the face within the locket. And from the azure mist of a dream the face smiled upon her.

And the picture in the exquisite Ameythyst and pearl locket?

It was the passion of the maiden's first free love!

And who is there among the Scientists, the philosophers who can explain the violent passion of this love?

The Queen's lips parted in a spoken name. "Willard" was this name which fell softly from her lips.

She recalled in the most pleasant memories the happy days of her life in Persia. And this with a homesickness.

Once again she lived over these days. Back in Persia; and now before her mind it all passes in pictures.

She sees the youths with the maidens in lover's twain.

Emblematic of youngest and early love. Behold! They are now dancing, merrily. They dance in the vast and capacious gardens nearest the palatial garden. And the Queen recognized the dance with a swelling feeling of greatest hilarity. It was the *Atan*. And the *Atan* was the chosen dance of the merry youths in Persia. Suddenly. The *Atan* is done.

She follows them far without into the fields. They go to enter into the practice of their favoured sport. Tilting. How they enter into this jousting. Glorious and splendid!

Farther her mind travels. Into the gay pomegranite fields. Into the indolent poppy fields and then she finds herself into the tangled crowded jangals. And this picture lingers with her most. It fastens itself within her thoughts clinging close. And there was more too. There doth walk in manly pride, a prince. Among the Persians. Who is this prince? He who walks with such princely pride and culture in their midst?

One soul thought recognized the figure of this gallant prince. Prince Willard. And her bosom swelled with pride. Such a pride only embedded within a maiden's heart for her sweetheart.

As the Queen moved with a somewhat anxious stir a raven's lock of hair fell and stubbornly lay upon her rosy full cheek. She impatiently brushed it away. And then it was. Then. Her sweetest dream of mental vision was dissipated. She aroused her dreamy mind, arising from her brocaded divan. Fully awakened to the realistic surroundings. She was Queen of France and was residing within France and not in Persia. And she was moved with a hold of a fuller meaning that swept her Soul and through her lingering tears. Again. She smiled. She walked to one side of her chamber and she opened a long door which had sunk art glass in its panels, and which led her into a reading lodge.

Now within this lodge she reclined herself upon a bench. The long door was closed and she sat quite secluded.

She searched for a book and taking a dark leathern bound

book she opened it. She restlessly attempted to read a few lines. It was the philosophy of Plato. Alack! This rich philosopher appeared in broken words and upon glimmering lines before her eyes. Then. Suddenly upon the page before her, the reading was transformed into gaudy coloured pictures and faces of memory. Merciful Gods! the disturbed Queen cried. I rest not in any mind to read intelligently. My foolish mind doth picture only Persia lands. Again the people of Persia. Why? Do mine eyes behold away in far Persia, the graceful lanterns torched?

And they burn as they swing gracefully in the walled gardens. The spicy incense in sweet breathe, I do inhale. The silvered gongs are set to ringing and Bacha falls upon his face.

The Queen brushed her hand over her face, to relieve her mind.

Alack! I would I were there. In this bright land of Persia. Upon this moment she was interrupted.

Day dreams Sister mine? Come. Night is fashioned for dreams. And to-night! Upon this night Roxana, the grandest ball ever given in France, will shine in extravagant beauties. Ah! Let Old Glory shine out! And remember thou beautiful sister mine. France stands in goodly repute in the Calender of brilliant balls. Its balls most gorgeous, always beautiful affairs.

It was Vivian who had entered the Queen's chamber. Vivian was now in the spirit of the people of Canterre's Royal House. And in truth she did proud the heart of Roxana with her loyal sentiments.

Sister Vivian, I am very happy this day. This day of many days doth bear its charm upon me with an enchantment.

And Sister, asked Vivian with a mischievous glance, what news hast come to thee?

Only this my dear. I stand entranced with a volume of sweetest delights. There is upon my soul a tenderness that doth not alone soften but makes me delightfully happy. Ah! I could ring out such happiness upon France and feel good.

I prythee, Sister. What is this sweet joy? I trowth some gallant paying court at thy heart's Shrine?

Whereupon Roxana started slightly but remained silent.

Who comes tonight, I prythee Sister Roxana?

Foolish, curious Sister. That, I prythee wait until the hour of this night doth open a secret for thee.

Vivian leaned towards the Queen, she pointed her finger at her in a playful mood.

Then. There is a secret, a hidden lover lurking in the shadows of the portals of thy free heart, sister mine?

Sister, thou hast asked. Who will be here to-night? There will be a number of foreign dignitaries present to-night. They come for this grand ball. And may they not go away disappointed. May France shine out tonight as never before.

O Queen, Your Royal Highness! A visitor doth await thy greeting.

And the ladies looked up at this voice. It was an attendant who stood before the Queen.

She turned to him. And the name?

The attendant bearing the plate presented the card to the Queen.

She held the name card for a moment, then she lifted it before her eyes, closer.

"Sovereign Prince Willard of the Persian Royal House."

She started and dropped the card.

Vivian stooped to pick it up but the attendant reached the spot where it lay before she could reach it. And he placed it into the hand of Roxana.

The Queen impulsively put her hand over her heart, drawing a long breathe.

Her face was flushed and her fingers clutched the handle of her lorgnon, nervously.

She, then sat forth with her former dignity.

Admit this gentleman. But. Stay. Bear unto him this greeting.

The Queen Roxana doth welcome the Sovereign Prince Willard most anxiously. Come at once into the royal chamber.

The attendant nimbly sped out of the chamber.

Vivian quickly gained the side of the Queen. And questioned her with a look.

Sister who is this visitor? Thou art very much agitated. He can be no ill bearer of news? It can not be. And with a look of fright, she crept closer to the Queen. It can not be of Theron, Sister?

At the mention of Theron's name. The Queen frowned in disapproval.

Nay. Sister. Do not mention the name of that man to me again. It irritates me. Much. It is a blacken memory

which must remain concealed within the mausoleum of yestern-day.

Vivian drew a relieved sigh.

Then. Who is this gentleman? Thou art so intensely moved.

The Queen held the card out to her and taking the card she read the name.

She glanced up at the Queen and then. She knew this strange Prince meant much to her Queen Sister.

At just this moment, this royal gentleman was escorted into the rose tinted chamber. He was led before the Queen. And she stood to greet him.

Roxana! Exclaimed the Prince. Then a confusion caused him to falter.

I humbly beg thy pardon. The Queen! and he bent upon his knee before her and kissed the hand of the Queen with a most polite execution.

Willard, arise! Thou art welcome in France.

And the two stood facing one another. The Queen's face was lovely with faint blushes while the Prince stood dumb with an unspeakable delight. Unlike the Queen; for the sudden and violent emotions of a man are never portrayed in a man. The same as in a woman.

I prythee. Sister Vivian, Prince Willard, I present my Sister Vivian. Good wife to my brother Canterre.

I grant it the greatest pleasure Lady Vivian, to make thy charming acquaintance, and the Prince bowed kissing her hand.

Greetings! Prince Willard! I am indeed much favoured. It gives me great pleasure to bid thee welcome into our sunny France.

And the Prince bowed in a silent attitude which is distinctly oriental.

Sister Roxana. I beg thy forgiveness, I leave thee now.

Whereupon Vivian smiling sweetly left the chamber before Roxana could bid her stay.

An awkward moment. Then the Queen in gracious manner turned to the Prince.

Willard do. I prythee, recline thyself upon this divan. She pointed to a gold leaf chair which stood near the spot where they were standing.

Roxana I have dared with the wildest hope, I have traveled impatiently. I have waited. I have longed for this hour. When I might once more be with thee. Not as

the Queen of France. Only. As the lovely Roxana of the Sunny Persia.

Thou hast not forgotten. Nay! Thy herald didst bear these heavenly words.

"Come to me Willard."

Here he faltered and she lowered her eyes demurely.

Willard, I wanted thee. Too. I wanted thee more than any one else in the world. I wanted thee more than any thing else in the world and I could restrain myself no longer. I wrestled hard with my torn heart. Until. *Enfin*, I surrendered, and I scribed thee.

Roxana! And I come to thee. On the wings of love, as it were. Ah! How heavenly! To be with thee Roxana. To be once more in thy presence and to look upon thy sweet lovely face. To embrace thee and with this blessed privilege of sweet kisses.

The handsome Prince embraced her in a most affectionate way. He covered her face with the most passionate kisses and he looked long upon her with more ardent eyes.

She lifted her eyes to him in a mute glance.

Willard, thou hast not forgotten me. It makes me happier than any thing else in this universe for I have wanted thee. And thou hast forgiven me?

As the Queen uttered these words she lowered her glance in a most timid manner.

While he gathered her in his arms and holding her in the fondest embrace he answered her saying.

Forget? As if such love as mine doth ever *forget*? Nay! Darling I love thee, too much! I did love thee and I shall always love thee.

And forgive? Why ask such a light question? There is naught to forgive. Only. Thou, my beautiful one hast caused me to love thee with a burning passion.

Alack! I would have it no other way. For in loving thee dearest. I am the happiest of all men. I want to love thee. Thee only.

The glance of the Queen's eye thrilled the Prince.

And I? Willard I am hungry for thy love. My hand has reached out just for the touch of thy hand. My eyes have penetrated the every where for a glance from thy eyes. And this everywhere, only has filled the ghosts of my memories.

Ah! but sweet and comforting were they. I have longed for thee. In public life I have thought of thee and within the closet of my own chamber I have prayed for thee. For

just one word of love from thee, my Prince. I have longed for thee in a most unhappy way. And now. It is heavenly to recline my head upon thy manly breast as in days long past. The careless days in Sunny Persia.

The days when we were both younger, Willard.

The silence now which settled upon this happy pair was more worthy than fancy words.

The dark skinned Oriental Prince of Persia in his royal robes bore a mighty picture. And the Queen in her purple robe of velvet with amethysts, with pearls was the characteristic. The handsome dignified Queen of France.

Never a twilight descended softer and more entrancingly beautiful than upon this night in Paris. A light zephyr bent the trees. A silvery haze played amid the graceful branches of these trees.

Without all was entrancing. Within all was brilliant. *Le grand palais* was a gorgeous spectacle for *le bal paré*.

The decorations within *le grand palais* were of very exquisite taste. The artistic lanterns hung low and were brilliant. There were clusters of brilliant lights hanging high. The whiten marble fountain held continuous streams of silvered water which poured forth from the most rare silver birds, like dew drops into their pools. A dull blacken iron balcony lodge was lighted with ivory lanterns banded in conventional sections with strips of ebony. And the lights were midnight blue. The music floated from the blacken lodge in perfect measure. And the long grand march was begun.

The parties occupying the artistic lodge upon the round balcony were most eager that the grand march should begin.

All nobility lifted their lorgnons to their eyes.

Who was this dark skinned gentleman? This stranger who was leading their Queen by her dainty hand?

Slowly the march was begun. Led by Queen Roxana and the Sovereign Prince.

Curious glances were bent upon them. Whispers were heard. Fast and many.

But no one knew the dark skinned gentleman.

The long march moved in lines, in conventional figures. And it was a perfect sight. Just as the march was finished.

Queen Roxana with the Sovereign Prince was escorted to the Royal lodge. The lodge had been effectively decorated

for the Queen. Highly finished were these decorations. And of rarest fashion.

The royal group sat within the Queen's lodge enjoying greatly, themselves.

The dancers were merry and exuberant was the entire setting.

The spirited contrast of the vastly different coloured robes worn by the ladies. Sombre. Quiet. Flaming and bright. All lent a charm of interesting admiration.

Pardi. Le grand palais was this night. The gods' garden. The muses were gathered and the nymphs played surely. It enchanted the heart e'en unto the most quiet of these guests assembled there.

The distinguished Prince, what an Oriental air was his! His dusky skin flushed with pride, his dark passionate eyes. His clustery black hair worn back from his intelligent forehead. His acutely cut nose, a strong mouth displaying distinctly well shaped teeth. All this in the Oriental Prince inspired a kindly admiration from the guests; and they thrust admiring glances upon him. While he moved uneasily under these searching glances.

And could such a manly youth do better than to stand a Prince among his people.

The people. Rather the guests there in the ball court noted his glance was ever bent upon the Queen who sat by his side, radiant in her happiness.

To-night our Queen doth make all France proud.

It was the voice of Lady Vivian.

Fair Lady Vivian, thou dost so love thy Queen then? And the Prince leaned forward with his eyes still upon Roxana.

Vivian laughed. Perchance. Proudly. Ah! My dear Prince to know our Queen is to love her. She is precious to every heart in France. Her goodness, her wide charity and her liberal greatness doth warm the hearts of all in France.

Sister! Sister, spake Roxana. Thou doth chat too much in ready compliment and in idle flattery.

Pardon, my Lady Vivian, spake the Prince.

May I not assume the very great privilege to endorse thy spoken sentiments.

To know thy Queen is only to be her slave.

And the Prince cast his dark eyes devouringly upon the face of the Queen as he spake. And there were volumes in this look.

A few moments. Did the Prince know how many moments?

When he lifted them once more Lady Vivian had left them alone.

Roxana may we not steal away from the dancers and go. Thinkst thou into *la Serre*? *La Sere* is beautiful. And to-night upon such an occasion it must be a gloriously inviting nook. Snugly away from the merry guests.

If such is thy desire Willard she answered sweetly and she placed her arm through his arm.

They went and there were but a few lorgnons playing upon their retreating forms.

This was a trysting place of lovers! For fond hearts. Where all is met in open court to sing love verses. And Roxana with her Prince lover stood within this *La Serre*.

It was as beautiful as the fairyland scribed in their childish rhymes.

The Prince plucked one dainty cluster of pinkest roses that bent in a graceful nod, near where they stood.

Roxana I prythee. Pardon for this crime. My hand did but answer the roses as they smiled so openingly before my eyes.

In imploring terms did not the roses bid me?

Pluck me, pluck me, kind sir, for the fair queen of thy heart.

And now the elegantly dainty roses nestled upon the bosom of Roxana. Half hidden. Half concealed by the ornaments of seed pearls upon her robe. Which made the rose look pinker. And too. More delicate.

The Prince bent over her with a sudden perturbed move, held by some abrupt thought.

Roxana. Then thou hast really not forgotten me?

Forgotten thee, Willard? Answered the Queen. A blush reddened her face even to the tips of her tiny pink ears were reddened. And she held out her lily white hands to him.

He caught her hands, covering them with kisses. Fondly he clasped them in his own hands and held them.

Willard. As tender blossoms did once edge our roaming pathways leading us into the wildest jangals when we were in Persia. When thou were a lad and I, a maid of tender years. So the sweet memories of those days have held my thoughts like a benediction. And they descended upon my heart like the song of the lark. And Willard. There was a lark that would sing, as if to me, while I reclined within my chamber and he sat upon the swinging boughs of the tall

lime trees. And many times I could see him through my open window.

This, in the days of my new reign. My life in France. These memories have come silently to me. Stealing upon me many, many times. When I felt lonely. And so much alone. They always served to charm my disquieted mind and to intoxicate my whole being with a deep, a pathetic sweetness. Perchance. Willard thou wouldst feign name it a foolish train of thoughts.

It is our wisest philosopher who versed his thoughts that only to-day belongs to mortal. Yestern day doth lie deep within the tombs of the past. Never. To be called forth.

Now the Prince raised his hand to her lips.

Roxana these memories. Such memories of this long ago yestern day! Gods, how long have I suffered in thy mystified absence?

She uttered a faint cry. One of grief but she spake not a word. And he continued.

These days Roxana. They belong to thee and to me, even were they bourne of the yestern days! The days, the months came. They passed. Yet they lingered in their cold cheerlessness. In dismal loneliness. And I found thee not. The days passed without fetching thee. Neither any news of thee, back to me. And further, in silent tread these months bore on. Ye gods! I cried. Takst them away. I can bear them no more. My heart already cold in marble throb was all too nearly bruised.

The Prince stared as if a madness had betook him. And Roxana very timidly touched his arm.

Willard, *mais a cette heure* is upon thee and me. I pry-thee let us forget. How blithe these memories will be. How. Gladsome the days! How superb the nights. Willard, my Prince canst thou not see? The heavens, they are smiling. And the midnight skies are calling for thee and for me to come. To dwell in the gilded castle of love.

There remains but one dark memory. And that memory is of the most vehement kind. The days I spent in Cairo. I wouldst speak of them. Willard, now. And then they shall be sunk into the tombs of yestern day. They shall be forgotten days of an idle and wild fancied life. And banished forever.

My adorable one! Not a word of this to me. What played in the hours of thy life in Cairo. It was surely thy will. They belonged to thee, likewise their memories. I

prythee do not make mention of them again. I shall deny mine ear.

My Queen, a heart that truly loves, forever cherishes its fond image. It locks it within its closed doors. And so, I have locked the image of my heart's desire deep. The face of my beautiful Roxana.

But Willard! My life in Cairo, I prythee permit me to speak of it. Then forever. Together we shall cast it into the sea of forgetfulness. Deep! Deep!

But the Prince only pressed his fingers gently upon her parted lips. I forbid. Severely. Roxana thou art here. It is enough. The gods have fetched for thee and for me a beautiful unfettered love. Come let us accept of it. Is it not divinely beautiful, my darling?

After all these months of gloomy separation, to stand here, together? In dear sweet love's embrace?

The Queen threw herself in the arms of the Prince. In an unbroken silence of ecstasy. Their Souls meditated in a deep unfathomable communion. And in this moment they understood.

It was the unspeakable!

Then. He raised the happy lighted face of Roxana in his two hands and he looked lovingly into her dark eyes.

Sweetheart of my youth. Pride of my boyhood. Darling of my life!

Speakst thou. Wilt thou come with me? Wilt thou now forsake thy people, thy crown for thy Prince?

He looked into her eyes with a light that comes from the deepest depth of his Soul.

Her eyes fathomed the depth of his glance. She struggled. Between her loyalty to her own people and to the answer of her own heart.

Then the purple light of duty cast its rays upon her and she smiled.

The Prince bent over her and the smile died upon her lips. In her languishing eyes there was much to hide. And her head hung upon her bosom.

He waited for her answer. And in waiting. In this moment of a silent fury that rushed upon them. A decision was made by both.

This purple light of duty become dim to the Queen's sight. Dimmer.

For a halo of pink shadows filled everywhere round her.

She struggled less. Then it was. Her mind was sinking into fascinating shadow. Her heart throbbed to be obeyed.

And she spake as one does who walks in a vague but sublime dream.

Who can deny it was the sublime dream of love?

Willard, my heart's desire! In my girlhood careless days. I was wont to enjoy the great Queen of France in the story book. This was in a glowing picture painted in the nursery. And now. I enjoy, just, this little of Queen of France. While I envy, just, one smile in the face of my Sovereign Prince and My Lord, Willard.

"Favorite."

"*Mon Prince.*"

And they stood in raptured embrace.

The daring Sultana perched in *l'aubépine* without *la Serre* rehearsed its vesper song, mid the birds of the night.

And a silence echoed to the hearts' throb of these two royal lovers.

The purpled heavens held fast their mid night hue. The twinkling stars sparkled even upon the water of the Seine. And ere Aurora had summoned the light hours of the coming day. This happy pair had pledged their vows.

For the gods of love were soaring. Round. Hovering near.

In due time the Queen Roxana of France resigned her crown. She bequeathed it unto Canterre who remained heir next to Roxana. To the crown.

Not many days after. King Canterre with his Queen, the beautiful Vivian. Stood bidding their farewells to the dark-skinned Prince and the Princess Roxana.

Roxana was now the wife to Prince Willard.

The happily wedded pair set upon the French waters making their journey back into Persia.

One long journey of blissful pleasures attended by the happy days of a newly wedded pair! Their hearts filled with delights of new charms.

One day, after many days of this journey. The day was the smile of love's sweetest story.

The journey was all but finished. The royal pair were nearing their future home.

The Princess keen with anxious hope to reach her old home was intensely happy.

She was singing softly. Every thing delighted her. Nature and man alike.

It was with the pleasure of no mean measure that the Prince watched her in this pretty attitude of cheerfulness.

And his large nature drunk in her sentiments. They were sailing upon some waters for a short distance, after having passed through a part of the desert.

The picturesque white sand mounds. Which dotted the desert through which they had just traveled had been beautiful.

The sublime silent desert. Enticing with its awful silence. Now upon these pretty waters they could but compare Nature's work.

The desert a sea of white and yellow sands. The river. A sea of green waters. Surely it was a splendid contrast.

The Prince stood with his arm around the Princess. He smiled down upon her; and a proud desire was his!

Sweetheart, thou art happy in leaving thy throne? Thy people? Thy all to abide with me in Persia lands?

Why ask this question of me, husband mine?

My Princess, a voice hath whispered to me. It doth haunt me. Albeit. It was a voice spoken in cold tones of sane reason.

A voice hath spoken to thee husband? What strange happening doth thee bear to me upon thy lips?

It was the voice of my conscience. Perhaps. I know not. It spake.

Prince thou hast taken a woman from a Queen's powerful chair. And what canst thou give her in its place?

My beloved Princess. It is all too true. I have taken thee from the highest position, from the royal chair. A Queen of the French people. And to what am I leading thee?

Only to be the wife to a Sovereign Prince. It was my selfish love for thee. Have I not wronged thee, darling wife of my bosom?

My Prince Husband! I forsake all for thee?

Then. Givth me thine ear. Permit me to recline my head upon thy breast. Hold me fast dearest. Fast in thy two strong arms.

He clasped her in his arms, and she reclined *sa tête* upon his breast.

And putting her arms around his neck she closed her eyes.

And wonderously fair she was to the Prince. "Like a flower." He whispered.

And more beautiful were her words which charmed him to an insane delight.

"My Lord. Whither thou goest, I will go. Thy People shall be my People!

Then silence all. When she slowly opened her eyes and as she met the eyes of her Princely husband. Their lips met in a kiss.

The barge majestically moved upon the green waters. The giddy sunbeams like jewels kissed the dancing waters. And the waters enamoured of these saucy kisses rippled with frolicsome laughters.

The Oriental Sun petitioned its jeweled sunbeams in daring and in courageous pursuit of this barge. And all the way they pursued it. They sparkled like diamond dew-drops.

And. From another luminous house far. Yet seemingly near. In the heavens, a meteor fell like cups of gems.

The precious gems were of fortune, health and prosperity!

And another. For God, like man, loves a lover true.

The hearts of this wedded oriental pair pulsated in love as the gayly trimmed barge bore them on into a palace where sunlight never fades!

And around this palace a garden grew.

White orchids with Orange blossoms, for wed-lock.

A harbor filled with red roses for lovers true.

Narcissus, jonquils, the variegated hollyhock

Lilacs, purple and white, lilies too took their part

*Every flower did grow. But nay! There were no
Bleeding hearts!*

CHAPTER L.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE GODS.

The skies are blue. So they are in the everywhere.

Not alone in Persia land. The amorous Sun doth glow

Not alone in Egypt. But. Likewise in France as fair.

The zephyrs breathe everywhere. Delicate incense, sweet
Hope.

In Persia. They play the nodding poppy rich and scarlet.

They bend the silver'd sycamore in darkest Oriental Egypt.

And France is intoxicated—'Tis the wine of the Lily's
Omelet.

Pomegranites outline Persia: the Sultana doth slyly steep

The red Rose. The Egyptian sylva flaunts the stately Lotus

Bourne by the Scared Ibis. Old France in proud glory

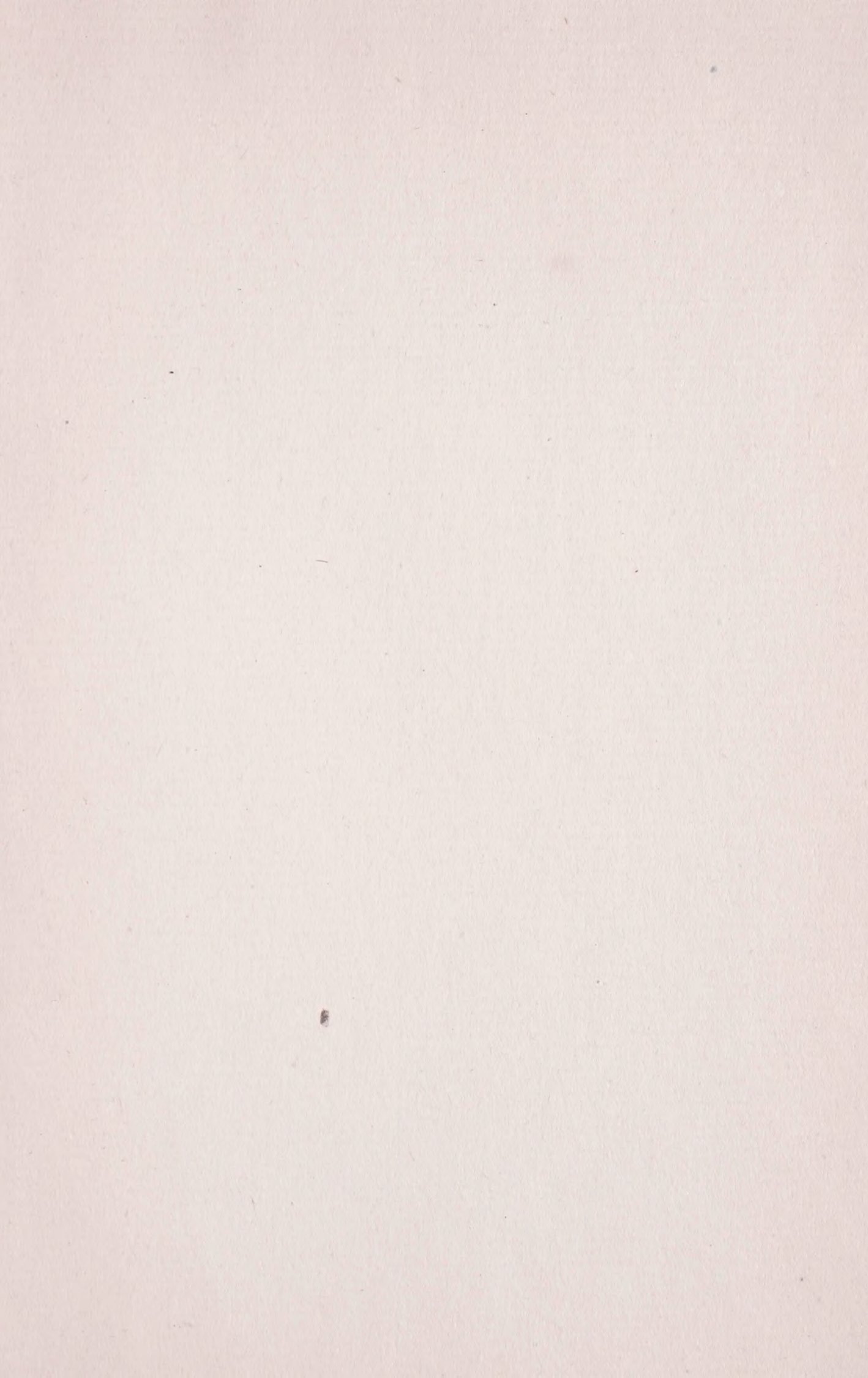
Girts herself with delight in Laurels. The Peacock lust

Of pride kneels at her Shrine. In romantic Persia land

The white Lilac edges the Sacred Pool. Upon the Sands
Of the Nile, the yellow Lily blooms. And the French Styx
Is surrounded by the field Daisy. O, Mortal! Thou seekst
The constancy of the Pearl in Persia? In a heart there it
lies.

In Egypt. Seekst thou the warm glow of the Ruby? Steepen'd
In a human heart's blood thou wilt find it. And gost thou
Into France. The noble Amethyst to find? I have found
It Sire. At the Shrine of one human heart. A Human Heart!
O, Creatures of fancy! Thou art so surely Creatures of Dust.
An image of Man. Ever rememberst thou. A loving heart
Remains a faithful heart. Thou mayst travel in many
distant parts

Of God's magnificent Universe. Thou will find all mankind
Alike. Created in the Image of God's likeness. Find
Them wearing a jeweled crown of humanity. The rarest
jewel—Love!



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